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THE LANTERN

EDITED BY

THEODORE F. BONNET

AND

EDWARD F. O'DAY

SECOND VOLUME

APRIL, 1916 TO MARCH, 1917

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SAN FRANCISCO

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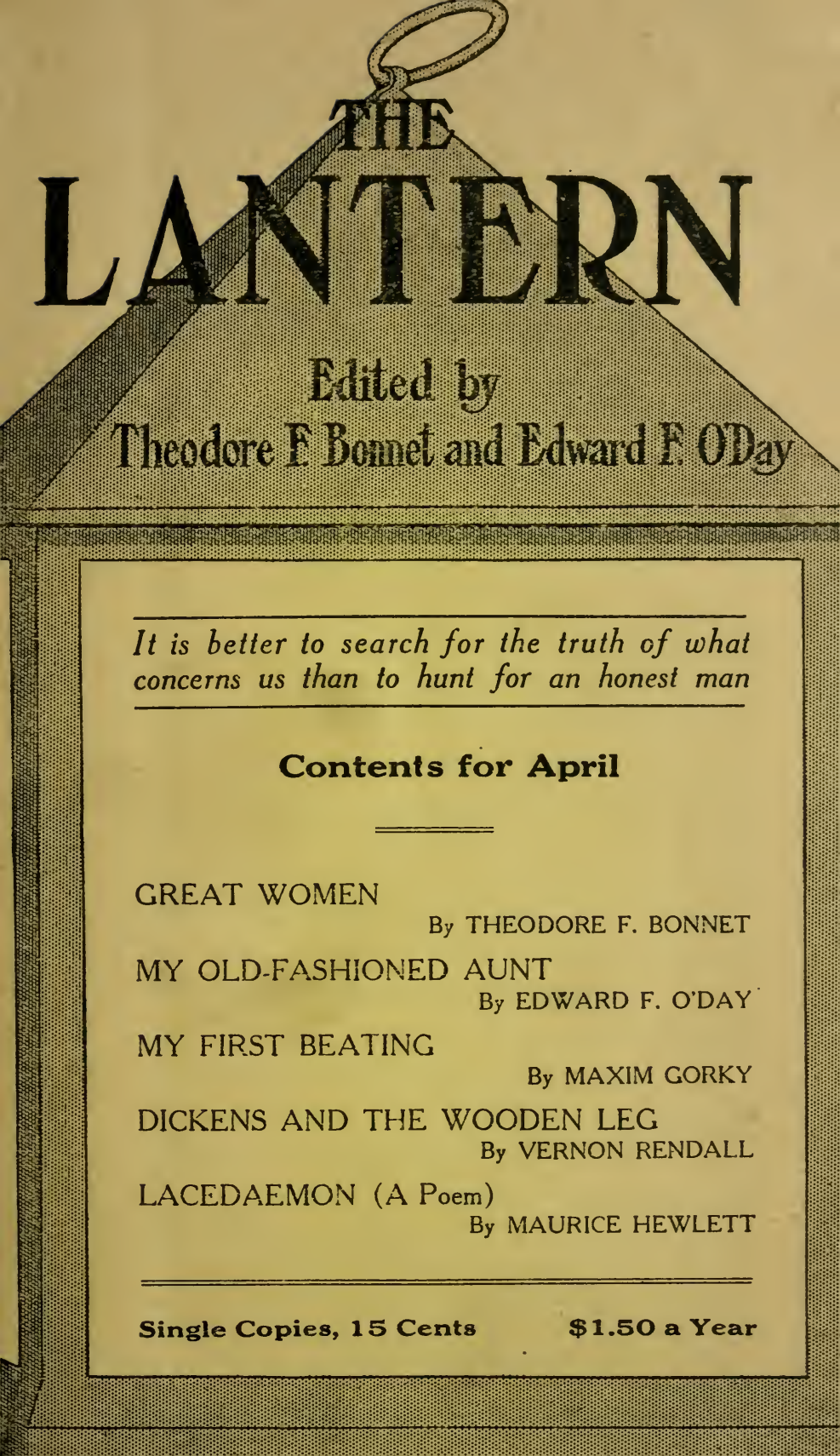
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THE LANTERN

Edited by
Theodore F. Bonnet and Edward F. O'Day

*It is better to search for the truth of what
concerns us than to hunt for an honest man*

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THE LANTERN

Vol. 2

April, 1916

No. 1

Great Women

By THEODORE F. BONNET

The greatness of women: an inspiring theme this, on which it would be easier to write a book than an essay. For when one thinks of great women worth writing about the situation resembles that of Don Juan when he found himself in the Sultan's harem at Stamboul. History abounds in great women, and they are of many types. Roughly speaking, to be great is to be able to be what you wish. Hence there are many manifestations and degrees of greatness. There have been great rogues as well as great heroes. You may find greatness in many kinds of perfect action, good and bad, in the wreck no less than in the conquest of empire. Whenever we are made sensible of the supreme adaptation of means to an end we perceive a manifestation of greatness. Jeanne de Vaubervier, the natural daughter of a sempstress, who became Madame Du Barry, one of the most immediate symbols of the luxury and caprice of the ancient order in France, was great when with magnificent serenity she mounted the grand staircase at Versailles. During the five years of her reign she gave her name to a period. She chose all the fashions in dress and house decorations and proved herself a woman of fine artistic taste. She was great in her way, just as Moll Cutpurse was great in her way. Moll reduced her craft to a set of wise and imperious rules, and she has been pronounced one of the bravest of the Elizabethans. Great, too, was that "royal morcel" Madame de Pompadour who cultivated the art of pleasing. She believed as a girl that it was her destiny to be the king's mistress. She

had never met the king. But she "set her cap for him," as the saying is, threw herself in his path, and achieved her purpose. She was great after her fashion, and in her day it was not a bad fashion.

Thus we see there may be greatness without nobility. There is greatness of a kind that at times commands respect and at others evokes the scathing censures of the moralist. For further example there is the greatness of an emotional personality like Eleanor Duse, who is able, as Arthur Symons has said, to express all the emotions of the world because she has felt them twice over in her own flesh. Eleanor Duse is great in the sense in which Rachel was great and Ristori, and she has no complaint to find with the world. Great women seldom have. When one considers how well great women got along in the world before Susan B. Anthony came into it one is inclined to wonder whether women really require the advantages for which some women are now loudly clamoring. Glancing back through the centuries one is astonished at the number of remarkably gifted women who were important links in the long chain of culture and refinement. Saint-Beuve calls them "civilizers," and he doesn't mean women of the Jane Addams type. He includes in his category a few of the "kings' women" of France, women whose biographies would be required for that great work *The History of Love*, which, somebody has said, would be the history of humanity and the most beautiful book to write. The fact is there are many types of great women; and the tokens of greatness in women are governed by a law of perpetual mutability. Hence it is that some of the great women of the past are not recognized today. They would be snubbed on Pacific Heights and driven out of Los Angeles. A Florence Nightingale we should doubtless receive with enthusiasm, for she is one of the easiest types of great women to appreciate. She was a woman of great and noble qualities of heart and mind, and there was something of great generalship in her talent

for organization. But Florence Nightingale would have received scant notice from the hedonists of the Merry Monarch's court wherein neither a stainless life nor a superior merit was indispensable to the elect.

The inner and essential elements of greatness remain the same in every age but the popular ideals of greatness change. A Madame de Pompadour might have some difficulty in winning recognition today, or even that Countess of Bedford of whom Ben Jonson gave us a portrait:

“ Courteous, facile, sweet,

Hating that solemn vice of greatness—pride.”

According to twentieth century ideals the elements of greatness are to be found in the average “advanced woman,” but fancy an Ellen Key winning recognition as a “leader of thought” in the days of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu whose letters are still an instructive and profitable study, if not to the very young at least to the half-baked philosophers of our day, if any there be with sense enough to read them. According to the standards of our time Lady Mary was an ill-raised young woman, and eugenically considered she was not well-born, for her father was a man about town. One night when she was only eight he toasted her in a London tavern, and sent home for her, and she was brought to the place to be shown off to her father's convivial friends. This experience she always remembered with keen pleasure, and despite her early training she became a great woman, great not only as a literary critic and companion of the greatest folk of the day, but great also in politics, and she never felt the need of a vote. No, Ellen Key would hardly have shone in that circle. One might as reasonably think of Jane Addams cutting a figure in the days when the accomplished Madame la Comtesse de Genlis was writing *The Reflections of a Mother of Twenty*, or later when she was writing plays for her daughters

and instructing some of the leading statesmen of Europe.

Nowadays we are told that women have been a downtrodden sex through the centuries and that they should be emancipated and received on the basis of a single standard of morality in order that they might be free to do the big things of which they are inherently capable. Yet nowadays, though there is no lack of educational facilities for women, they appear to be doing less than formerly to win intelligent admiration for their talents. Let me not be understood as intimating that great women lived only in the past. I have not yet begun to lament the universal decay of things. My judgment is not that of the prohibitionist who tells us that liquor is destroying the race; nor yet is it that of the eugenist doctrinaires who have faith in scientific mating. My notion is that human affairs now, as always, are a mixture of good and bad, and that the world is pursuing its ordinary way, though for the present it is doing an extraordinary amount of fighting. Also at present mediocrity is having its periodical inning, and we are at present paying less attention to great women than to those super-caloric persons who are raving for a destiny unknown to nature. I mean the women who are making a lot of noise calling on men to accelerate the descent of women into a wild world where passion shall be without poetry and the voices of children never heard. Theirs is the voice of epicene mediocrity demanding birth-rights in strange alternatives. Where do we find a great woman among them? With ideal opportunities to educate themselves, in towns rich in libraries and specialized schools, enjoying freedom to indulge all the creative impulses that extend the boundaries of life, yet how few are the women of distinction that rise above the herd! Every little while somebody points to Madame Curie as a specimen of what may be expected of the sex as a result of partial emancipation. But Madame Curie is just a little less

wonderful than Madame du Chatelet who lived in the first half of the eighteenth century when there was no little red school house accessible to girls. Madame du Chatelet was the lady that Voltaire lived with. She translated into French Newton's immortal principles, and in her *Institutions de Physique* she expounded the particular ideas of Leibnitz.

At times when reading the lives of great women it has occurred to me that perhaps the sex was providentially held in restraint through the ages. For when I think of what women have done despite restraint I wonder what might have happened to the general scheme of creation had they been encouraged from the beginning of time to pay particular attention to the development of their mental faculties. Usually the female of the species is reprobated for the evil uses she has made of her physical charms, so frequently she has reigned by right of beauty. But the fact is that woman has more often ruled by virtue of her intellectual power. Indeed, as a rule short was the reign of the woman whose chief asset was her beauty. Mme. de Pompadour, though little more than a grisette, had brains as well as beauty, and she held the king thrall with a thousand diversions and enchantments borrowed from the arts. When her power was threatened she cleverly armed herself against enmities and perfidies, and in the midst of the brilliant scandals of her royal liaison she found time for politics and became a minister of state. Her life, as she said herself, was a perpetual combat, but she maintained her position to the end, even after the king had ceased to love her.

How different was the experience of poor Louise de la Valliere, who loved the *Roi Soleil* for himself alone. The only art known to "little La Valliere," as she was called, was the art of love. To love was her function. It was all that she could do, and that she did with a selflessness which makes her unique. So far from flaunting her conquest she was never more modest than in her moments of greatest power.

"What a difference," wrote Mme. de Sévigné, "between the beautiful Montespan and the little Violet who hides herself under the grass, who is ashamed of being a mistress, of being a mother and of being a duchess. We shall never see her like again." The fickle king caught by the fresh beauty of Montespan turned from the "little La Valliere," and that sensitive creature turned from Court to the Carmelite convent where she welcomed the hardest tasks and spent thirty years doing penance for her sins. Far different is the story of Mme. de Maintenon. Her philosophy of life was something more than pleasure; she had a faculty for intrigue, and an instinct for power. It is the woman of this type rather than the mere beauty who has done things worth while.

Semiramis, the only Assyrian queen whose name is recorded on the monuments, did not reign by right of beauty alone, though we know she must have been good to behold. We know it because it is related of her that when with vanquished kings in her train she was passing over her triumphal bridge across the Euphrates a soldier murmured: "I would hold her in my arms if I were a moment afterwards thrown to the dogs." Turning to him she said, "Come." But Semiramis did some thinking as well as loving. She was the "advanced woman" of her day. She was the first woman to think of the immorality of marriage. She would not be married legitimately lest she lose her sovereignty; but she selected the handsomest men of her army, and afterwards made them disappear.

Another great beauty and great woman was Marguerite of Navarre. An intellectual genius of the Renaissance was Marguerite, born as long ago as the year in which Columbus discovered America. There was not much schooling to be had by girls in her day, but as she was a king's sister doubtless she had a private tutor. She was so beautiful that a Polish ambassador talked of putting out his eyes in order to see nothing after seeing her. But she

is not remembered for her beauty. She immortalized herself by writing the *Heptameron*. As I have said, doubtless her parents could afford a private tutor, but what wonderful private tutors there were in the bleak centuries before the summer school was invented for the dissemination of culturine! Think of Mary Stuart at fourteen reciting before King Henry an orison in Latin which she herself had written. Undoubtedly Mary, too, had her private tutor. But what about Emma Lyons, the daughter of a London laborer?

Here is a woman who illustrates the point I am trying to make. Emma Lyons had no private tutor. Yet Emma Lyons was a very great woman. She was a self-made woman. True, she never did spell correctly, but she did some very big things in the world, and she made history.

The Emma Lyons I am speaking of is better known as Lady Hamilton, mistress of Lord Nelson. She belonged to the dragged-up class of the community. When young she worked as a nursery-maid, and before meeting Nelson she lived with half a dozen men. Nevertheless she developed into a woman with "a fine-pointed brain," and she became Nelson's greatest inspiration. When that great sailor signaled that England expected every man to do his duty, you may be quite sure that he was mindful of the fact that his beloved Lady Hamilton expected him to do his duty. On board the *Victory*, in sight of the combined fleets of France and Spain, he retired to his cabin, wrote down an account of the services Lady Hamilton had rendered to him and to her country, and then he wrote this codicil to his will: "Could I have rewarded those services, I would not now call upon my country; but as that has not been in my power, I leave Emma Lady Hamilton, therefore, a legacy to my king and country, that they will give her an ample provision to maintain her rank in life." And Nelson's king and country allowed Lady Hamilton to live and suffer and die in poverty.

In the eighteenth century there were scores of really great women in the world, and none asking for emancipation. In the midst of an intellectual and sumptuous epicureanism there was more feminine genius in Paris than you can find now in all the United States. Yet few were the opportunities for mental cultivation except among the elect who were educated in convents. But many of the great women of the period were self-made like the illustrious tragedienne and pseudo-German princess, Mlle. Clairon. She was born in such poverty that her mother went out working for a living, and left her under the guardianship of lock and key in their home, which was a bedroom. To pass the time, the child used to climb on a chair and look into a room opposite where an actress was engaged in rehearsing her part. She watched the actress closely, studying her gestures and practicing them until she became an accomplished mimic. One night the actress, who was Mlle. Dangeville of the Comedie Francaise, took her to see a performance of *Le Comte d'Essex et les Folies Amoureuses*. Great was her absorption in the play, and that night in bed she turned over and over in her little brain what she had heard declaimed on the stage, and next day she was able to repeat to her mother more than two hundred verses from the tragedy and two-thirds of the little play. But this effort of memory, it is said, was nothing compared to her assimilation of the manner of every actor and actress in the play. Henceforth, notwithstanding all the abuse and blows her mother showered upon her, she refused to learn to sew. Her little dramatic soul thrilled with the sense of her vocation, the budding tragedienne gave utterance to her emotions in tragic phrase: "Kill me," she exclaimed, "you had better do so, for if you don't I shall be an actress." Reared in a sordid atmosphere of low vice, with lovers galore, yet when my lord the Duke of Marlborough offered her an immense fortune, for patriotic reasons she declined to accept. In her twenties she is estab-

lished in Paris, a great actress, creating the leading parts in all the great tragedies of her time. Mlle. Clairon was a woman of splendid intellect and of a certain nobility of soul that fills one with wonder and admiration. Love of art and love of man were her two great passions. All else she sacrificed to these.

As I have said, there were scores of really great women in the world in the eighteenth century. It was in that century that many brilliant beauties of the salons were queening it in that grand society of Old France that Europe "came to copy and vainly strove to imitate." The portraits of some of them are to be found in Saint-Beuve's *Galleries des Femmes Célèbres*, but among them one does not find Madame Chemineau. She is mentioned incidentally, but not by name. She is mentioned merely as the grandmother of Madame Geoffrin, and it required considerable research to find her name. I was curious about the old lady, for it was she that inspired all that I have written herein. The salience of her personality is due to the fact that it was she that formed and developed the mind of Mme. Geoffrin. This is worth knowing, for Madame Geoffrin was one of the greatest women of her day. She was the presiding genius of the best salon that Paris ever knew. That salon made its influence felt throughout Europe. That salon was the chief centre and rendezvous of the greatest men of the eighteenth century. It was the resort of such foreigners as Hume and Gibbons. Under the Geoffrin roof-tree men eminent in science and diplomacy mingled with sculptors and painters, and always the conversation was under the guidance of Madame Geoffrin. It was an eminently respectable salon that Madame Geoffrin conducted, and in a licentious age she held the society of Paris in leading strings. It was the age of Louis XV and of Madame de Pompadour, the great courtesan as she has been called, who contributed to the ruin of monarchy. Now Madame de Pompadour was herself a woman of great intellect, enamored

of the arts and the pleasures of the mind. When she died Voltaire said of her in a letter to a friend, "She was one of us." She was beloved by the painters, the sculptors and the architects of the day, for she had done much to foster the arts. And it was in this period that Madame Geoffrin, the wife of a substantial burgher, a manufacturer of mirrors, established a salon that flourished for a quarter of a century. What was the nature of this woman's education? The answer to this question I regard as of great interest, especially in these days of universal schooling and clamorous demand for equal opportunity. Nowadays it is so difficult for one to escape knowledge that nothing is so common as a little learning. The world is full of superficially educated women, but how rare among them is a Mme. Geoffrin! So it is interesting to learn the character of her early training under the guidance of her grandmother. The Empress Catherine of Russia wanted to know, and asked, and Mme. Geoffrin replied in a letter which, says Saint-Beuve, "might be added to all that Montaigne has written on education." It might serve also as a formula for the instruction of young women in the universities of this day and generation. This is what she wrote:

"I lost my father and mother in infancy. I was brought up by an old grandmother, who was very intelligent and had a good head. She had had very little education, but her mind was so clear, so adroit, so active, that it never failed her; it always took the place of learning. She spoke so pleasantly of things she did not know, that nobody desired her to know more; and when her ignorance was too obvious, she would get out of it by a witticism which disconcerted the pedants who tried to humiliate her. She was so contented with her lot that she regarded learning as a very useless thing for a woman. She would say: 'I have done so well without it that I have never felt the need of it. If my granddaughter is a fool, learning would make her con-

ceited, and insupportable; if she has wit and sensibility, she will do as I did, she will make up for what she does not know by address and feeling; and when she is more reasonable, she will learn that for which she has the most aptitude, and she will learn it very quickly.' So she taught me nothing in my childhood, except to read; but she made me read much; she taught me to think by making me argue; she taught me to know my fellow-creatures by making me say what I thought of them, and by telling me her opinion of them. She obliged me to give her an account of all my doings and all my feelings, and she corrected them with so much sweetness and grace that I never concealed my thoughts and feelings from her: my heart was as visible to her as my body. My education was continuous."

Through this simple system of training was developed a woman of whom Horace Walpole, writing to his friend Gray on January 25, 1766, said:

"Mme. Geoffrin, of whom you have heard much, is an extraordinary woman with more commonsense than I ever met with. She has great quickness in discovering characters, penetration in going to the bottom of them and a pencil that never fails in a likeness. . . . She is an epitome of empire existing by rewards and merits."

Surely Madame Chemineau was a great woman.

MY OLD-FASHIONED AUNT

By EDWARD F. O'DAY

"The Principle of the Thing!" exclaimed my aunt with great scorn. "The Principle of the Thing is humbug. People who are forever prating about the Principle of the Thing are the most disagreeable people in the world.

"I don't mind losing the money, but it's the Principle of the Thing." Rot!

"She's a wretch and beneath me, and ordinarily I'd take no notice of her conduct, but it's the Principle of the Thing." Poppycock!

"The man who uses such language is an old woman, and the woman who uses it is a nagger or a spite-cat or a fuss-bag. You never heard of a person making a sacrifice for the Principle of the Thing, did you? No, the Principle of the Thing is always lugged in to excuse some meanness or to justify some cruelty. Bother the Principle of the Thing!"

Having relieved her mind in this fashion aunty sank back into her easy chair before the wood fire and smiled at her own vehemence. Dear old aunty is not given to outbreaks like that except when thoroughly aroused. I must admit however that it is not hard to arouse her if you go about it the right way. Aunty is the most generous of women. Her generosity is not merely of the heart, a common enough trait; but of the mind also, and that is pretty rare in women. Just because she has a generous mind she is apt to be impulsive, for she cannot brook pettiness or deliberate wrong. And so she becomes vehement on occasions. It is one of her old-fashioned ways.

I have known aunty to lash out at people a little unjustly now and then. But I have never known her too proud to acknowledge a mistake. Sometimes when aunty apologizes for an unkind remark she is surprised to find how little importance the subject of the remark attached to it. She discovers that her reparation is regarded as unnecessary.

"There are people," I have heard aunty comment

at such times, "who place so low a value on truth that they don't seem to mind in the least when their own actions are misrepresented or their motives misconstrued. Is it worth while making amends to such people? Yes, I believe it is. What they think of you doesn't matter; it's what you think of yourself that counts."

Aunty places an old-fashioned value on politeness. She is so behind the times, however, that she distinguishes between politeness and etiquette. She holds that a man may be well-mannered though ignorant of social usage. To be gentle and considerate, says aunty, is to be polite. She tells me that one of the politest men she ever knew was an honest farmer who ate with his knife to the day of his death.

"The fork," aunty explains, "is a comparatively recent implement of feeding. Still, to disregard it argues a lack of observation. But a busy farmer with a wife, a mortgage and six children cannot observe everything. This farmer did not observe the rules of table deportment, but on the other hand he was a stickler for the Ten Commandments."

Aunty is quite aware that superficial politeness may cloak bad qualities, but she thinks that the keen-sighted can always see through that sort of disguise. She has none of that rather common prejudice which distrusts a man simply because he is polite.

"The man who is the first to stand up when ladies enter a room," she says, "may not be the most up-standing of men, but at least he has his wits about him."

Aunty contends, however, that there are limits beyond which politeness need not go.

"No one," she insists, "is obliged to pretend lively interest in the narration of a long-drawn-out dream."

In nothing is aunty so old-fashioned as in her attitude toward politics. For the woman in politics she has a horror she does not try to conceal.

"The female politician who carries a mirror and

a powder paper is ridiculous," she insists; "and the female politician who does without these necessary articles is avoided by the men. The former may command attention, though there are no brains in her pretty head; the latter, though she be a giantess of intellect, can scarcely command respect. This condition will continue as long as men remain in politics, namely for a few hundred years at least.

"I don't know whether a woman's vote ever changed an election for the better," aunty continues, "but I have observed it change many a woman for the worse. The women I like are not those who go to the polls triumphantly, but those who go reluctantly, nerving themselves to perform an unpleasant duty."

Aunty is dreadfully backward in all the sciences that build on statistics—economics, sociology and all that sort of thing. She has absolutely no solution for the problem of pauperism, but she always has a nickel or a pair of old shoes for a beggar. She is quite indifferent to the evil of overpopulation, but she knows the birthday of every youngster in the block and never forgets to send a little present. Her charities would not be countenanced by any trained charity worker.

"When the card index was introduced, and charity became uplift," she says, "the devil rubbed his hands in glee."

In world events aunty takes a languid interest. I am sure she does not know who is commanding the French troops at Verdun, or the Russian army in the Caucasus. Indeed, on aunty's war map the most clearly defined places seem to be Louvain and Rheims, which of course most of us have now forgotten. I have talked with her about Mexico, only to find her profoundly unversed in our policy toward that unhappy republic. Judge of my dismay when aunty introduced into this conversation a tender reference to her favorite recipe for frijoles! She listens quite coldly to denunciation of the President's official mis-

takes; but mention his second marriage, and she springs warmly to the defense—of the first Mrs. Wilson

Aunty loathes gossip, but I must add that she sometimes indulges in it. The admission will not offend her, for she is fond of saying that women may give themselves all sorts of airs except the airs of consistency.

"If consistency is a jewel," says aunty, "it is the only jewel no womanly woman ever had the right to wear. Ours is the weaker sex, and we are particularly frail when it comes to pursuing a settled course. That is why no man ever dies of despair. While there's life in a woman there's hope of her changing her mind."

Being very close to aunty I can talk to her rather freely about my dear old eccentric uncle, her late husband.

"The first time I received a proposal of marriage," she has confided to me, "I cried and accepted. The second time I cried and declined. You see, I had been married in between. The happiest day of my life was my wedding day, and the happiest moment of that day was when my best friend caught the bridal bouquet."

"And the saddest day of your life, aunty?" I asked, thinking I knew the answer.

"The saddest day of my life was not the day of your uncle's death," aunty answered very soberly. "It was the day I realized I was beginning to bear my loss with equanimity."

Aunty never had a child. Perhaps this is what makes her so tender to young mothers, so fond of babies and so considerate to nurse girls. Of these last I have heard aunty say that the good Lord grants them a greater privilege than any she ever enjoyed.

"What can I know of life?" she said to me one day. "I who never folded a diaper or heated a milk bottle?"

Aunty is severe on fashionable finishing schools

for girls, declaring that if the pupils learned more in the class rooms and less in the dormitories we should have better women.

"I have noticed," says aunty, "that mothers who themselves attended these fashionable academies often send their daughters to convent schools. Also that the mothers who were trained by the good nuns select the same training for their daughters. The exceptions to this rule are usually climbers."

One day aunty found me reading Schopenhauer's essay on *Woman*, and it was easy to perceive that she was not pleased.

"I have read many books by learned men on this subject," she said. "They explain everything about our sex except why women cry at weddings and giggle at funerals. One of the silliest things of all is this masculine wonderment about Mona Lisa's smile. Every woman knows that the lady is smiling because she has just thought what to do with that piece of silk left over from last season's dress."

One day I dared accuse aunty of being vain.

"Of course I am vain," she replied with the utmost good humor. "I am even vain of my vanity. I am too vain to carry my first aids to vanity in a vanity case; they are locked up in the drawer of my dressing table. You see, I still cherish illusions. I do not believe I look as old as I really am. But if you ask me what good reason I have for this belief, I must be honest and answer: Absolutely none."

"Aunty, you are a wise woman," I said, though I really thought her very old-fashioned to talk like this.

"We women," she retorted, "are not as silly as the editor of the *Ladies Home Journal* thinks we are. Nor," she added, "as profound as we sound in a convention of women's clubs. And yet we know our way about. A woman may be intensely interested in Ninon de l'Enclos, but she prefers her husband to read the biography of Clara Barton."

Aunty is not always defending her sex by any

means. She can say sharp things on the subject. Thus, she told me that there was only one object in the world more wretched than a designing woman, and that was the man on whom the woman had designs. She holds that the most genuine thing about a man is his modesty, and the falsest thing about a woman, her frankness.

"Beware of the woman who makes you her confidant," she warned me. "The confidence man preys on the purses of the gullible; but the 'confidence woman' is after bigger booty."

Out of the fulness of her experience aunty delights to lecture young married men.

"Avoid the neighborhood which has more delicatessen shops than meat markets," is one of her counsels; "it is sure to be unhealthy." Also: "The man who brings a friend home to take 'pot luck' without telephoning his wife is fool enough to attempt an impromptu after-dinner speech." And again: "Sometimes an apartment house is a home; more often it is the antechamber of the divorce court."

Perhaps aunty is a trifle cynical in these matters, as when she says: "There is an old joke about the wedding choir singing, 'What will the harvest be?' To bring that joke up to date we must change the name of the song to 'What will the alimony be?'"

All of aunty's remarks on this subject are not of the discouraging order.

"Remember, young man," she told a bridegroom, very much to his embarrassment, "a weekly bunch of violets after the first baby is weaned means ever so much more than a daily orchid during the engagement time."

But when the poor fellow had digested this she added: "If you want to test your wife's imagination give her a check book and tell her to go as far as she likes. This is also a good recipe for making her unhappy."

Speaking of recipes reminds me of another of aunty's remarks. She said some people were always

planning to live, but never did. And that their tragedy was symbolized by the housewife who is so busy pasting recipes in her scrap book that she never has time to try them.

Aunty does not smoke, but I think she has no objection to the pastime for women who like it. At least it did not seem to be positive disapproval of smoking which prompted her to say of a woman with nicotine on her fingers: "The poor thing was so badly raised that she does not know about sapolio."

Being old-fashioned, aunty is of course superstitious. Her weakness in this regard is shown by certain maxims for women which I have heard her utter. Here are three that I remember:

"Never walk near a ladder up which a climber is mounting, for when she falls—as she is sure to do—she will blame you. A climber's anger is very dangerous.

"Never marry your third husband on a Friday; some evil is bound to follow. This warning applies to six other days in the week.

"Be careful never to break a mirror; and to this end don't look in one immediately after rising."

One of aunty's favorite axioms is that "if you live long enough you'll hear everything," and this, she says, is the reason she is reconciled to an early death. And speaking of death I have heard her say that she wishes a very simple funeral but will be disappointed if her wish is respected.

"Aunty," I said to her while we were cheerfully discussing this melancholy subject, "yours has been a happy life."

"On the whole, I suppose it has," aunty replied. "As a child I had as many dolls, as many beans bags, as many tricycles and as many birthdays parties as were good for me, but never as many as I wanted. Little girls, you know, are greedy. My graduation dress was at least as pretty as any other girl's of my year. This softened my chagrin at finishing near the foot of the class. My first evening frock was all

that I could desire, and I only missed two dances at my first ball. Subsequently I was a wall flower often enough to save me from giddy conceit. For a time I cherished the dream of becoming a poetess and spoiled a great deal of white linen paper, but your uncle happened along and proposed to me, so I never really got into the poetical habit of neglecting my hair and my finger nails. About this time I began to regard my school paintings with a critical eye and hid most of them so effectually that they have never been uncovered since. My married life was happier than most childless married lives. Knowing what I know of my nephew I sometimes thank God that I never had a son.* Your uncle was very good to me. He never told me of his earlier loves, or doubted that I had had many admirers before he met me. He never read the paper at breakfast, or grumbled when we had pork chops two nights in succession. He never expected me to have the same high opinion of his pals which he entertained, and never talked about his club for more than ten minutes at a time. He never made fun of a bonnet that he thought I was attached to. He was sufficiently jealous of me to keep me in good humor. I think he was true to me, but I never investigated the matter too closely. Perhaps his most appealing trait was a willingness to admit that he was wrong, even when both of us knew that he was right. He made me cry sometimes, but not too often. Of course he patronized me a little: what husband does not? But on the other hand he affected to believe what I told him about the wickedness of beautiful women, so that balanced things nicely. Loking back over our life together I can see that I must have amused him many times, but bless him! there were plenty of times when he unconsciously amused me. We had our quarrels, of course. But fortunately we never said things that rankled. When the end came I know he

*I am not sure what aunty means by this, and I am afraid to ask her.

was sorry to leave me. Yes, indeed, I have had a happy time."

At the conclusion of this, the longest speech I ever heard my dear aunt make, she gave me an old-fashioned kiss. As I left she busied herself with a crochet needle and an old-fashioned work box and I inferred that some useful garment was in preparation for the newest baby in the block.

MY FIRST BEATING

By MAXIM GORKY

I was fascinated by the ease with which the grown-up people changed the color of different materials; they took something yellow, steeped it in black dye, and it came out dark blue. They laid a piece of grey stuff in reddish water and it was dyed mauve. It was quite simple, yet to me it was inexplicable. I longed to dye something myself, and I confided my desire to Sascha Yaakov, a thoughtful boy, always in favor with his elders, always good-natured, obliging and ready to wait upon everyone.

The adults praised him highly for his obedience and his cleverness, but grandfather looked on him with no favorable eye, and used to say:

"An artful beggar that!"

Hearing of my desire to learn the process of dyeing, he advised me to take one of the best white tablecloths from the cupboard and dye it blue.

"White always takes the color better, I know," he said very seriously.

I dragged out a heavy tablecloth and ran with it to the yard, but I had no more than lowered the hem of it into the vat of dark-blue dye when Tsiganok, the young, broad-shouldered foreman of the dye works, flew at me from somewhere, rescued the cloth, and wringing it out with his rough hands, cried to

my cousin, who had been looking on at my work from a safe place:

"Call your grandmother quickly."

And shaking his black, dishevelled head ominously, he said to me:

"You'll catch it for this."

Grandmother came running on to the scene, wailing, and even weeping, at the sight, and scolded me in her ludicrous fashion:

"Oh, you young pickle! I hope you will be spanked for this."

Afterwards, however, she said to Tsiganok: "You needn't say anything about this to grandfather, Vanka. I'll manage to keep it from him. Let us hope that something will happen to take up his attention."

Vanka replied in a preoccupied manner, drying his hands on his multi-colored apron:

"Me? I shan't tell: but you had better see that that Sascha doesn't go and tell tales."

"I will give him something to keep him quiet," said grandmother, leading me into the house.

On Saturday, before vespers, I was called into the kitchen, where it was all dark and still. I remember the closely shut doors of the shed and of the room, and the grey mist of an autumn evening, and the heavy patter of rain. Sitting in front of the stove on a narrow bench, looking cross and quite unlike himself, was Tsiganok; grandfather, standing in the chimney corner, was taking long rods out of a pail of water, measuring them, putting them together, and flourishing them in the air with a shrill whistling sound. Grandmother, somewhere in the shadows, was taking snuff noisily and muttering:

"Now you are in your element, tyrant!"

Sascha Yaakov was sitting in a chair in the middle of the kitchen, rubbing his eyes with his knuckles, and whining like an old beggar in a voice quite unlike his usual voice:

"Forgive me, for Christ's sake . . .!"

Standing by the chair, shoulder to shoulder, like

wooden figures, stood the children of Uncle Michael, brother and sister.

"When I have flogged you I will forgive you," said grandfather, drawing a long, damp rod across his knuckles.

"Now then . . . take down your breeches!"

He spoke very calmly, and neither the sound of his voice nor the noise made by the boy as he moved on the squeaky chair, nor the scraping of grandmother's feet, broke the memorable stillness of that almost dark kitchen, under the low, blackened ceiling.

Sascha stood up, undid his trousers, letting them down as far as his knees, then bending and holding them up with his hands, he stumbled to the bench. It was painful to look at him, and my legs also began to tremble.

But worse was to come, when he submissively lay down on the bench face downwards, and Vanka, tying him to it by means of a wide towel placed under his arms and round his neck, bent under him and with black hands seized his legs by the ankles.

"Lexei!" grandfather called to me. "Come nearer! Come! Don't you hear me speaking to you? Look and see what a flogging is. . . One!"

With a mild flourish he brought the rod down on the naked flesh, and Sascha set up a howl.

"Rubbish!" said grandfather. "That's nothing! . . But here's something to make you smart."

And he dealt such blows that the flesh was soon in a state of inflammation and covered with great red weals, and my cousin gave a prolonged howl.

"Isn't it nice?" asked grandfather, as his hand rose and fell. "You don't like it? . . . That's for the thimble!"

When he raised his hand with a flourish my heart seemed to rise too, and when he let his hand fall something within me seemed to sink.

"I won't do it again," squealed Sascha, in a dreadfully thin, weak voice, unpleasant to hear. "Didn't I tell—didn't I tell about the tablecloth?"

Grandfather answered clamly, as if he were reading the Psalter:

"Tale-bearing is no justification. The informer gets whipped first, so take that for the tablecloth."

Grandmother threw herself upon me and seized my hand, crying: "I won't allow Lexei to be touched! I won't allow it, you monster!" And she began to kick the door, calling to my mother: "Varia! Varvara!"

Grandfather darted across to her, threw her down, seized me and carried me to the bench. I struck at him with my fists, pulled his sandy beard, and bit his fingers. He bellowed and held me as in a vice. In the end, throwing me down on the bench, he struck me on the face.

I shall never forget his savage cry: "Tie him up! I'm going to kill him!" nor my mother's white face and great eyes as she ran along up and down beside the bench, shrieking:

"Father! You mustn't! Let me have him!"

Grandfather flogged me till I lost consciousness, and I was unwell for some days, tossing about, face downwards, on a wide, stuffy bed, in a little room with one window and a lamp which was always kept burning before the case of icons in the corner. Those dark days had been the greatest in my life. In the course of them I had developed wonderfully, and I was conscious of a peculiar difference in myself. I began to experience a new solicitude for others, and I became so keenly alive to their sufferings and my own that it was almost as if my heart had been lacerated, and thus rendered sensitive.

For this reason the quarrel between my mother and grandmother came as a great shock to me—when grandmother, looking so dark and big in the narrow room, flew into a rage, and pushing my mother into the corner where the icons were, hissed:

"Why didn't you take him away?"

"I was afraid."

"A strong, healthy creature like you! You ought

to be ashamed of yourself, Varvara! I am an old woman and I am not afraid. For shame!"

"Do leave off, mother; I am sick of the whole business."

"No, you don't love him! You have no pity for the poor orphan!"

"I have been an orphan all my life," said my mother, speaking loudly and sadly.

After that they both cried for a long time, seated on a box in a corner, and then my mother said:

"If it were not for Alexei, I would leave this place—and go right away. I can't go on living in this hell, mother, I can't! I haven't the strength."

"Oh! My own flesh and blood!" whispered grandmother.

Very soon after this, as suddenly as if he had fallen from the ceiling, grandfather appeared, and sitting on the bed, laid his ice-cold hands on my head.

"How do you do, young gentleman? Come! answer me. Don't sulk! Well? What have you to say?"

I had a great mind to kick away his legs, but it hurt me to move. His head, sandier than ever, shook from side to side uneasily; his bright eyes seemed to be looking for something on the wall as he pulled out of his pocket a gingerbread goat, a horn made of sugar, an apple and a cluster of purple raisins, which he placed on the pillow under my very nose.

"There you are! There's a present for you."

And he stooped and kissed me on the forehead. Then, stroking my head with those small, cruel hands, yellow-stained about the crooked, claw-like nails, he began to speak.

"I left my mark on you then, my friend. You were very angry. You bit me and scratched me, and then I lost my temper too. However, it will do you no harm to have been punished more severely than you deserved. It will go towards next time. You must learn not to mind when people of your own family beat you. It is part of your training. It would be

different if it came from an outsider, but from one of us it does not count. You must not allow outsiders to lay hands on you, but it is nothing coming from one of your own family. I suppose you think I was never flogged? Oleysha! I was flogged harder than you could ever imagine even in a bad dream. I was flogged so cruelly that God Himself might have shed tears to see it. And what was the result? I—an orphan, the son of a poor mother—have risen to my present position—the head of a guild, and a master workman.”

He stayed with me and told me stories until it was almost dark, and when, after an affectionate farewell, he left me, I had learned that he was neither malevolent nor formidable. It brought the tears into my eyes to remember that it was he who had so cruelly beaten me, but I could not forget it.

This visit of my grandfather opened the door to others, and from morning till night there was always somebody sitting on my bed, trying to amuse me; I remember that this was not always either cheering or pleasant.

Oftener than any of them came my grandmother, who slept in the same bed with me. But it was Tsiganok who left the clearest impression on me in those days. He used to appear in the evenings—square-built, broad-chested, curly-headed, dressed in his best clothes—a gold-embroidered shirt, plush breeches, boots squeaking like a harmonium. His hair was glossy, his squinting, merry eyes gleamed under his thick eyebrows, and his white teeth under the shadow of his young mustache; his shirt glowed softly as if reflecting the red light of the image-lamp.

“Look here!” he said, turning up his sleeve and displaying his bare arm to the elbow. It was covered with red scars. “Look how swollen it is; and it was worse yesterday—it was very painful. When your grandfather flew into a rage and I saw that he was going to flog you, I put my arm in the way, thinking that the rod would break, and then while

he was looking for another your grandmother or your mother could take you away and hide you. I am an old bird at the game, my child."

He laughed gently and kindly, and glancing again at the swollen arm, went on:

"I was so sorry for you that I thought I should choke. It seemed such a shame! . . . But he lashed away at you!"

Snorting and tossing his head like a horse, he went on speaking about the affair. This childish simplicity seemed to draw him closer to me. I told him that I loved him very much, and he answered with a simplicity which always lives in my memory.

"And I love you too! That is why I let myself be hurt—because I love you. Do you think I would have done it for anyone else? I should be making a fool of myself."

Later on he gave me whispered instructions, glancing frequently at the door. "Next time he beats you don't try to get away from him, and don't struggle. It hurts twice as much if you resist. If you let yourself go he will deal lightly with you. Be limp and soft, and don't scowl at him. Try and remember this; it is good advice."

"Surely he won't whip me again!" I exclaimed.

"Why, of course!" replied Tsiganok calmly. "Of course he will whip you again, and often too!"

"But why?"

"Because grandfather is on the watch for you." And again he cautiously advised me: "When he whips you he brings the rod straight down. Well, if you lie there quietly he may possibly hold the rod lower so that it won't break your skin. . . . Now, do you understand? Move your body towards him and the rod, and it will be all the better for you."

Winking at me with his dark, squinting eyes, he added: "I know more about such matters than a policeman even. I have been beaten on my bare shoulders till the skin came off, my boy!"

DICKENS AND THE WOODEN LEG

By VERNON RENDALL

Of all authors Dickens is the most inclined to the grotesque and the abnormal, but is there anywhere, one asks, a freak of any kind so predominant in his writings as to suggest that it was an obsession with him? I think there is such an obsession, though no one, so far as I am aware, has hitherto noticed it. Reading within a year all the well known books of Dickens, I have come to regard Wegg as the triumphant climax of a persistent series of wooden legs. These references do not pretend to be complete—there may be others—but the legs I have gathered form a *corpus* of evidence not easily overset.

I proceed to the evidence in the novels. The *Sketches by Boz*, in which Dickens hardly found himself, contain no wooden leg, but the introduction of Sam Weller in Chapter X of *Pickwick* starts the series:

"Well, you are a nice young 'ooman for a musical party, you are," said the boot-cleaner. "Look at these here boots—eleven pairs o' boots; and one shoe as b'longs to number six, with the wooden leg."

Later Sam repeated the information that there was "a wooden leg in number six." Chapter XXXIII of *Pickwick* records the meeting of the Brick Lane Branch of the United Grand Junction Ebenezer Temperance Association. The report of converts to the cause includes the following case:

Thomas Burton is purveyor of cats' meat to the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs, and several members of the Common Council (the announcement of the gentleman's name was received with breathless interest). Has a wooden leg; finds a wooden leg expensive going over the stones; used to wear second-hand wooden legs, and drink a glass of hot gin and water regularly every night—sometimes two (deep sighs). Found the second-hand wooden legs split and rot very quickly; is firmly persuaded that their constitution was undermined by the gin and water

(prolonged cheering). Buys new wooden legs now, and drinks nothing but water and weak tea. The new legs last twice as long as the others used to do, and he attributes this solely to his temperate habits (triumphant cheers).

Here the wooden leg is emphasized; it is casual in *Oliver Twist* where (Chapter V) Noah Claypole's father is mentioned as a "drunken soldier, discharged with a wooden leg." In *Nicholas Nickleby* Dickens has a curious fancy, or piece of observation, which shows a special study of the theme. Miss Knag (Chapter XVII) boasts of an uncle who has such small feet that they were no bigger than those which are usually joined to wooden legs. Miss Knag is probably romancing, but had her creator any authority for the idea that wooden legs have anything like feet joined to them? Or does he in his obsession conceive the artificial leg as so natural that it must end in feet?

Barnaby Rudge is interesting as bringing together the idea of a wooden leg and a horribly acute blind man, two phenomena which the reader will remember in *Treasure Island*. In Chapter VIII Mr. Tappertit is seen as a captain of 'prentices served in a cellar by Stagg, the blind man. Dropping on one knee, Stagg gently smoothes the ineffective calves of the captain's legs:

"That I had but eyes," he cried, "to behold my captain's symmetrical proportions! That I had but eyes, to look upon these twin invaders of domestic peace."

"Get out!" said Mr. Tappertit, glancing downward at his favorite limbs. "Go along, will you, Stagg!"

"When I touch my own afterwards," cried the host, smiting them reproachfully, "I hate 'em. Comparatively speaking, they've no more shape than wooden legs beside these models of my noble captain's."

"Yours!" exclaimed Mr. Tappertit. "No, I should think not. Don't talk about those precious old toothpicks in the same breath with mine; that's rather too much."

This passage suggests that thus early in the book

Dickens had in his mind the suitable penalty for Mr. Tappertit. Both his legs were mangled, and the last chapter of the book informs us that

Mr. Simon Tappertit, being removed from a hospital to prison, and then to his place of trial, was discharged by proclamation, on two wooden legs. Shorn of his graceful limbs, and brought down from his high estate to circumstances of utter destitution, and the deepest misery, he made shift to stump back to his old master and beg for some relief.

Dickens adds yet another touch. He explains that Mr. Tappertit turned shoeblack and married the widow of an eminent bone and rag collector, formerly of Millbank. When domestic storms arose

Mr. Tappertit would, in the assertion of his prerogative, so far forget himself as to correct his lady with a brush, or boot or shoe; while she (but only in extreme cases) would retaliate by taking off his legs, and leaving him exposed to the derision of those urchins who delight in mischief.

Thus does Dickens pleasantly dwell on this example of his theme; but he is not content with it alone; he had previously noted, at the end of Chapter LXXVII, that among those hanged at Bloomsbury Square for their part in the Riots "were two cripples—both mere boys—one with a leg of wood."

This, of course, may be an historical fact; but, whether fact or fiction, it shows Dickens's zeal for a detail concerning a wooden leg. In the *Old Curiosity Shop* (Chapter XV) the old cottager who entertains Nell and her grandfather speaks of a son who 'listed "for a so'jer—he come back home though, for all he had but one poor leg." The other was presumably wooden, but the real article is mentioned by one of the curious entertainers who assemble at the Jolly Sandboys in Chapter XIX. Mr. Vuffin explains that giants should be kept from the public view:

"Once make a giant common and giants will never draw again. Look at wooden legs. If there was only

one man with a wooden leg what a property he'd be!"

"So he would!" observed the landlord and Short together. "That's very true."

"Instead of which," pursued Mr. Vuffin, "if you was to advertise Shakespeare played entirely by wooden legs, it's my belief you wouldn't draw a sixpence."

One cannot forget also in Chapter L Mr. Swiveller's lament over the former Sophy Wackles:

"Her name is Cheggs now, Sophy Cheggs. Yet loved I as man never loved that hadn't wooden legs, and my heart, my heart is breaking for the love of Sophy Cheggs."

Mr. Swiveller, like Mr. Wegg, dropped into verse occasionally. He was spurred thereto, however, not by friendliness but by emotion. The reference might be regarded as merely providing an easy rhyme and an agreeable fancy, if there were not so many others of a similar sort.

Chapter IX of *Martin Chuzzlewit* reveals Mr. Pecksniff "took very poorly" at Mrs. Todgers's party, falling into the fireplace, and finally carried upstairs to his bed. But shortly afterwards he reappeared at the top landing, strangely attired, and delivered himself of those improving sentiments which might have been expected from so eminent a moralist.

"To bed," said Mr. Pecksniff. "Bed! 'Tis the voice of the sluggard; I heard him complain; you have woke me too soon; I must slumber again. If any young orphan will repeat the remainder of that simple piece from Doctor Watts's collection, an eligible opportunity now offers."

Nobody volunteered.

"This is very soothing," said Mr. Pecksniff, after a pause. "Extremely so. Cool and refreshing; particularly to the legs! The legs of the human subject, my friends, are a beautiful production. Compare them with wooden legs, and observe the difference between the anatomy of nature and the anatomy of art. Do you know," said Mr. Pecksniff, leaning over the banisters, with an odd recollection of his familiar manner among new pupils

at home, "that I should very much like to see Mrs. Todgers's notion of a wooden leg, if perfectly agreeable to herself!"

Orphans are mentioned two or three times by Mr. Pecksniff at this crisis; his minds runs on them naturally as making excellent architectural pupils free from the searching inquiries of parents; but there seems no particular reason for his final remarks. He was not an anatomist like Mr. Venus. He was not so much exhibiting his own character as following the lead of Dickens's fancy.

Chapter XIX of *Martin Chuzzlewit* introduces Mrs. Gamp, who, when entering a house of mourning, feels it safe to say, "Ah! Poor dear," and continues:

"Ah, dear! ' When Gamp was sommonsed to his long home, and I see him a-lying in Guy's Hospital with a penny piece on each eye, and his wooden leg under his left arm, I thought I should have fainted away. But I bore up."

I have always thought that the late Mr. Gamp must have resembled Mr. Silas Wegg in his gifts and habits.

In *Dombey* (Chapter XLI) Cousin Feenix drives down with Mr. Dombey to Brighton, and checks off his acquaintances aloud as he meets them, including "man with cork leg from White's." But there is another allusion in Chapter LVII which is more marked. Walter Gay and Florence Dombey are married in a dusty old city church:

There is no bridesmaid, unless Susan Nipper is one; and no better father than Captain Cuttle. A man with a wooden leg, chewing a faint apple and carrying a blue bag in his hand, looks in to see what is going on; but, finding it nothing entertaining, stumps off again, and pegs his way among the echoes out of doors.

Why should he turn up at that particular moment? His appearance is casual and has nothing to do with the story.

No research is needed to discover the ligneous limb in *David Copperfield*. Most readers will re-

member Salem House, Mr. Creakle, and an "obstinate barbarian" with a wooden leg who was his creature, Mr. Tungay. It may be noted, however, that Tungay's name is not given till late in the narrative. Dickens seems to enjoy calling him "the man with the wooden leg," as if he wished to emphasize that feature and feared the reader might forget it.

In *Bleak House* the gay and discursive Skimpole provides the inevitable reference. Chapter XXXVIII explains how he met Esther Summerson at The Deadlock Arms, and, after hearing of her recovery, felt that he appreciated health the more when somebody else was ill; didn't know but what it might be in the scheme of things that A should squint to make B. happier in looking straight, or that C. should carry a wooden leg, to make D. better satisfied with the flesh and blood in a silk stocking.

Hard Times and *Little Dorrit* have each an example which shows how curiously the fancy of Dickens played round the wooden leg. For most people that striking alteration of the human figure would be sufficiently odd in itself; it would not be a universal and familiar object like a human face, the distortion of which is readily perceived in things totally different. For Dickens it is otherwise. Coketown (*Hard Times*, Chapters V and XVI) possessed a number of chapels which were severely "workful" and resembled pious warehouses.

The solitary exception was the New Church; a stuccoed edifice with a square steeple over the door, terminating in four short pinnacles like florid wooden legs.

The comparison is surely extraordinary; the pinnacle of a church has not the stark, straight outline of the wooden leg, and no one would conceive of it in that light unless he had a vision of such legs before him which insisted on being regarded as the basis of normal observation.

In *Little Dorrit* (Book II, Chapter VII) the Dorrits move from Venice to Rome, and the heroine is confused by the new conditions of life:

Here it seemed to Little Dorrit that a change came over the Marshalsea spirit of their society, and that Prunes and Prism got the upper hand. Everybody was walking about St. Peter's and the Vatican on somebody else's cork legs, and straining every visible object through somebody else's sieve.

A strange fancy indeed! See also Book I, Chapter XXIII, for four wooden legs mentioned at once.

In *Great Expectations* (Chapter XXX) Herbert Pocket reveals to Pip his engagement to Clara, daughter of Bill Barley, a retired purser who is never seen, but is heard in his room: "He makes tremendous rows, roars, and pegs at the floor with some frightful instrument." Mr. Barley had the gout, and a habit of coming down on his back. One might almost suppose that he was hampered with a wooden leg. At any rate, Dickens uses that to explain his violence. In Chapter XLVI when old Barley was growling upstairs,

Suddenly the growl swelled into a roar again, and a frightful bumping noise was heard above, as if a giant with a wooden leg were trying to bore it through the ceiling to come at us.

In *Our Mutual Friend* who knows not "the literary man with a wooden leg?" Yet Dickens is not content with Wegg. Forgetting that he has introduced a wooden leg into the marriage of the young couple in *Dombey*, he introduces a Chelsea pensioner with two into the marriage of John Rokesmith and Bella (Book IV, Chapter IV)!

Edwin Drood, the last book, has no leg of the kind, but, after all, it is incomplete.

Adventures are not dealt out fairly in this world; some have them frequently, others never. Had Dickens a positive gift for meeting wooden legs, just as others have a gift for picking up lost things of value? It must be remembered that he spent an immense amount of time in walking about the streets; he traveled for the firm of Human Interest more than any man of his time.

LACEDAEMON

By MAURICE HEWLETT

I saw Helen between two men,
Sleek and aware as a schooled den
Of the man on either side
Stalking by her: the one blue-eyed,
A silent, proud and kingly head
That dared not show his fever of dread
Of what was lost that had been won,
Golden-haired, afire in the sun.

The other was dark, with a flusht face
And smiling eyes, a foreign grace
In all his bearing of glancing eye,
Quick hands and courtesy.
Paris was he, to whose wild mood
Woman's body was drink and food,
And women's tears a whet to the meat.

She bent her eyes towards her feet,
Keeping her round face grave and pure;
Yet askances peered, most sure
How over her their fierce looks met,
One possessing, and one to get.

All my eyes were for this feat,
Thin, still woman whose body sweet,
Willowy-slim and dainty-small,
Should hold the world ten years in thrall,
And all men patient to possess,
Like leopards watching a leopardess.
She lookt the emblem of constancy,
Whose eyes were like the blue of the sea,
Far-set, full of dream,
Ringed with dark. But I saw the gleam
Of quick fancy come and go
Like fires on the sea which the waves throw
Suddenly and then drown in the night;
And I knew her huntress of dear delight
And high desire beyond our ken,
Not to be sated by love of men.

And thus they past, and glimmer'd small
Under Taygetus, like a wall
Flung by giants to shut God up
In Lacedaemon, the grass-green cup.

THE LANTERN

EDITED BY
THEODORE F. BONNET and EDWARD F. O'DAY

*It is better to search for the truth of what
concerns us than to hunt for an honest man*

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THE LANTERN

Vol. 2

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Confessions of a Red-Head

By EDWARD F. O'DAY

I am a red-head, and reasonably proud of it. I expect to remain a red-head for many years to come. It is true that the tan bark is thinning on the north-east corner of my block where the slope sheers to a declivity, but the expert who thins my locks at more or less regular intervals has frequently assured me that baldness will not supervene. Business considerations might tempt him to encourage my fears, but he is an honest man, for a barber, and every time I ask, Am I getting bald? he replies uncompromisingly, "No such luck." So I shall probably go red-headed to the grave. If I were sensitive that might add an extra terror to death. In reality the prospect fails to decrease my complacency. Whether or not there is red hair in heaven is of no consequence to me. If I get there I shall not worry about my aureole.

There seems to be in this unreasonable world a rather wide-spread prejudice against red-heads. It is strongest in the young, who are, it goes without saying, unthinking animals. Among the mature this prejudice is not so much in evidence. Some—and these are among nature's noblemen—get rid of it entirely; in others it turns to a good-humored contempt which is vented in silly stock phrases and time-dishonored jokes. The red-head who is worthy of the distinction which has been conferred upon him knows how to counter against these blows from young and old. Instinct tells him when to glory in his red badge of birth, when to be loftily superior to his detractors, when to be hypocritically apologetic

and when to wear the insignia of his pigment like a crested plume or an oriflamme of war. If I may be pardoned for boasting, the red-head is no fool.

There is a brief period of life when the red-head bears his blushing honor unconsciously. Quite possibly he comes into the world a disappointment to his parents who dreamed of a blonde girl baby or a brunette boy. However, natural affection tempers the disappointment, philosophy coming to the aid with its homely reflection that "what can't be avoided must be borne." So the red-head advances from didies to kilts and from kilts to short pants with no premonition of the insults soon to be heaped upon his offending scone. He fondly imagines that he is like other children, that there is no sinister bar to his intercourse on equal terms with all desirable playmates. He may scratch his red poll in perplexity over childish problems, but he does not rub it in anticipation of trouble. In the shelter of the nursery he is as happily ignorant of impending trials as the child with a cock-eye or a club-foot.

I have not forgotten how the awakening came to me. It was shortly after that red letter day when I was first permitted to take my red head, unattended, into the streets. Obedient to parental injunction and a little daunted by the possibilities of my large new liberty, I kept at first to the stoop. Within a day or two I had made several valuable visiting acquaintances, but there was little disposition among them to tarry where I held my levee and I soon plucked up courage enough to desert my fixed post and join them down the street.

"Hello, bricktop."

It was my introduction to society. It hadn't a bad sound. It was just a word, with no associations of any sort. I shouldn't have resented it in the least had the matter stopped there. But I found myself in the midst, not of a greeting but of an incident. "Bricktop" sounded and resounded on all sides of me. There was no mistaking the tones. They were

jeering tones. "Bricktop" began to hurt, as if it were a brickbat. I became indignant. My indignation excited a peculiarly irritating laughter. Those were the days when every child possessed through the courtesy of a cigarette firm a colored album of champions which opened of its own accord to the picture of John L. Sullivan. So I knew what to do, and attempted to do it. My attempt was something; my technique was nil. What I thought at the moment was a sledgehammer but learned afterwards was only a small boy's fist descended on my right eye. I saw stars flashing in brick-red ether. It was time to go home, and I went. For several days thereafter my color scheme was enlivened though scarcely improved by a "shanty."

When I had conquered my proper place in that society of the street I accepted the nickname of "Brick" unconditionally. Why not? "Dutch" and "Spike" and "Pants" and "Skinny" and "Gimpy" made no difficulty about their nicknames; should I be more particular? It was understood of course that these nicknames were for the use of "the gang" only. When strange boys came our way and made free of them, the impertinence was justly regarded as an invasion of our masonry and there was fighting to be done. I learned to defend my title with an improved technique. Perhaps I came to love it a little for the "claret" I poured upon its altar.

Through several years I took my red head for granted. Occupied with much more important things I never stopped to think whether it was a dignity or an indignity. When occasion arose I fought in its behalf, but in an impersonal way. It was a cause of offense and defense, but no more so than a chip on the shoulder. Many times a chip on the shoulder was the beginning of battle, but of course I bore no ill will to the chip. Similarly I bore no ill will to my red head. After all, it was my property and therefore to be cherished—"a poor thing, but mine own."

I was roused from this state of acceptance the day I made my debut in a boys' school. Hitherto I had pursued my primary studies in a co-educational institution where my associates were so busy making life miserable for the red-headed girls with glowing pigtails to be pulled and flaming curls to be dipped in ink that they had little time to waste on a puerile thatch, however fiery. The day I entered a strange classroom where there were only boys I felt distant and a little nervous. Going down the aisle to my allotted seat was something of an ordeal. Still I noted that it was a pretty noisy and disorderly class, and that pleased me, for in my very defective notions of education noise and disorder were desirable things. But my pleasure was short-lived. Half-way down the aisle a boy stopped me. He looked very serious and there was a question in his eye. I paused and gave ear.

"Say, Red, where was the fire?" he asked.

And then he grinned, while all his neighbors chuckled or snickered or guffawed. It was not necessary for Red to tell them where the fire was. It was all over Red's face. If you know boys you will not be surprised to learn that the serious-faced youth who asked me the question became my pal, and that he never called me Red again. If you do not understand why these things are you have a lot to learn about boys.

There were other facetious references to my red head by the denizens of that noisy classroom, but they were fugitive taunts, there was no insistence about them, and they did not call for fistic retort. We were passing the age when youngsters make an issue of such things. Shortly afterwards I had a teacher who was himself red-headed. He was a good teacher, and he commanded the respect of his class. It is true that he was called "Brick" behind his back, but not derisively. I thank his red hair for my emancipation from my old nickname. Obviously there was little sport in calling an inconsiderable

classmate "Brick" when one could apply the epithet to Teacher. Teacher was a vicarious sacrifice for my ease and comfort, but he never knew it. And he is dead now, so I can never tell him.

I do not know exactly when it was that I began to regard my red hair with respect. But I remember very well my first realization of the inner change. It was one day when a burly driver swung himself off his brewery wagon to confront me with the words:

"Well, Red, here's the white horse."

And sure enough there was the white horse, one of the brewery wagon's team. I looked at the white horse, and then I looked at the grinning driver who had planted himself before me. And then the driver and I had a little laugh together. I should like to have a dollar, as the saying goes, for every time my red head had been the butt of that white horse witticism. I suppose every red-headed boy in the good old days when there were white horses—there seem to be none in this motor age, except when the circus comes to town—was peculiarly sensitive to that senseless gibe. Just why anybody should have looked for a white horse when he saw a red-headed person is a mystery. There is only one deeper mystery, and that is, why it almost invariably happened that the white horse came stepping around the corner on these occasions. It cannot be that white horses put themselves out to embarrass red-headed people. That would not be horse-sense. And it cannot be that every red-headed person had a white stalking horse to haunt him like a too familiar demon or a bad-natured guardian angel. No, the white horse was not in on the joke; for I observed many of them and never saw a single one grin at me through his horse collar or give me the horse laugh. I shall not attempt to explain this thing. What I was going to say was, that whereas on all previous occasions when a white horse was flung at my red head the pleasantry confused and annoyed me, this time I recognized it as a pleasantry and

was pleasantly amused by it. In other words, I had learned to take a very personal joke. I always think of that burly brewery wagon driver with affection: he contributed a good deal to my education.

Perhaps a certain pride in my red hair had been growing within me for some time. At any rate the pride was there, as I discovered with some surprise when I pondered this incident. It has been there ever since. I do not try to analyze it too searchingly. It is perhaps a not very reasonable pride. But at least it is a healthy *pride*, and not an overweening or arrogant conceit such as those have who like a compliment about the smallness of their feet or hands. I can join you in a joke about my red hair. Indeed I can make a joke about it on my own account. But I reserve my private opinion, and it is a good opinion. This attitude is pretty common among red-heads, I find. If you will bear with me for saying so, we feel that nature saw fit to distinguish us from the common herd of blonds and brunettes. She was gay when she painted our roofs. We are thankful to her.

Red is the martial color, and we red-heads can do our share of fighting; but it is a vulgar error to consider us bad-tempered. Although the hot red flag waves above our temples we are as capable of coolness as other people. To this attribution of bad temper, as to other more or less fanciful endowments associated with red hair we can only answer in the words of Sancho Panza: "We are as God made us, and often a great deal worse."

We have our uses. Crackbrains find us handy to try their poor wit upon. There are certain feeble jokes at our expense which never fail to bring a laugh. Thus when gray hair is the topic, Smallwit may always turn to me and say, with a wink at the rest of the company: "At least you'll never be gray." Any reference to a "strawberry blond" is sure to be convulsing when I am about; the same holds true of any inane mention of "ginger." Some

time ago there was a more or less popular song with the refrain "Red-head, red-head, gingerbread head." Sung in the presence of a red-haired person it was always "a scream" and "a knockout," as they say in the booking offices. So you see, if we red-heads are not witty ourselves, we are at least the cause why wit is in other men. And we are quite content with the more dubious half of Falstaff's merit. It is the poll tax we pay to stupidity.

Yes, we have our uses. Who so certain to make a baby laugh as a red-head? Many a time and oft have I known the sight of my encarnadined mop to silence the squalling of a teething infant. It is not horror, it is not fright that grips the childish mind; it is some sort of fascination, potent yet innocuous. The most exacting mothers do not object to the exercise of this influence. Anything that will turn a "lip" to a smile suits the purpose of a nursing mother. And we are willing to be used that way, though it reduces us to the level of a rattle or a rubber doll.

I am not going to remind those disposed to carp at red-heads of the great men and women who belonged to the Order of Rufus. Red-heads disdain such special pleading. If Queen Elizabeth was a red-head it does not add a cubit to her stature in history. In a small way her red head probably advantaged her as our red heads advantage some of us: by distracting attention from her facade to her dome. Like some of us she was facially ill-favored, so her capillary attraction must have saved her much mental embarrassment. When you know from the angle of a stranger's gaze that he is finding an epithet for your hair you are pleased to think that he may not bother fitting one to your nose or to your chin. But it is nothing to us that Good Queen Bess was one of our kind. We have no theory connecting red hair and greatness, or red hair and genius, or red hair and piety. We are chary about such speculations. If we boast that tradition gives Our Lord red hair you may remind us of a similar tradition concerning Judas.

DIOGENES ON CANT

By THEODORE F. BONNET

As I entered his apartments Diogenes (I always call him by his pen name it is so true to his personality) was fuming and frowning ferociously over a newspaper. I assumed that the cause of his emotions was some candid criticism of his latest essay on the *Signs of the Times*, for like the average critic Diogenes is extremely sensitive to criticism. I was in error.

"Read this," he shouted, flinging the paper to me, "the leading editorial. That's the sort of rot that makes a man groan."

I glanced at the offending article. It was headed *Cant, a Common Idiosyncrasy*.

"What's wrong with it?" I asked. "We all cant a little at times, don't we?"

"That's precisely what this fellow says in his editorial. And he goes on to quote Hazlitt to prove that there is a great difference between cant and hypocrisy and that a man may cant and not be a hypocrite."

"Dear me," I said. "That's true enough. I remember that essay of Hazlitt's. He says we all wear some disguise, make some professions, use some artifice to set ourselves off as being better than we are, and yet it is not denied that we have some good intentions and praiseworthy qualities at bottom. Isn't that what he says?"

"Yes," said Diogenes, scowling at me, "that's precisely the stuff this fellow quotes right here."

"Well, don't get hot about it—he's an editor, just as you are, and he lives by canting. All editors cant."

"What do you mean by your damned impudence?" Diogenes demanded.

"Calm yourself, old fellow," I said, smiling and patting him on the shoulder by way of conciliating him. "Every editor presumes to speak of himself as

though he possessed a tapeworm. He eschews the perpendicular pronoun because to cant is almost a 'professional duty.' All editors are committed to cant because unless they pontificated more or less bump-tiously in the first person plural their views would be readily recognized as the views of an individual, and of no more value than the views of Tom, Dick or Harry."

"So that's your opinion, is it?" Diogenes asked. He was still scowling.

"Of course," I went on to explain hurriedly, "I know the importance of the views of a real editor, like yourself. The point I would make is that the editor unmasked, or rather the editor shorn of his plurality, is only a drop in a huge bucket, a single stitch in a vast piece of tapestry, an insignificant link in a chain of myriad links. And I am only pointing out that the canting of an editor is harmless like the toupee that a man wears to set himself off as better looking than he is. Surely, Diogenes, you don't take cant seriously, you don't get offended at a person for canting. Think of the lady who protests too much. Do you blame her? But what's the good of talking about it? Let's go and take a walk out to the beach."

"I'll take a walk after I get through this discussion." And my stern and scowling friend sat down and pointed to a chair. "So you have no objection to cant?" he asked.

"Not to harmless cant, have you?"

"Oh rot! Nobody has any objection to anything that's harmless and of no consequence. What gets me sore is this apology for cant in general on account of its being a natural failing and this attempt to differentiate cant from hypocrisy. Of course there's cant without hypocrisy, but cant at best is insincerity, and ninety-nine times out of a hundred it's downright hypocrisy. Now there are a lot of things that we are tolerant of, but that's no reason for trying to justify the general practice of them. Cant is

a thing that even burglars despise. It's the singsong of the self-righteous. True there are few reputable citizens who do not join the chorus of cant some time during their lives, but we all do a lot of things we are ashamed of, and hence the importance of ideals and striving—"

I laughed outright.

"What's the joke?" Diogenes asked. I could see he was peeved.

"I was thinking of what I've heard you say about idealists."

"My boy, idealists are much given to canting about their ideals. When a man puts too much emphasis on his ideals he cants. I believe it was Hazlitt himself who described cant as the voluntary overcharging or prolongation of a real sentiment. That's what our idealists do, especially when they riot in the cant of humanity. Without ideals life would be sordid materialism, but ideals may become dangerous nuisances. Now as I was saying we do a lot of things we are ashamed of, and we ought to try to rise above them instead of trying to justify them on the ground of our common natural weakness as this fellow does when he says that we all cant and therefore we should not complain of anybody in particular who cants. He ignores the fact that there are degrees of cant. I went into this matter in my essay on the *Signs of the Times*. Have you read it?"

"Of course I have," I replied eagerly, thinking I might get Diogenes off a subject that I was full of and lure him out for a walk. But alas!

"What do you think of it? Brilliant, isn't it?"

I need hardly say that the essay was a very violent assault on current manners and customs in my friend's characteristic sledge-hammer style. But I had to be conciliatory.

"How could it help being brilliant?" I asked with that artlessness, which, I have been told, lends an exquisite edge to my satire.

"I am glad it pleased you," said Diogenes, and immediately I found that I had made a bad break. Diogenes was now in a mood for an extended criticism of his essay. Before I had time to check him he had launched into one of those tempestuous and tedious monologues that he mistakes for conversation. I listened patiently. What listening to Diogenes costs me, Heaven and my conscience only know. Great is the anguish of the inarticulate when cornered by the fluent and compelled to wait for the blessed lull of exhaustion.

"The worst kind of cant as I explained in my essay," said Diogenes, "is that sly affectation of a moral superiority peculiar to the Puritans. Presently it becomes almost unconscious, as when a man says a thing merely because he wants to believe it. In this way men acquire the gift of really believing what they want to believe. Such was the cant of Cromwell when, protesting his desire to save the king's life, he said that he had prayed on his knees to God for the life of Charles until his tongue clove to the roof of his mouth, by which he saw that God had willed the death of the king. I've always regarded that as the most delicious of all historical specimens of hypocritical cant. But from my study of the present Administration at Washington I've come to the conclusion that we have a few statesmen who can give Cromwell cards and spades and beat him to a frazzle. Take Josephus Daniels, for instance, the man who has deprived the enlisted men in the navy of the use of a prophylactic because he thinks that if they commit the sin of encouraging the oldest profession on earth they should not be permitted to avail themselves of a scientific preparation that protects sinners against disease. There's your typical canting Puritan—the censor of other people's pleasures. He isn't satisfied to let God take care of the business of punishing sinners. He must constitute himself God's deputy."

There was no sign of exhaustion, and I knew that

if not interrupted Diogenes would rattle on till the cows came home, for he was on his favorite subject. So I ventured to interrupt him with a yawn, remarking at the same time that I feared he was getting back to his inveterate obsession—prohibition.

Diogenes exploded. "Obsession! obsession!" And then he sputtered.

Before he could recover I went on. "Diogenes," said I, "there are many distressing aberrations that conspire to make modern life turbulent and unpleasant. They are among the forms of Pharisaism and intolerance that afflict the mean and little soul. There is no way to protect yourself from them. But if you ignore them you may have some ease. Now as you don't drink why bother about prohibition?"

"Because I hate prohibitionists. Isn't that a good reason? Christ hated the Pharisees. They were the only people He did hate. He had sympathy and compassion for the fallen whom the Pharisees of our day would scourge, but in His philosophy there was nothing but scorn and contempt for the Pharisaical."

"But the prohibitionists—"

"Fundamentally the prohibitionists are Pharisees. For years their only objection to rum was that it was a sin to drink it. For years they preached against drinking as a sin. Nobody paid any attention to them until their movement gathered strength and then people went to the pains of assembling biblical quotations to prove that the Pharisees were preaching contrary to the Bible. For a time they defended themselves by arguing that the wine of Christianity and of the Old Testament was unfermented grape juice. As it was easy to prove to the contrary they were finally compelled to abandon their position. Then they put their propaganda on the ground of zeal for the welfare of humanity. Alcohol was described as poison, and

everything drinkable but deadly patent medicines was called alcohol."

Again I yawned.

"Am I boring you?" Diogenes asked.

"You are talking as though it were necessary to convince me that the prohibition propaganda is dishonest."

"It's worse than dishonest," Diogenes explained. "It's monstrous. And the most remarkable thing about it is that a propaganda marked by enormous unscrupulosity as is the case in this instance should ever have met with success even in so degenerate a country as ours where the Cabinet is accessible to a Daniels and where a charlatan, like Hearst, moulds public opinion. Now what's the explanation of this? How are we to account for the amazing persistency of this torment?"

"Easy enough," I answered. "There's money in it and the politicians are making it serve their purpose."

Diogenes began to pace up and down the floor. "The trouble is," he said, "we are living in a weak age, an age of cant and muliebrity. Cant is sapping our character. What can one expect in a country where the President is so drenched in cant that he tries to persuade himself that he is not merely President of the country but President of humanity? Oh, for a really wicked age!"

"A wicked age?"

"Yes, a wicked age. You don't call this a wicked age, do you, just because men cheat one another in business and because we have to have bare legs to thrill us at the theatre? In a wicked age there is no talk of pacifism and eugenics. The renaissance was a wicked age, and therefore it was an heroic age, an age of great virtues and grand vices. The two always go together. We are absolutely commonplace in our virtues, and the mediocrity of our vices is on a level with our literature. In the wicked ages art flourished, men drank to find joy

and forget sorrow. In the days when Columbus discovered America men of the aristocracy were killed in love quarrels, bastards abounded in all the cultured centres of Europe, and they were of the nobility, and they had genius. There was no canting in those days, but there was much praying and the prayers were sincere. When Columbus made a promise to Heaven to walk from the dock to church on his knees he kept it, for his prayer had been heard and nobody thought it strange. Ah, there were giants in those days. They never thought of turning their glasses bottom up, for their glasses they drained as a matter of course."

Here my friend perceived that I was looking out the window.

"You're not listening to me," he said.

"Oh, say not so, Diogenes. I'm all ears except when my eyes butt in. Just now, I saw the sun shining upon the foul and the fair, and I said to myself why not take that walk to the beach where the breezes lavish their freshness on the just and the unjust with indiscriminating impartiality? Come, why not finish your monologue as we stroll along?"

Diogenes faltered. Then to my delight he took his hat. "All right," he said, "I'll go." On reaching the sidewalk he scowled and said something about being unaccustomed to talk of grave issues on a stroll.

"Then we shall try the trivial," I said, with delight.

"But I'm not in a mood for that today," said Diogenes. "You started me thinking of those damned prohibitionists. Wouldn't you think the people would get wise when they consider the kind of fellows that are preaching prohibition—men like Bryan, "Cyclone" Davis, Bill Hearst and the average tin-horn preacher?"

"But they don't consider. True, the people of Nebraska considered Bryan the other day, but they had been taking him for twenty years on his own

yawp, and now they are bestowing their affections on Ford."

Diogenes sighed. "I suppose," he said, "that some of these fellows that talk prohibition are sincere. The self-deception of good people is the grand ally of the deliberate deceptions of humbugs. But of course nine-tenths of the professionals are cold-blooded rascals deliberately preaching falsehood and propagating enormous evils either in a spirit of hypocrisy or for the money that is in it."

"Do you think it is as bad as that?" I asked in astonishment.

"I never make extravagant statements. My dear fellow, inform yourself on this subject as I have, and as the professional prohibitionists have, and you will see that they are not fanatics. Most of them are practical men in politics. A good many of them are in business—the prohibition business. They know what prohibition does to people. They are just as well informed as Admiral Fiske was the other day when he made a plain open-and-shut liar out of Josephus Daniels by publishing the letter that Daniels misquoted. Admiral Fiske said that the abolition of wine and beer on the ships would, to use his exact words, 'impair the military efficiency of the service.' He also said (again I'll use his exact words), 'The evil effects of the abolition of the canteen in the army are too well known to need more than a mention.' Now you'd think from reading prohibition literature that the abolition of the canteen was universally accepted as a good thing. Admiral Fiske also said that the Daniels prohibition order would increase the temptation to use cocaine. He added these words: 'Its (cocaine's) use among enlisted men has increased since they were prohibited their daily bottle of beer.' Now the prohibitionists know these things. They know what prohibition has done in the South, in Maine, in Kansas and other places, but so steeped are they in depravity that they have become absolutely callous to the crimes

wherewith they are blackening their souls. The effect of prohibition long since ceased to be a matter of speculation. Fifty of the representative men of this country—educators, philanthropists, ministers, doctors, students of sociology, lawyers, organized as a committee—spent two years studying the question, investigating it in all aspects, and they filed a voluminous report. That report was printed. It is easily accessible. Do you ever hear it referred to by a prohibitionist? I should say you do not. Prohibitionists don't dare attack it. Nobody would think for a minute of challenging the character or sincerity of a single one of its authors, and yet we are asked to listen to the exhortations of the unthinkable scoundrels who are promoting this propaganda."

Here Diogenes took off his sombrero and mopped his forehead with his large bandana. I remarked that it was clear he cherished a large and hearty detestation of prohibitionists. He smiled savagely, and gravely asked: "Did ever a man hate in a holier cause? I hate all canting hypocrites, and especially I hate the spawn of them—the men who, in the fulness of their knowledge are going around this country destroying property and ruining the lives of men and women under pretense of promoting the welfare of humanity. Think of the impudence of them coming into this State to destroy our vineyards and boldly affirming their intention to make it a crime to drink any kind of fermented liquor! Consider the malice of them. In all prohibition States liquor may be imported in quantities large enough per month to keep each family drunk for a fortnight, but here in California where there is more joy to the square inch than anywhere else people are not to be permitted to drink at all. Thus in my opinion is the characteristic motive of the Puritan exposed. Don't you agree with me?"

"I don't disagree with you," I replied half apologetically, "but the fact is I have not the slightest

idea of what the characteristic motive of the Puritan is."

"It's what Macaulay said it was when he explained why the Puritans of England protested against bear-baiting. They didn't give a damn how much the bear was tortured, he said. What they were concerned about was the pleasure of the spectators. They didn't want the people to enjoy themselves. So it is with all our Puritans. Their whole time is spent not only in interfering most energetically with other folks' tastes, pleasures and ways of life but in making them as miserable as possible. They have a grudge against California because we are an especially joyous people who live in perennial sunshine and flowers, and so our treatment must be drastic. No booze at all for us."

And Diogenes went on scowling in silence all the way to the beach.

LOVE IN HEAVEN

By W. G. S.

Wonderful was our meeting here on earth;
Two souls that met and matched and loved each
other.

Nations were born in the hours of our birth,
Yet from them all we came to one another.

Oh, we shall meet again! but in your Heaven
Will hearts remain hearts still and tears be tears,
Will memory of passionate pledges given
Pass not with all the folly of dead years?

Or, and I fear this most of all, to find
With my first waking in that strange new place,
Your hand laid on my forehead cold and kind,
But something lost I once loved in your face.

Faded the scent of you; your tricks of dress
Gone, and your longings quenched; even desire
For Heaven, being crowned with saintliness,
Dead, as the flame dies, with the need for fire.

Yes, this I dread, to find the fire's spent ember
That glowed so bright for me, grown cold here-
after;

Yet if my presence stir you to remember
The tears you had, the warmth you had, the
laughter—

Oh, I will fly with you out of the reach
Of chilling gusts from flitting spirit wings,
And warm you at my heart, and each to each
Clasped, you'll recall the old forgotten things.

Sunshine and steaming woods and singing seas,
Lamplight, and children playing with their toys,
Home and home's garden-beds and orchard trees,
And pulses beating faster for a voice.

These you'll remember, and recalling, ponder,
And we will kiss again in lover fashion,
Until the angels stand around in wonder,
And tremble at the greatness of our passion.

"A CITIZEN OF NO MEAN CITY"

By S. H. McGRADY

You ask, friends, if I would be willing, given the opportunity, to live my life over again—to experience day by day and year by year the fortunes of the past, to meet the old comrades and foes, to fight the same battles, to give and take the same hard blows. It is a hard question for an old legionary veteran. But, on the whole, I think I would take the chance, the gods offering it, if I could miss out one thing.

I think I see again the Cohorts in motion, with the Eagles glittering in the front, among the wild mountains of Dacia. I can scarcely lift the pilum now: yet how often has this right hand launched it through corslet and bone. And after having hurled the pilum we fell upon them with the double-edged sword—although it is the thrust rather than the cut which inflicts the more dangerous wound, besides leaving one's own body less exposed.

Yes; I would live my life over again—excepting, as I said before, a single incident. For what better life is there than that of a soldier? To march in the sun and the rain, to throw up the mound of the camp, to lie all night before the blazing fire. How we old comrades used to grumble at the hardships we loved. And what better death? How much happier to fall in the gladness of battle, smitten by barbarian arrow, than to sit here, as I do, waiting—waiting for the end. Guarding the frontiers of the Empire, how many wounds have I received—and given.

This scar on the left shoulder. . . . I have carried it—the mark of my first battle—for fifty years. We of the thirteenth legion, following Antonius Primus in the cause of Vespasian, were attacked by the Vetellian army not far from Cremona. I shall never forget that first fight in the darkness, Roman against Roman, with the same weapons and methods of fighting.

They had collected their engines on the Via

Postumia, and the huge stones were mowing down our lines. "Come, boy," whispered, half in jest, an old veteran—I never knew his name—"let us cut the ropes of yonder engine." So, mad with the lust of battle, or we should never have dared it, snatching up shields used by the Vetellianists from a heap of slain, we thus disguised crawled through the bushes, and mingled boldly and unrecognized with the ranks of the enemy. Then in a moment we severed the ropes and strings of the great ballista. Immediately a dozen weapons were turned against us, and we fell, the old veteran pierced through and through; I, protected by the fates, with only this wound in the shoulder. And there, among the bodies of the foe, with the corpse of my comrade above me, I lay until the morning.

Yes; I served in Britain—ten years altogether, mostly under the great Agricola. It was said that Domitian poisoned him through envy. I should not wonder, for he was a great man. Never shall I forget how he led us into the strongholds of the Ordovices, or how we scattered and pursued into the woods the fierce Caledonians. Aye; a fierce and brave people, but they lack steadiness.

But you ask what is the one incident which causes me regret, which if I lived my life over again I would miss out.

It is nearly fifty years—just before the reign of Claudius—since I enrolled as a legionary soldier. We were stationed for a short time in the province of Lydia, and a wild life we young recruits led when the long hours of military training—with weapons double the weight of those used in battle, with marching, leaping, and swimming—were over.

One evening, along the hilly road which leads to Ephesus, there came a solitary traveler.

He was insignificant enough—a man small in stature, stout, bow-legged, and by no means robust. His face was bearded, his head bald, and his speech halting. Yet withal—in spite of his physical dis-

advantages—there was a winning grace about the man which seemed in some mysterious way to banish all feelings of hostility, and to make his presence delightful. He came up to us rough soldiers, and greeted us as easily and confidently as if he were an old comrade.

"Lads," said he, smiling around at us, "how far to Ephesus?"

We had been drinking wine—the training of recruits engenders thirst. I have tasted the wines of many regions, from the brews of the Germans to sparkling Falernian (which tonight—health, friends!—warms up the blood of an old soldier). It is curious how much more wine some can drink than others, and how differently it affects different people. One man becomes gay and talkative, another dull and morose: some are at their best when not sober, others become wild beasts. For myself, my head could never endure much wine. A cup or so, and I am as affected as others after a night's carouse. I could not (woeful thought!) drink myself to death if I wished. At first I am light-headed and merry, and then suspicious and quarrelsome.

This being so, the charm of manner of this stranger irritated me beyond measure. By what right did this insignificant-looking barbarian presume to address me with such easy familiarity. And laughing boisterously I reeled towards him, and smote him heavily on the mouth.

"There," I shouted, mimicking his stammering tone, "that is the way to Ephesus."

The stranger did not flinch, nor his expression change. He stood there unmoved, with the same smile playing upon his bleeding lips, with a look upon his face noble and hardly reproachful. There was something about the man—I know not what; it is indescribable—which made me feel as I had never felt before, as I have never felt since—except when I remember that cowardly blow.

Half-drunk as I was, I turned away, my heart

burning with shame. My rough comrades, too, were ashamed. The laughter ceased, and then several of them hastened to direct the stranger on his way. We remained standing in silence, watching the departing figure proceeding slowly along the straight white road, until the hill hid him from our sight.

That is the incident which, if my life had to be lived over once more, I would wish to be omitted. I never saw the stranger again. Yet all my life I have thought of him, and wondered who he was. And, most of all, I have pondered over the words he uttered, half in jest, yet withal seriously, too, as he turned to go: "Paul, a fellow-soldier, salutes you."

SAMOA

By RUPERT BROOKE

The South Sea Islands have an invincible glamor. Any bar in 'Frisco or Sydney will give you tales of seamen who slipped ashore in Samoa or Tahiti or the Marquesas for a month's holiday five, ten or twenty years ago. Their wives and families await them yet. They are compound, these islands, of all legendary heavens. They are Calypso's and Prospero's isle, and the Hesperides, and Paradise, and every timeless and untroubled spot. Such tales have been made of them by men who have been there, and gone away, and have been haunted by the smell of the bush and the lagoons, and faint thunder on the distant reef, and the colors of sky and sea and coral, and the beauty and grace of the islanders. And the queer thing is that it's all, almost tiresomely, true. In the South Seas the Creator seems to have laid Himself out to show what He can do. Imagine an island with the most perfect climate in the world, tropical, yet almost always cooled by a breeze from the sea. No malaria or other fevers. No dangerous beasts, snakes or insects. Fish for the

catching, and fruits for the plucking. And an earth and sky of immortal loveliness. What more could civilization give? Umbrellas? Rope? Gladstone bags? . . . Any one of the vast leaves of the banana is more waterproof than the most expensive woven stuff. And from the first tree you can tear off a long strip of fibre that holds better than any rope. And thirty seconds' work on a great palm leaf produces a basket-bag which will carry incredible weights all day, and can be thrown away in the evening. A world of conveniences. And the things which civilization has left behind or missed by the way are there, too, among the Polynesians: beauty and courtesy and mirth. I think there is no gift of mind or body that the wise value which these people lack. A man I met in some other islands, who had traveled much all over the world, said to me: "I have found no man, in or out of Europe, with the good manners and dignity of the Samoan, with the possible exception of the Irish peasant." A people among whom an Italian would be uncouth and a high-caste Hindu vulgar, and Karsavina would seem clumsy, and Helen of Troy a frump.

I wish I were there again. It is a country, and a life, that binds the heart. There is a poem:

I know an island,
Lovely and lost, and half the world away;
And there, 'twixt lowland and highland,
Lies a pool, rich with murmur and scent and
glimmer,
And there my friends go, all the radiant day,
Each golden-limbed and flower-crowned laughing
swimmer,

—and so on. It tells how ugly and joyless by comparison the fellow's own country sometimes seems, filled with money-making and fogs and such gray things:

Evil, and gloom, and cold o' nights in my land;
But,—I know an island
Where Beauty and Courtesy, as flowers, blow.

So it goes, with a jolly return on the rhyme. But the whole poem is a bad one. Still, the man felt it, the magic. It is a magic of a different way of life. In the South Seas, if you live the South Sea life, the intellect soon lapses into quiescence. The body becomes more active, the senses and perceptions more lordly and acute. It is a life of swimming and climbing and resting after exertion. The skin seems to grow more sensitive to light and air, and the feel of water and the earth and leaves. Hour after hour one may float in the warm lagoons, conscious, in the whole body, of every shred and current of the multitudinous water, or diving under in a vain attempt to catch the radiant butterfly-colored fish that flit in and out of the thousand windows of their gorgeous coral palaces. Or go up, one of a singing flower-garlanded crowd, to a shaded pool of a river in the bush, cool from the mountains. The blossom-hung darkness is streaked with the bodies that fling themselves, head or feet first, from the cliffs around the water, and the haunted forest-silence is broken by laughter. It is part of the charm of these people that, while they are not so foolish as to "think," their intelligence is incredibly lively and subtle, their sense of humor and their intuitions of other people's feelings are very keen and living. They have built up, in the long centuries of their civilization, a delicate and noble complexity of behavior and of personal relationships. A white man living with them soon feels his mind as deplorably dull as his skin is pale and unhealthy among those glorious golden-brown bodies. But even he soon learns to *be* his body (and so his true mind), instead of using it as a stupid convenience for his personality, a moment's umbrella against this world. He is perpetually and intensely aware of the subtleties of taste in food, and of every tint and line of the incomparable glories of those dawns and evenings, of each shade of inter-

course in fishing or swimming or dancing with the best companions in the world. That alone is life; all else is death. And after dark, the black palms against a tropic night, the smell of the wind, the tangible moonlight like a white dry translucent mist, the lights in the huts, the murmur and laughter of passing figures, the passionate queer thrill of the rhythm of some hidden dance—all this will seem to him, inexplicably and almost unbearably, a scene his heart has known long ago, and forgotten, and yet always looked for.

A SLANDER

By ANTON TCHEKHOV

Sergay, the writing master, was marrying his daughter Natalya to the teacher of history and geography. The wedding festivities were going off most successfully. In the drawing-room there was singing, playing and dancing. Waiters hired from the club were flitting distractedly about the rooms, dressed in black swallow-tails and dirty white ties. There was a continual hubbub and din of conversation. Sitting side by side on the sofa, the teacher of mathematics, Tarantulov, the French teacher, Pasdequoi, and the junior assessor of taxes, Mzda, were talking hurriedly and interrupting one another as they described to the guests cases of persons being buried alive, and gave their opinions on spiritualism. None of them believed in spiritualism, but all admitted that there were many things in this world which would always be beyond the mind of man. In the next room the literature master, Dodonsky, was explaining to the visitors the cases in which a sentry has the right to fire on passers-by. The subjects, as you perceive, were alarming, but very agreeable. Persons whose social position pre-

cluded them from entering were looking in at the windows from the yard.

Just at midnight the master of the house went into the kitchen to see whether everything was ready for supper. The kitchen from floor to ceiling was filled with fumes composed of goose, duck and many other dainties. On two tables the accessories, the drinks and light refreshments were set out in artistic disorder. The cook, Marfa, a red-faced woman, whose figure was like a barrel with a belt round it, was bustling about the tables.

"Show me the sturgeon, Marfa," said Sergay, rubbing his hands and licking his lips. "What a perfume! what a miasma! I could eat up the whole kitchen. Come, show me the sturgeon."

Marfa went up to one of the benches and cautiously lifted a piece of greasy newspaper. Under the paper on an immense dish there reposed an immense sturgeon, masked in jelly and decorated with capers, olives and carrots. Sergay gazed at the sturgeon and gasped. His face beamed, he turned his eyes up. He bent down, and with his lips emitted the sound of an ungreased wheel. After standing a moment he snapped his fingers with delight and once more smacked his lips.

"Ah-ha! the sound of a passionate kiss. . . . Who is it you're kissing out there, little Marfa?" came a voice from the next room, and in the doorway there appeared the cropped head of the assistant-usher, Vankin. "Who is it? A-a-h! . . Delighted to meet you! Sergay! You're a fine grandfather, I must say! *Tête à tête* with the fair sex—tette!"

"I'm not kissing," said Sergay in confusion. "Who told you so, you fool? I was only . . I smacked my lips . . in reference to . . as indication of . . . pleasure . . at the sight of the fish."

"Tell that to the marines!" The intrusive face vanished wearing a broad grin. Sergay flushed.

"Hang it!" he thought, "the beast will go now

and talk scandal. He'll disgrace me to all the town, the brute!"

Sergay went timidly into the drawing-room and looked stealthily round for Vankin. Vankin was standing by the piano and, bending down with a jaunty air, was whispering something to the inspector's sister-in-law, who was laughing.

"Talking about me!" thought Sergay. "About me, blast him! And she believes it . . . believes it! She laughs! Mercy on us! No, I can't let it pass . . . I can't! I must do something to prevent his being believed. . . . I'll speak to them all, and he'll be shown up for a fool and a gossip."

Sergay scratched his head, and, still overcome with embarrassment, went up to Pasdequoi.

"I've just been in the kitchen to see after the supper," he said to the Frenchman. "I know you are fond of fish, and I've a sturgeon, my dear fellow, beyond everything. A yard and a half long! Ha, ha, ha! And, by the way . . . I was just forgetting In the kitchen just now with that sturgeon quite a little story! I went into the kitchen just now and wanted to look at the supper dishes. I looked at the sturgeon, and I smacked my lips with relish . . . at the piquancy of it. And at the very moment that fool Vankin came in and said: 'Ha, ha, ha! So you're kissing her!' Kissing Marfa the cook! What a thing to imagine, silly fool! The woman is a perfect fright, like all the beasts put together, and he talks about kissing! Queer fish!"

"Who's a queer fish!" asked Tarantulov, coming up.

"Why, he over there, Vankin! I went into the kitchen . . ."

And he told the story of Vankin. ". . . He amused me, queer fish! I'd rather kiss a dog than Marfa, if you ask me," added Sergay. He looked round and saw behind him Mzda.

"We are talking of Vankin," he said. "Queer fish he is! He went into the kitchen, saw me beside Marfa and began inventing all sorts of silly stories. 'Why are you kissing?' says he. He must have had a drop too much. 'And I'd rather kiss a turkey-cock than Marfa,' I said. 'And I've a wife of my own, you fool,' said I. He did amuse me!"

"Who amused you?" asked the priest who taught Scripture in the school, going up to Sergay.

"Vankin. I was standing in the kitchen, you know, looking at the sturgeon . . ."

And so on. Within half an hour or so all the guests knew the incident of the sturgeon and Vankin.

"Let him tell it now!" thought Sergay, rubbing his hands; "let him! He'll begin telling his story and they'll say to him at once, 'Enough of your nonsense, you fool; we know all about it!'"

And Sergay was so relieved that in his joy he drank four glasses too many. After escorting the young people to their room he went to bed and slept like an innocent babe, and next day he thought no more of the incident with the sturgeon. But alas! man proposes, but God disposes. An evil tongue did its evil work, and Sergay's strategy was of no avail. Just a week later, when Sergay was standing in the middle of the teachers' room, holding forth on the vicious propensities of a boy called Visekin, the headmaster went up to him and drew him aside.

"Look here, Sergay," said the headmaster, "you must excuse me . . . it's not my business, but all the same I must make you realize . . . it's my duty. You see, there are rumors that you are living with that . . . cook . . . It's nothing to do with me, but . . . live with her, kiss her . . . as you please, but don't let it be so public, please. I entreat you! Don't forget that you're a schoolmaster."

Sergay turned cold and faint. He went home like a man stung by a whole swarm of bees, like a man scalded with boiling water. As he walked home it

seemed to him that the whole town was looking at him, as though he were smeared with pitch. At home fresh trouble awaited him.

"Why aren't you guzzling as usual?" his wife asked him at dinner. "What are you so pensive about? Brooding over your amours? Pining for your slut of a Marfa? I know all about it, Moham-medan! Kind friends have opened my eyes! O-o-o . . . you savage!"

And she slapped him in the face. He got up from the table not feeling the earth under his feet, and, without his hat or his coat, made his way to Vankin. He found him at home.

"You scoundrel!" was how he addressed him. "Why have you covered me with mud before all the town? Why did you set this slander going about me?"

"What slander? What are you talking about?"

"Who was it gossiped of my kissing Marfa? Wasn't it you? Tell me that! Wasn't it you, you brigand?"

Vankin blinked and twitched with every fibre of his battered countenance, raised his eyes to the ikon and articulated: "God blast me! Strike me blind and lay me out if I said a single word about you! May I be left without house or home! May I be stricken with worse than cholera!"

Vankin's sincerity did not admit of doubt. It was evidently not he who was the author of the slander.

"But who then—who?" Sergay wondered, going over all his acquaintances in his mind and beating himself on the breast. "Who then?"

Who then? We, too, ask the reader.

CATHERINE OF SIENA

By VINCENT McNABB

Europe at war might well pause in its slaying and being slain to scan this diaphanous figure, which is but the ghost-like symbol of a century now dead—and dead almost without power of resurrection.

A life, such as was led by this daughter of a Siena wool-dyer, is not for criticism, but for analysis. In reading it we laugh and weep; laugh that greatness can be so near our doors, weep that sin, so unfitted for survival, can so long survive; laugh that God can be so homely with His friend; weep that His friends are so few and so irresolute against His enemies.

There is a little laughter on our lips and not a little tearless weeping in our heart (after the manner of our century), when we are told this Catarina Benincasa was the twenty-third child, one of twins, and that these children were followed by still another child. Our own century and our beloved land might learn wisdom here, if it could forget its false teachers who have preached it another gospel which is not good tidings to men and women of good will.

One of the astounding things about this wool-dyer's daughter is that Jesus Christ is said to have taught her Latin. As Latin is the open door to the greatest and most lasting civilization man has known, we are deeply grateful that the Master should have thus given it His *Imprimatur*. He was evidently of opinion that not even the noble "lingua Toscana," which the dyer's daughter spoke with classic accuracy and grace, was enough for a woman called upon to die in her thirty-third year.

One of the latest biographers of St. Catherine of Siena has fallen into the fault of almost every man or woman who undertakes the acquaintance of the Saint. She thinks no woman was ever the equal of Catarina Benincasa. I am not concerned to dispute

the point; and, indeed, I hardly know if it should be disputed.

However, in one of her many superlative moods this biographer says: "Taking into consideration the times in which she lived, and her full and complete understanding of, and participation in them, it is scarcely too much to claim that Catherine of Siena is the world's greatest optimist."

This saying, if not true, is set towards truth. The only word that can be challenged in the saying is "greatest." But I challenge it on other grounds than my readers would, for an optimist is an ultimate, and it would seem that in the ultimate there are no degrees, and, therefore no comparisons. How could there be a good and better "best?"

Whether the world's greatest optimist or not, this dyer's daughter who knew Siena, Florence, Avignon, Rome, Giovanna of Naples, and Urban VI, was of the rare, necessary race of optimists. Indeed, she was such a professional in her craft that not only did she die an optimist, but she died of optimism. Optimism killed her. Pessimism rarely kills anyone. It merely stimulates the pessimist to take away his own life by an overdose of poison if he is a thorough pessimist, or by an overdose of food and drink (the commoner way), if he has not the virtue of his defects. On the other hand, the optimism of Catarina Benincasa led her to such supreme knowledge of the ills of her time and to such desperate hoping against hope that she died a violent death, like her Master, in her three and thirtieth year.

What but an optimism unto death could have dictated the indescribable letters of a dyer's daughter to a Queen—and such a Queen as Giovanna of Naples? The saint calls the Queen "my very dear Mother,"—of such democratic homeliness were the ages of faith. Catherine of Siena no doubt believed in a certain divine right, even of Queens, as she believed in the divine right of every human authority, even of Parliaments. But her faith, which saw

the divine element in all human authority, saw also the human element in all the men and women who wielded human authority. To Catarina Benincasa, the wool-dyer's daughter, Queen Giovanna of Naples was Queen of Naples. But she was also a woman of Naples; whom another woman of Siena could chide or caress. At both these crafts of chiding and caressing the Saint proves herself by her letters to have been a consummate artist. She urges the Queen to do justice lest her subjects find in her "not a generous and manly heart but the heart of a weak unstable woman, a heart like a leaf in the wind." She even employs that strange device of saints, prophecy; and foretells the Queen's violent death. Yet she ends with words that in these latest days seem to smite the face of our century with a hand of death. "Poor little sheep! come back to the fold, and be led by the Good Shepherd. Dearest Mother, there is still time to escape the Justice of God. Return to the Obedience of Holy Church. Recognize the evil you have done. Humble yourself under the mighty hand of God; and God will look upon the humility of His handmaid."

The dyer's daughter who wrote these words to a Queen had reached a synthesis of the world that was sheer optimism. Queens were Queens and Kings were Kings; Queens were women and Kings were men; and men and women even when sinful tyrannical kings and queens, were but little sheep led afield by a Good Shepherd. These men and women, whom other men and women obeyed with trembling, were themselves called to obey. The divine rights which hallowed all human authority imposed divine duties. In the end—and all human authority must one day run its course—these men and women who once were kings and queens would be judged by the rights they had claimed and rewarded for the duties they had fulfilled. *Cucullus non facit monachum*. The cowl did not make the monk; nor the crown the king. Neither monk nor

king, neither nun nor queen, would be rewarded for their state of life, when the King of Kings would sit to judge the cloister and the Court.

The wool-dyer's daughter, to whom this vision of faith was a reality, could die only as an optimist. Yet her optimism was not a

. divine far-off event
To which the whole creation moves;

but a divine Person dwelling with undaunted goodness in the heart of things, and dwelling still more intimately and homely in the heart of Catarina Benincasa as in a little cell.

A FEW EPIGRAMS

It was the opinion of a famous French poet that a man ought to be satisfied if he succeeded in writing one good epigram. And indeed, few epigrammatists have written more than one worth preserving. The supply of good epigrams falls short of the demand, perhaps because the demand is but a languid one. The epigram is defined as "a short poem ending in a witty or ingenious turn of thought, to which the rest of the composition is intended to lead up." De Yriarte has embodied another definition in an epigram:

The qualities rare in a bee that we meet,
In an epigram never should fail;
The body should always be little and sweet,
And a sting should be left in its tail.

Coleridge who lost a legacy for writing an epigram on his grandmother's beard, has defined it in fewer words:

What is an Epigram? A dwarfish whole,
Its body brevity, and wit its soul.

The "sting" of which De Yriarte speaks need not be sarcastic or malicious; enough if it is witty. This, by Coventry Patmore, fulfills all the canons:

"I saw you take his kiss!" "'Tis true."

"O, modesty!" "'Twas strictly kept:

He thought I slept; at least, I knew

He thought I thought he thought I slept."

Salt keeps an epigram fresh, but vinegar need not be excluded. This epigram is on a burglary at a parsonage:

They came and prigged my stockings, and my linen and my store;

But they could not prig my sermons, for they were prigged before.

This, by J. K. Stephen, is addressed to Shakespeare:

You wrote a line too much, my sage,

Of seers the first, and first of sayers,

For only half the world's a stage,

And only all the women players.

There is vinegar too in Drennan's epitaph on an Irish lawyer, one of the best and briefest against that maligned profession: .

Here 'lies' Mr. Quirck—

Still at the ould work!

Puns are a favorite device of the epigrammatist.

Canon Ainger combined pun and compliment in his epigram on M. Jusserand, the brilliant Frenchman who wrote *English Wayfaring Life in the Middle Ages*:

A Frenchman straying into English fields

Of letters, seldom has a 'locus standi,'

But if there's one to whom objection yields,

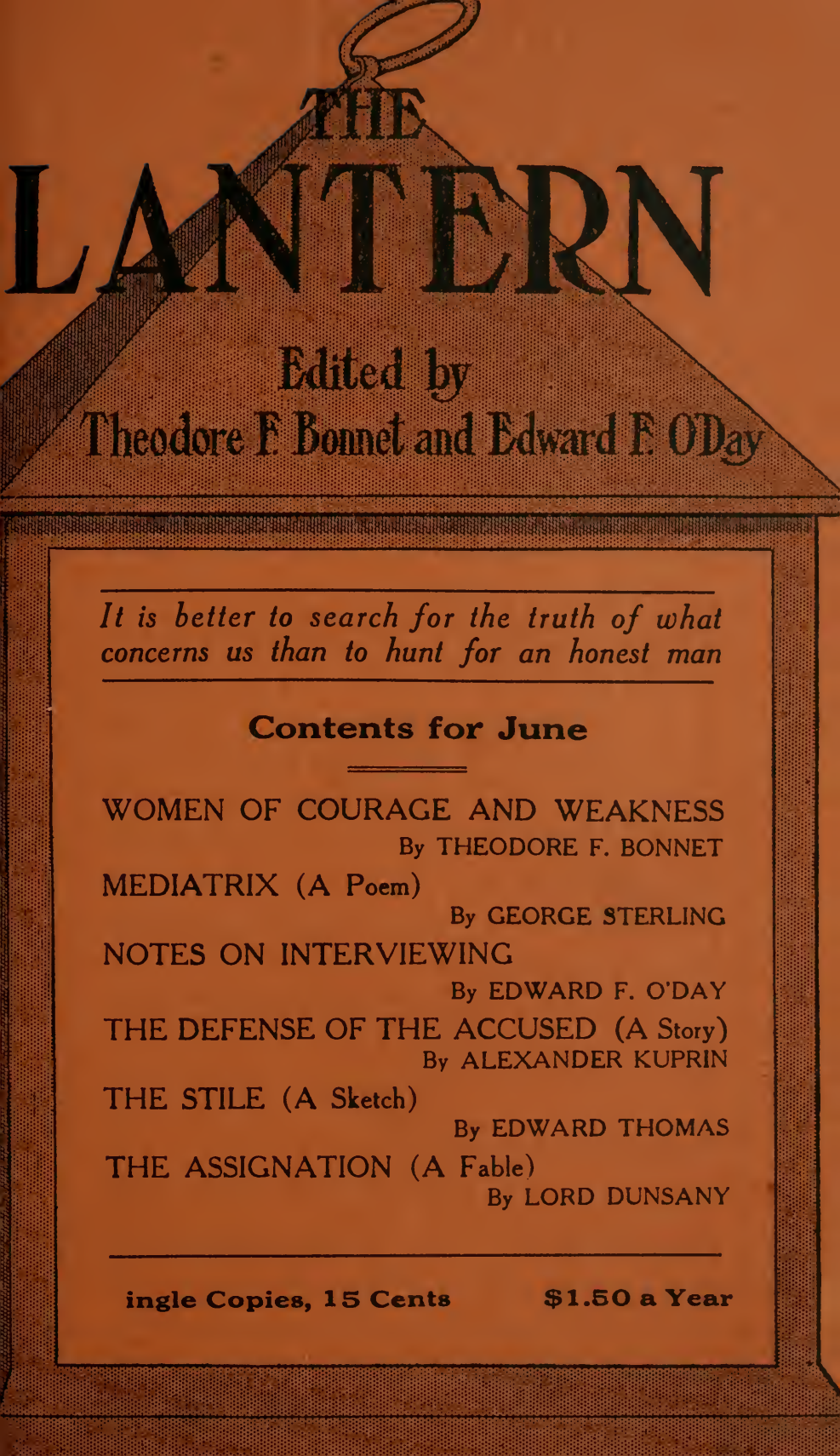
'Tis Jusserand—he has the 'jus errandi.'

Not so good is Ainger's epigram on Taine's *History of English Literature*:

Our English critics their dull wits keep straining,

When—enter Taine!—and all is entertaining.

—THE BROWSER.



THE LANTERN

Edited by
Theodore F Bonnet and Edward F. O'Day

*It is better to search for the truth of what
concerns us than to hunt for an honest man*

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THE LANTERN

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Women of Courage and Weakness

By THEODORE F. BONNET

There are those that say it is a sign of old age to withdraw oneself into the past. This is one of those detached truths known as aphorisms which almost always go more or less beyond the exact truth. It may be a sign of old age to develop the fool's hectic of withdrawing into the past out of scorn for the whole present population of the earth; but one may withdraw into the past to join good company without wishing to be rid of one's contemporaries. If it pleases me to wander backward (as I am doing now) to enter the society of those fair ladies whom some one has described as "incomparable friends" it may be because I am elderly enough to admire them, but surely it does not argue that I am superannuated. Only they are superannuated who are indifferent to women and children. Now I am very keen for the women I have in mind, though they have been a long time dead. I mean certain beautiful women who made life worth living; women who were the joy of life, nay its blossom and savor. They were women of courage and weakness who loved and were loved, who made love the great affair of their lives, and who made history by their intimacies.

These are the women to write about; and being something of a Pagan, or, rather, an anti-Puritan, in writing about them I feel no sense of blushing diffidence. To be sure they were passionate dames. They made scandals in their time. What of it? After all passion is the exuberance of life. It goes with high endeavor and splendid achievement. It was the impassioned women of the world that in-

spired its greatest romances, its great art. Were it not for the wayward passion of women great would have been the world's loss: there would never have been a Don John of Austria to overthrow the Turks at Lepanto, or the universal genius of a Leonardo da Vinci, or a Boccaccio to form "the Tuscan's siren tongue." All were natural children.

To be sure, we owe much to the virtue and nobility of womanhood; but the point I would make is that for bookish relaxation, for retrospective enjoyment in reading, one seeks not the atmosphere of the hearth-rug but rather the society of women who were too busy to marry. As a rule they violated the proprieties, these women of high spirits and many adorers, but they were benignant souls who made a happy difference in lives close around them, in their way lifting the average of earthly joy which the bears of the domestic market in all ages have depressed. Such is the danger of monotony in life that nature abhors uniformity of type. So there are many types of character, some that follow, some that cross the main current of the world's energy. Now the women I have hinted at are here in accordance with the scheme of life. The world has room for them in its affections. The world acknowledges the sensuous charm in the loving and passionate Brunhilde as well as the supreme moral charm in the Beatrice of the *Commedia*.

Love and passion—aye, and the beauty of women, are good things which we should be madmen to forswear. This attitude in me is not merely temperamental. It is the result of a considered philosophy of life. Life is not so replete with happiness that we should deliberately close its avenues to delight. In a conventional society full of ready-made types how dull it would be were we deprived of a high-strung individualism! And so I love the women I have in mind. Is it not a fact that we all love them?—nay, that the world loves them and spends a lot of time reading their lives? The world pretends to

prefer the annals of the chaste, but let not the smug world deceive you. It is because of the indifference of the world to the annals of the chaste that those annals are like the annals of the poor—short and simple. If the world loves to read of the glories of the reign of Elizabeth, it dwells tenderly on the romantic adventures of Mary Stuart. Who is there whose compassion for Mary is not deeper than his admiration for Eliza? The world makes amends for its hateful censoriousness by loving those it is taught to reprobate.

With all our virtuous prepossessions and exalted ideals of womanhood it is not chiefly the rigorously moral among the women of song and story that appeal to our imagination. Human nature is such that it prefers vivid colors to neutral shades, the high life to the drab, and hence it yields its emotions to passion, which is the great spring of the soul. Without passion even virtue is but coldly philosophical, and so it is that we love at once, great saints and great sinners. Both are our heroines. The stories of their lives enthrall because they give us human nature in the raw; for women of this type do not live on beds of roses. They encounter the thorns and briars of the world, experience its trials and sharp vicissitudes.

This little train of reflection (if I may pause to observe) was started by an old playbill that Charles Lamb came across when he was writing under the name of Elia. He found in that old playbill inspiration for his charming essay *On Some of the Old Actors*. One of these old actors was Mrs. Jordan. Not many of my readers, I fancy, know anything more of Mrs. Jordan than what Elia has told them. Yet she was a great celebrity in her day. She was a great celebrity because she was at once a great actress and a woman of great passion. Like Nell Gwynn (one of my old favorites) Mrs. Jordan had her love affairs; also, like Sara Bernhardt and Lily Langtry.

The names of great mummies, we are told, are writ

in water; even of those for whom in their lifetime the incense of adulation burned on a thousand altars. This is not exactly true. Dead mummers live again in the eloquent applause of their masterly critics. Thus the glory of Mrs. Jordan is enshrined in a rhapsody of Elia. Reminded of her several years after her death by a playbill that presented the cast of *Twelfth Night*, showing that she played Viola in her late twenties, (she died at fifty-four) he said:

Her joyous parts—in which her memory chiefly lives—in her youth were outdone by her plaintive ones. There is no giving an account how she delivered the disguised story of her love for Orsino. It was no set speech that she had foreseen, so as to weave it into an harmonious period, line necessarily following line, to make up the music—yet I have heard it so spoken, or rather read, not without its grace and beauty—but when she had declared her sister's history to be a "blank" and that "she never told her love" there was a pause, as if the story had ended—and then the image of the "worm in the bud" came up as a new suggestion—and the heightened image of "Patience" still followed after that, as by some growing (and not mechanical) process, thought springing up after thought, I would almost say, as they were watered by her tears. So in those fine lines—

Hollow your name to the reverberate hills—
Write loyal cantons of contemned love—

There was no preparation made in the foregoing image for that which was to follow. She used no rhetoric in her passion; or it was nature's own rhetoric, most legitimate then, when it seemed altogether without rule or law.

Now who was this Mrs. Jordan? My curiosity aroused by Elia, I took the pains to look her up. My research was well rewarded. Mrs. Jordan, the contemporary of Charles Lamb, was a Dorothy Bland. A child of nature, born out of wedlock, her love affairs no less than her triumphs before the footlights set all London talking a hundred years

ago. She led a life full of ardors that supplied much gossip to her age, and so pious people would have none of her. She was a woman of expansive amativeness who made shipwreck of her life. But she was also a woman with a capacity for friendship and an innate sense of generosity that won for her profound esteem and raised up for her in the hour of need many admiring champions.

In her time Dorothy Bland had four lovers who made her the mother of fourteen children. One of these lovers (the Duke of Clarence, afterward William IV) made her a mother of royalty, and among her descendants is the present Duke of Fife, her great-grandson. There is much to be said by way of palliation of Dorothy Bland's sins. Born in poverty, from an early age she worked to support her mother, her brother and her sisters, and not once through her chequered career did she refuse her assistance or withhold her sympathy and love. "Her great quality," says a biographer, "was protectiveness, and from her childhood she expended her sympathy and help upon those who were weak and appealing." Among her beneficiaries were her lovers, all of whom treated her in a callous fashion, but it was left for the Duke of Clarence to reach the lowest deeps of ignominy in his relations with her. Her intrigue with the Duke was at first a matter of self-interest, but while he was of undoubted assistance to her on the stage, before she met him she had made a hit and had proved her genius in her incomparable rendering of Miss Hoyden in *The Country Girl*. The Duke had promised to give her a thousand pounds a year, but he became her manager, arranged her tours, fixed her salary, drew her money and spent it.

A warm-hearted, passionate woman, a finished artist, Mrs. Jordan gained nothing but contumely through her relationship with royalty, though with a certain dignity of reticence she never complained; and when at the close of some twenty years' association

the Duke of Clarence, finding she could no longer earn sufficient money for his extravagances, contemptuously threw her aside, she steadfastly refused to state the case against him. It was left for her friends to take up the cudgels. That she found loyal champions is proved by the discussion waged in the newspapers of the day. The Duke was pilloried for having taken her money and circulated scandalous stories concerning her. *The Times*, like a good Tory journal, ranged itself on the Duke's side, and said that Mrs. Jordan's return to the stage after he had left her was due to her "own vile avarice." *The Morning Post*, *The News* and other papers charged the Duke with meanness, and years after *Punch* declared he spent a lot of times behind the scenes in Drury Lane, and that the royal autograph was still to be seen in the treasurer's books, showing that he had signed for Mrs. Jordan's salary. Perhaps the most terrific indictment against him was published when he allied himself with the enemies of Queen Caroline. "What," asked an indignant journalist, "what, is the age so lost to dignity that avowed guilt can sit in judgment on persecuted innocence? One would think that the spectre of the unfortunate Jordan would pull him from his stool in the House of Lords. . . . Here is a man who inundated his country with bastards, deserted the deserving and helpless mother of his offspring, and finally left her to perish like a dog in the streets and to be buried as a pauper at the public charge when she ceased to maintain him by her own exertion."

Such was the end of poor Dorothy Bland who died in 1816 at the age of fifty-four, four years before the old playbill turned up to remind Charles Lamb of her. Dorothy Bland with all her faults, you see, was a woman to shed a tear for. True, she shocked the proprieties, but also she did much of the actual work of the world in her own way. And the world, you see, while it has its Puritanism and its prudery, for the adventurous, courageous and

weak darlings of a more or less outcast society it has a very tender feeling. For the fair dames joyful and fashioned for all ecstasy,—the women of genius who conquered the souls of the Sons of Apollo and the Sons of Adam—it has a lasting affection. It is especially lenient toward the women of the stage who, by virtue of their passion and imagination have taken their place in the starry heaven of immortality. The world is indifferent to their delinquencies because it is sensible of a profound debt of gratitude to the supreme artists who breathed an intense pleasure into the mind and spirit of their age. It is as though the world realizes that the qualities that made them sinners were also the essence of their genius.

At times, in a spasm of Puritanism, the world affects to be shocked at the audacity of a great woman. This was the case, I remember, with respect to that divine creature Sara Bernhardt in the days when she walked the earth with grace and majesty, looking as though she had descended from a higher sphere. An actress able to sound the full diapason, touch all the chords, of passion, it was because, as was said of another, she had felt those passions twice over in her own flesh. They had swept her soul as the winds sweep lush grasses. Her life itself is a drama of elemental things wherein the forces of nature—human nature—are brought face to face with the naked soul. In the early eighties (I think it was 1881) Madame Bernhardt made her first visit to the United States. She was at that time an erratic and rebellious star. She had hurled defiance at the managers of the Theatre Francais. A salacious book had been written on her, depicting her as a wanton without shame. She was attacked in the pulpit, and in one city there was a noisy demonstration of popular disapproval on account of her private life. Think of the change that has been wrought in public opinion in this instance! Nobody any longer remembers piquant

stories of the private life of the great French actress. Only stories of her good qualities are repeated: of her generosity as a comrade, a doting mother and a staunch friend. Sara Bernhardt is enshrined among the celebrities that transcend the habit of human thought. An involuntary reverence holds the memory of these women sacred. Sara Bernhardt will come before the bar of posterity companioned only by immortal women, Daughters of the Soul of Man. I mean those lovely women whom she impersonated, who will live forever in the poetry of playwrights, the women whose portraits are limned on a canvas inaccessible to the moth, whose faces are lighted in the morning glory of imagination. These too, by the way, these Daughters of the Soul of Man, were women of great passion. Where do we find more passionate women, or women more fascinating, more alluring, or with a stronger hold on our sensibilities than the unchaste beauties who were conceived in the imagination of the poets? And if we may love these immortal women who never lived, weavers of dreams to whose genius we are indebted for a wealth of passionate loveliness, why should we withhold our affections from the flesh-and-blood heroines of history? As a matter of fact we don't—provided, like Nell, Dorothy, Lily and Sara, they had the good sense to add esthetic charm to their beauty. Bad taste is the unpardonable sin of gay women. That is why nobody cares to remember the mistresses of King James, whose esthetic brother, the Merry Monarch, surmised that they must have been given to him by his confessor as a penance for his sins.

MEDIA TRIX

By GEORGE STERLING

Voiceless, we hear thee plead,
O Music, bond unseen
That God hath made between
His silence and our need.

Tho Heaven have graver speech
Than thy communing tongue,
Yet save as thou hast sung
Its angels may not teach.

What none shall ever say
With sound of speech, say thou,
Upon whose holy brow
Falls now our lesser day.

In thy compassion be
A refuge from the mirth
And babble of mad earth,
Till all are lost in thee.

From ways to us unshown,
Grant us, the dumb and blind,
The word that grief would find,
The word that love hath known.

Thy voice of joy and pain
All worlds and times allot—
Which lacking, love stands not,
Nor Heaven to lose or gain.

NOTES ON INTERVIEWING

By EDWARD F. O'DAY

There is an art of interviewing which is practiced even in newspapers. This art exists; it does not flourish. The garden variety of interview flourishes; it is not art but drudgery.

You have seen a criminal lawyer examine a venireman. He catalogues the prospective juror's life history, family connections and opinions. This work is very important but quite uninteresting. The drudge who catalogues facts dropped solemnly from the lips of a prominent cit may be compared to this lawyer.

You have seen another criminal lawyer examine a witness on the stand. This lawyer goes for his victim as a cat goes for a mouse. He stalks his prey stealthily, traps him, pretends indifference, lets him escape, then swoops down suddenly to break the back of his testimony. The artist of interviewing is not unlike this lawyer. He is a hunter who follows the spoor of truth and human interest through untracked places. He is a hound who noses out the scent of falsehood, weakness and eccentricity. Sometimes he is called worse names than "hound."

If you hesitate to accept my distinction between interviewers who plod and interviewers who soar, interview the first interviewer you meet. He will give you the names of many who drudge at the work. He will name a few who are artists; the chances are that his own name will lead all the rest. Why not? The interviewer is in an enviable position. He is at once Abou Ben Adhem and the recording angel.

Nevertheless there are modest interviewers. I know this because in a rather long experience I have met one. I refer to an artist named Walter Anthony.

The best interview is that which elicits the unpremeditated remark. For this the victim must be off his guard. By *victim* I mean, of course, the person interviewed. When the person interviewed is exceedingly clever or exceedingly *square* there is

no victim. So there is nearly always a victim. The interviewer intent on having a victim rarely suffers disappointment. If the victim does not immolate himself in the talking he may be slaughtered artistically in the writing. You see, the interviewer occupies a strategic position: he has the last word. As against this, his victim sometimes has the first shot. But no earthly scheme is perfect.

I may seem to hint here at a certain lack of scrupulosity in interviewers. As a matter of truth the interviewer is no more and no less scrupulous than you are in repeating a conversation. Do you always quote it exactly? Do you never color sentences? How often do you give yourself the worst of a passage-at-words? Like yourself the interviewer is not infallible, not impeccable, and sometimes not disinterested.

The artistic interviewer baits his hook with the unexpected to catch the unpremeditated. When Ashton Stevens (who should write a book on interviewing; he is the most artistic interviewer of our generation—better than Alan Dale), when Ashton Stevens met Coquelin on the Overland Limited and asked him point blank: "What do you think of the American cocktail?" the great French actor was astounded. He was meant to be. And shocked. It was good for him. He was jolted out of his complacency. He emitted unpremeditated remarks. It was a great interview. People still quote from it.

When John Reed went to Florida to interview William Jennings Bryan he began with conventional questions, the questions Bryan expected, the questions he has been answering for twenty years. Having put Bryan's caution to sleep John Reed asked him innocently for his views on art. Bryan is really a dull fellow; he did not know the questions were loaded. So John Reed discovered that Bryan's favorite picture was Bodenhausen's *Madonna*, his favorite play *Ben Hur* and his favorite music *La Paloma*. Reading that masterpiece of interviewing thousands

realized for the first time why Bryan was unfit for the White House and admirably equipped for the Chautauqua Circuit.

Stodgy people object to this kind of interviewing. They deprecate a lack of sympathy between the interviewer and his subject. They do not like to see a prominent cit "kidded" or "spoofed." They have too exalted an opinion of greatness. A little experience in interviewing would bring them down from the clouds. No man is greater than his spoken words. To take two instances at random: Napoleon's greatness was fully realized only when the world had the reports of his conversation. Gladstone's littleness was accurately measured only when table talkers reported him—mercifully, they waited until he was dead before giving him away.

There never was a greater interviewer than James Boswell. Open the *Life of Johnson* anywhere and watch him at work:

Talking of our feeling for the distresses of others; Johnson: "Why, Sir, there is much noise made about it, but it is greatly exaggerated. No, Sir, we have a certain degree of feeling to prompt us to do good; more than that, Providence does not intend. It would be misery to no purpose." Boswell: "But suppose now, Sir, that one of your intimate friends were apprehended for an offense for which he might be hanged." Johnson: "I should do what I could to bail him, and give him any other assistance; but if he were once fairly hanged, I should not suffer." Boswell. "Would you eat your dinner that day, Sir?" Johnson: "Yes, Sir; and eat it as if he were eating with me. Why, there's Baretti, who is to be tried for his life to-morrow; friends have risen up for him on every side; yet if he should be hanged, none of them will eat a slice of plum-pudding the less. Sir, that sympathetic feeling goes a very little way in depressing the mind."

Unthinking readers make fun of Boswell for

questions like that "Would you eat your dinner that day, Sir?" Take out of the *Life of Johnson* all such preposterous questions with the answers, and what is left? A good biography. Sir John Hawkins who never asked preposterous questions, wrote a life of Johnson. Have you ever heard of it?

The interviewer who never irritates his victim never gets anywhere. In the pursuit of his object he must be prepared to take a rebuff. Boswell will illustrate:

We talked of a gentleman who was running out of his fortune in London; and I said, "We must get him out of it. All his friends must quarrel with him, and that will soon drive him away." Johnson: "Nay, Sir, we'll send you to him. If your company does not drive a man out of his house nothing will."

Boswell admits that this retort was "a horrible shock" to him. But he did not retire to poultice his wound. A true interviewer, he returned to the charge:

I asked him why he had said so harsh a thing. Johnson: "Because, Sir, you made me angry about the Americans." Boswell: "But why did you not take your revenge directly?" Johnson (smiling): "Because, Sir, I had nothing ready. A man cannot strike till he has weapons."

In my own interviewing encounters I have been rebuffed often, and have usually enjoyed the experience. There was the case of Arnold Daly, a good actor and a most impossible man. I asked him about his friend George Bernard Shaw. He threw up his hands in despair:

My dear fellow, this is very discouraging. Tell you about Shaw! Would you have me put Shaw into an epigram, a sentence? Ten years ago I began to tell people about Shaw, and you come to me after I have

been ten days in San Francisco unnoticed by the papers, and you ask me—Why, if I spoke fifteen hundred words about Shaw any of the best magazines would pay me five hundred dollars. I am tired of answering questions about Shaw.

On the heels of this rebuff Arnold Daly pitched a silver-backed mirror at his Japanese valet (narrowly missing my head) and told me a great deal about Shaw (though not quite five hundred dollars worth), beginning with an unsolicited explanation of why Shaw can have no children.

This sort of rebuff adds zest to an interview. And it makes the interviewer's task easy, since it provides a short cut to the victim's character. More sincere is the rebuff which accompanies a refusal to be interviewed. I remember an instance in point. The man was an author of parts. He had written a play which was the subject of violent discussion. I asked for an interview and received a letter:

I do not believe in encouraging that kind of idiot who is interested in the personality of this or that person who happens to have written something. Besides, there is something in the fact that there are a few people who like to select their own company. Why should anyone wish to be cheek by jowl with some of your Varied Types? They may be good copy. I don't think that I am, and I am quite sure that I don't wish to be. You know the newspaper game well enough, I am sure, to realize that the old provincial theory that everyone likes to see his or her name in print is a dead letter since the newspapers have proved conclusively that the only distinction left in American life is not to have one's name in the papers.

This was saucy, but most of it was true. So many people are eager to be interviewed that the interviewer is apt to conceive an undue respect for the rare exception who disdains the opportunity. As a

result of that letter Porter Garnett and I became warm friends.

Would you believe it? There are actually people who scheme to have themselves interviewed, and when the appointment has been arranged, affect an indifference, even a distaste for the ordeal. If they fool themselves it is the extent of their deception. When the interviewer shows signs of taking them at their word and leaving, they become excessively voluble. Having nothing worth while to say they hasten to say it in many hundreds of words.

It was never the wont of Ashton Stevens (one cannot write of interviewing without bringing him in) to humor these people. He had an appointment to interview a spoiled darling of musical comedy. He was punctual, as usual. She was half an hour late. Where she should have been apologetic she was bad-humored.

"I've been all afternoon with one of your stupid dentists," she pouted, "and now I must be bored with an interview."

"Dear Miss Dolly Varden," replied Ashton Stevens, "none of my dentists is stupid, and it will give me great pleasure not to interview you."

Whereupon he left, very much to the spoiled darling's chagrin. Like a dentist, Ashton Stevens hurts sometimes, but always for his patient's good.

The interviewer learns to expect patronage. This sometimes takes the form of compassion for ignorance. In self-defense the interviewer insists on being amused by this eccentricity. Strangely enough the two men who exhibited this superiority for my benefit were both English clergymen. One was the Rev. Charles F. Aked; the other, the well known preacher Father Bernard Vaughan.

When Dr. Aked told me a story about Dr. Birrell he was at pains to explain that this was the father of Augustine Birrell who, he was at equal pains to let me know, wrote *Obiter Dicta* and *Res Adjudicatae* and occupied a place in the British Cabinet. When

he mentioned Charles Bradlaugh he carefully pointed out that Charles Bradlaugh was a celebrated free-thinker who held much the same position in England that Ingersoll held in America. When he spoke of Derby he spelled it for me letter by letter lest I should be misled by his English pronunciation. And when he resurrected a good but very old anecdote about Pere Hyacinth he would have spelled the Frenchman's name, only I rebelled. An interviewer's patience is not inexhaustible.

Father Vaughan was more interesting than Dr. Aked because he asked his own questions, and answered them by rote at great length. Father Vaughan is the only person I ever met whom a dumb man might interview. "You might ask me in the first place about my family," he said. And so I might have done had I not thought that there were more important matters to discuss. I had no opportunity to say this, however, for Father Vaughan picked up his own cue, like a ventriloquist:

I come from the Vaughans of Courtfield. Courtfield is situated on a horse shoe bend of the silvern Wye in Herefordshire.

Here Father Vaughan interrupted his set speech to spell Wye and Herefordshire and to suggest that *silvern Wye* be put in quotation marks since it was a phrase he had borrowed from Wordsworth. Then he resumed:

Under that roof-tree Henry the Fifth was nursed and had his early training. In Heath's Excursion down the Wye, published in 1799, Courtfield is described as being entered by a short paved court walled on each side and fronted with iron gates of great size. The garden is divided by grand stone terraces and intersected with spacious gravel walks shaded by yew hedges. On the south is a beautiful terrace which overlooks the Wye, and the steps alone would be sufficient to

build a handsome modern mansion. A genealogical table of the Vaughans seen by Heath at Courtfield in 1797 traced the descent—and so on, and so on.

Strangely enough, Father Vaughan does not include the bore among his “sinners of society.”

The most delightful people to interview are the dull who take themselves seriously and the clever who do not. In the case of the dull the delight is not in the interview itself but in the writing of it. “Revenge is sweet,” hisses the bored interviewer, and attacks his typewriter with gusto. I recall interviewing a local celebrity named John D. Barry who took himself very, very seriously. That he is not broken of this habit may be inferred from the fact that he is now in Stockholm as a Ford peace delegate, engaged in stopping the war with American speeches level at Swedish audiences. In writing of Mr. Barry I showed a lack of reverence. He sent me a note regretting the tone of my article, and heaped coals of fire upon my head by inviting me to lunch. I declined. I declined a second and more pressing invitation. Later I heard from several of Mr. Barry’s friends that he complained of my *breaking bread with him* and then treating him unkindly in print. It seems clear that it was not my article which displeased Mr. Barry but my refusal to cultivate his acquaintance. Such are the crosses an interviewer must bear.

One of the best examples that comes to mind of a clever person who did not take himself seriously in the course of an interview is the late Elbert Hubbard. Hubbard was “good copy,” as newspapermen discovered after Robert W. Chambers had blazed the trail. I interviewed him in his dressing room at the Orpheum where he was a “bill-topper.” He was changing to street wear, and I can still see him waving a Congress gaiter to emphasize his remarks. He was very amusing, and in my article I tried to make fun of him. Not being a John D. Barry he enjoyed the attempt and wrote

me one of the best-humored letters I ever received.

It is not unusual for the person interviewed to repudiate his statements. The most accurate and painstaking interviewers have found themselves placed in a false position owing to this peculiarity of certain prominent men. Interviews are not always accurate, but there is much less misstatement in them than the public thinks. Many men say things they regret when they see them in cold, uncompromising type. They do not always resist the temptation to repudiate such utterances. If editors were not men of wide experience interviewers would get into serious trouble on these occasions. To be prepared for emergencies of this kind some interviewers carefully preserve their notes. But it is not always possible to make notes of an interview. The sight of a note pad gives some men lock-jaw. But whether the interview be noted or not the burden of proof as to inaccuracy should rest upon the person interviewed. This may seem a hard saying, and it is hard—it is hard upon our public men. But a lot of them are mighty hard characters.

There are newspapermen who insist that a third person shall be present when they interview a famous university chancellor. He is sometimes called The Great Repudiator. It is well known that the late Charles Frohman would not allow Miss Ethel Barrymore to give interviews to the press while she was under his management. Miss Barrymore had a delightful way of blurting out things that caused embarrassment. Of course she was too truthful to repudiate her remarks, so Frohman put an embargo upon her clever tongue.

The repudiation of an interview is sometimes perfunctory. During the World's Fair of 1915 I accompanied Joseph Pennell on a tour of the Palace of Fine Arts. He talked freely about pictures and their painters. His remarks were highly seasoned. I took notes as we went along. When the interview

appeared the great etcher was not very popular with some of the painters on whom he had dropped his caustic. Mr. Pennell told them that he had been misquoted. As he made no sort of complaint to me I assume that he was following the line of least resistance. And as the artists themselves made no sort of complaint to me I assume that they understood the situation. It was not a novel one.

The interviewer learns to confront difficult situations with a bold face if not with a stout heart. In the course of an interview Dr. Albert Abrams, the great authority on spondylotherapy, offered to make my heart stop beating by pressing on the back of my neck. I was so frightened that I think my heart stopped beating without manual pressure. Dr. Abrams assured me that the experiment was harmless, but I did not seek personal verification of this. When I went to interview Norman Selby ("Kid McCoy") he strapped me into a body harness that almost crushed my ribs. He did it so pleasantly that I could not hurt his feelings by asking release. I do not know whether Norman Selby has suffered at the hands of interviewers, but if he has I did vicarious atonement that day. A complication of a more delicate sort arose when I met Madame Calve for an interview. Her husband, Signor Galileo Gasparri the tenor, was present. She forgot to introduce him. He stood the slight as long as he could, then burst forth in tenor indignation. I am proud to say that I preserved a straight face. I showed similar restraint when John "Pan-American" Barrett told me about himself in stentorian tones which entertained a score of luncheon parties in the dining room of the St. Francis Hotel. But I am afraid I grinned in my napkin when a wag nearby sent for the captain of the waiters and objected vigorously to having "chin-music" with his meal. An instinct tells the interviewer when not to laugh. On one of the occasions when I interviewed Joaquin Miller in his cabin on The Hights he delivered a diatribe

against whiskey. Suddenly he interrupted himself and asked me to have a drink. I was like Barkis. He poured two generous "shots" of Bourbon from a demijohn and we quaffed. Then he went on with his diatribe. It was well that I did not laugh, for the poet was testy. His testiness was shown on another occasion when his wife insisted on punctuating our interview with readings from his poems. How the lion roared!

How many interviews are true portraits? Perhaps fifteen out of a hundred. The person interviewed is usually on parade. He presents his best side, as one sits for the photographer. And he often tries to rise to the occasion, to give the interviewer what he thinks the interviewer wants. I recall that when I interviewed "Kid McCoy" he very solemnly expatiated on psychology. Afterwards he explained why he did this. "I thought you were a highbrow, and would like it. I didn't know you as well as I do now." It was a pretty compliment. But the interviewer is used to compliments. He strains his conscience by giving praise not strictly merited, and his subject congratulates him on his keen knowledge of human nature, adding a request for a dozen copies. He invents bright sayings for a subject who has proved hopelessly dull, and is informed that his accuracy of quotation is amazing. But let him misspell the victim's name, and he hears the truth!

THE DEFENSE OF THE ACCUSED

(Translated from the Russian of Alexander Kuprin by
Alex. Bakshy.)

"I admit, my lords, I murdered him!

"But I cast aside the loophole with which the results of the medical examination provide me.

"I murdered him with a sane mind and clear memory. I murdered him, conscious of the end, convinced and cool, without the slightest regret, or fear, or hesitation. Were it in your power to raise him to life again, I would repeat my crime.

"He haunted me every moment of my life. He assumed thousands of human faces, and was not even averse—oh, shameless wretch!—to disguise himself as a woman. He pretended to be my relative, my good friend, my colleague, my acquaintance. He made up his face to imitate all ages, save that of a child, in which he always failed and looked merely a fool. My life was filled with him to the brim and was virtually poisoned.

"The most depressing thing, however, was that I knew beforehand every one of his words, gestures, and actions.

"When he met me in the street he always spread open his arms and exclaimed in a sing-song voice:

"'Ah! how d'you do? . . . I haven't seen you for ages! Well, how are things going?'

"And instantly answered himself, though I had never asked him anything:

"'Thank you. Pretty fair! Mustn't grumble, you know. And have you read in this morning's paper about—?'

"If at the same time he happened to notice that I had a swollen cheek or a sty, he never missed the occasion to neigh out in his usual way:

"'Good heavens, old man, what a face you have! Where have you managed to get it? Oh, it's a most wretched thing to have!'

"He knew full well, this scoundrel, that it was

not the swollen cheek that gave me pain, but the fifty idiots who had asked me the same stupid question before him. He craved for my agony—torturer! He used to call on me in the very hours when I was plunged up to the ears in urgent work. He seated himself and said:

“H’m! I seem to have interrupted you?”

“And for two whole hours he would keep on chatting most boring trash about himself and his children. He saw me convulsively clutching my hair and ferociously biting my lips, and revelled at the sight of my humiliating torments.

“After he had poisoned my working mood for a whole month he would get up yawning and say:

“‘With you one always goes on talking too late. And I have yet lots of things to see to.’

“In a railway carriage he opened conversation invariably with one and the same question:

“‘Pardon me asking you, sir. Are you going very far?’

“And next:

“‘On business?’

“‘Pardon me, are you married?’

“Oh, I have studied his detestable habits only too well! Closing my eyes, I can vividly see all his features. Here he is patting me on the shoulder, on the back, and on the lap, wildly gesticulating before my very nose, which makes me shudder and shrink, holding me by the button of my coat, breathing straight in my face, spraying me without mercy. Here he is shaking his foot under the table, which makes the lamp-globe jar. Here he is tapping on the back of my chair during a long interval in conversation and drawling significantly: ‘Just so! Just so!’ and tapping again and again drawling ‘Just so! Just so!’ Here he is rattling with his bony fingers on the table, coming out with the trump cards he had kept up his sleeve and cracking out: ‘What about this? How’s that, and that?’

"Here in the midst of a heated Russian discussion he is advancing his favorite argument:

"'Now, old chap, you are talking nonsense.'

"'Why nonsense?' I ask timidly.

"'Because it's all bosh.'

"I am not aware of any evil I have done to this man. But he swore to make a hell of my life, and he did. Thanks to him, I feel nothing but repugnance to the sea, the moon, the air, poetry, painting and music.

"'Tolstoy?' he shouted himself hoarse in speeches, in letters, in papers. 'Transferred all his property to his wife, whilst himself . . . And what about the way he treated Tourgenév? . . . Made boots. . . . The great writer of the Russian land. . . . Hurrah!'

"Poushkin? Oh, he indeed created a language. You remember, of course: "The night is calm in Ukraine. The sky's transparent. The air is breathing. . . ." But his wife, you know, she was . . . h'm. . . . Do you know what the gendarmes did to him? Ah, here is something—hush!—no ladies here, are there? You remember those verses, don't you?—

We are going in a boat,

'Neath the boat is water

"'Dostoyevsky! Have you read how once in the middle of the night he came to Tourgenév to confess his sins? . . . Gogol—do you know what actually was the disease he suffered from?"

"I visit an exhibition of pictures and stop before an evening landscape full of calm and peace. But he has followed on my heels. He is already behind me, saying with an air of authority:

"'This is not at all bad, to be sure—distance, atmosphere—the moon stands out like the real thing. You remember, Nina, the Tipyaevs have a supplement to the *Illustrated News*? Very much the same effect.'

"I am at the opera, listening to the music of *Carmen*. But he is there already. He has seated himself right behind me, he has put his feet on the

cross-bar of my chair, and is now humming the tune to the duet of the second act. I am conscious that every movement of his body rouses a feeling of repulsion in me. And I also hear him say in the interval, raising his voice specially for me:

“‘Marvelous records the Zadadovs have! A real Shaliapin. Absolutely impossible to find the slightest difference.’

“I can swear it was nobody but him who invented the street organ, gramophone, bioscope, photophon, biograph, phonograph, auxetophon, patephon, musical-box, monoplane, piano-player, motor-car, paper collars, oil prints and newspapers.

“There is no escape from him. At night I sometimes ran away to a desert place by the sea, to lie down in solitude on a high precipitous cliff. But like a shadow he stealthily followed me, and suddenly uttered with confidence and self-satisfaction:

“‘What a lovely night, Alice, isn’t it? And look at the clouds! Just like in a picture. And yet, if an artist had painted like this—nobody would believe him.’

“He killed the best moments of my life—the moments of love, the sweet lovely nights of my youth. How often, when I strolled, arm in arm with a taciturn, pretty and poetic being along a path with scattered spots of moonlight, he suddenly assumed the likeness of a woman, and, drooping his head on my shoulder, said, with the voice of an *ingénu dramatique*:

“‘Do you like to dream in moonlight?’

“Or:

“‘Are you fond of Nature? I adore Nature—’

“He had numberless images and faces, this torturer of my soul, but always remained the same. He assumed the likeness of a professor, a doctor, an engineer, a woman-doctor, a barrister, a girl-student, a writer, a wife of the registrar, a landowner, a government official, a passenger, a visitor, a guest, a stranger, a playgoer, a reader, a neighbor in the

country. In my earlier days I was stupid enough to believe that these all were separate beings. But he was one.

"The bitter experience of life at last disclosed to me his name. He was the Russian 'intellectual,' the would-be educated man of the middle classes.

"If he did not personally torment me, he everywhere left his impress, his visiting card. On the summits of the Caucasian mountains I found the bits of orange peel, the empty sardine tins, and the bits of sandwiches he had left behind. On the Crimean rocks, on the top of Ivan's belfry in Moscow, on the granite rocks of the Imatra Fall, on the ancient walls of Bahchisarai, in the Lermontov grotto—I saw the inscriptions he had made:

"'Annie and Alec.'

"'Ivanov.'

"'A. M. Plohohvostov, from Sarapul.'

"'Ivanov.'

"'Nina Pechorina.'

"'Ivanov.'

"'M. D—, P. A. R—, Nick and guide Achmet.'

"'Ivanov.'

"'Trophim Sinepupov. Samara.'

"'Ivanov.'

"'Rebecca Isaacson, from Minsk.'

"'Ivanov.'

"'From this summit enjoyed the beauty of the panorama.—Nicodim Ivanovich Bezuprechny.'

"'Ivanov.'

"I read his verses and notes in every visitors' book: in the Poushkin house, in the Lermontov hut, in the ancient monasteries. 'This place was visited by the Troyakovs from Pensa, who here helped themselves to salmon and *kvass*, and wish you the same.' 'Visited the dear and glorious home of the great Russian poet. Teacher of calligraphy in the Voronej High School for Boys—A. Chichkin.'

"'Glory to thee, Ai-Petry-giant,

Thy mighty crest has climbed defiant,

Clad in the kingly dress of fir-trees.

Retired Lieutenant Curtis.'

"I only had to open any Russian book to come instantly across him. 'Read this book—Paphnutenko.' 'The author is a fool.' 'The author has never read Karl Marx.' Or suddenly a criticism as long and dull as ditchwater scribbled in pencil on the margin. It was also he, of course, who made dogs' ears in all books, tore out pages and used them for snuffing candles.

"My lords! Indignation is stifling my speech. This man dishonored and made ludicrous and vulgar everything that I held dear, lovable and touching. For years I struggled with myself, trying to suppress my rage. But time rolled on. My nerves grew more excitable. I saw that there was not air enough for both of us to breathe. So one of us had to go.

"For long I had felt that some trifle, some silly accident, would drive me to a crime. It happened just as I had expected.

"You know the circumstances. The carriage was so crammed that the passengers almost sat on each other's heads. Yet he, with his wife, a schoolboy son, and a heap of belongings, occupied two whole seats. This time he wore the uniform of the Ministry of Education.

"I came up and asked:

"'Could you, please, spare some room on your seat?'

"He answered like a bulldog over a bone, without even looking at me:

"'No. There is another gentleman sitting here. Those are his things. He will be coming presently.'

"The train started off. I purposely remained standing near him. We went about ten miles, but the gentleman did not appear. I kept on standing, silently fixing my eyes on the schoolmaster. I hoped that he still had some conscience left in him.

"In vain. We did another fifteen miles. He

produced a food-basket, and the whole family had their meal. Then they made tea. About the sugar a family row broke out.

“Peter! Why did you take a lump of sugar on the sly?”

“I didn’t, father. I take my oath.”

“Don’t swear and don’t tell lies. I purposely counted the lumps in the morning. They were eighteen then, and now only seventeen—”

“I swear—”

“Don’t swear. You must be ashamed of telling lies. I can forgive you everything but a lie. Only cowards lie. He who lies can steal and commit a murder, and even betray the Tsar and his country. . . .”

“And on he went in the same vein. I heard these speeches from him in my poor childhood, when he was first my governess and then my schoolmaster. Later I read them in his public-spirited articles in the moderate press.

“I stepped in.

“You are here reprimanding your son for telling a lie, and at the same time, in his very presence, you are lying yourself when you say that this seat has been engaged by a gentleman. Show me this gentleman. Where is he?”

“The schoolmaster’s face grew purple and his eyes protruded.

“Will you, please, refrain from interfering with other people’s business when nobody wants to know your opinion? Fancy everybody interfering with you! I say, guard, this gentleman has all the time been impudently interfering with people who have nothing to do with him. I ask to be protected from such a nuisance. Otherwise I shall report to the police and enter this in the book of complaints.”

“The guard reproved me in a fatherly way, and went out. The schoolmaster, however, could not cool down.

“If nobody interferes with you, you must not

interfere either. And this man wears a respectable dress, looks an "intellectual." Were it a moujik or a laborer who allowed himself such liberties—well. But an "intellectual"!

"In-tell-ectual!" The hangman called me a hangman. This finished it. He passed his own sentence on himself.

"I drew out a revolver from my coat pocket, raised the cock, and aiming straight between the schoolmaster's eyes, calmly said:

"'Say your prayers.'

"With his face turned white, he could only shout:

"'He-elp! He-elp!'

"But these were his last words: I pulled the trigger. . . .

"I have said all, my lords. I can only repeat: I neither regret what I did nor repent of it. There is only one terrible thought that torments my soul and will ever torment me until the end of my days—no matter where I shall spend them: whether in a gaol or in a lunatic asylum:

"This man has left a son. What if the son has inherited the whole of the father's nature?"

THE STILE

By EDWARD THOMAS

Three roads meet in the midst of a little green without a house or the sign of one, and at one edge there is an oak copse with untrimmed hedges. One road goes east, another west, and the other north; southward goes a path known chiefly to lovers, and the stile which transfers them to it from the rushy turf is at a corner of the copse.

The country is low, rich in grass and small streams, mazily subdivided by crooked hedgerows, with here and there tall oaks in broken lines or, round the farm-houses, in musing protective clusters. It is walled in by hills on every side, the higher ones bare, the lower furred with trees, and so nearly level is it that, from any part of it, all these walls of hills and their attendant clouds can be seen.

I have known the copse well for years. It holds an acre of oaks two or three generations old, the roots of ancient ones, and an undergrowth of hazel and brier which is nearly hidden by the high thorn hedge.

One day I stopped at the stile at the corner to say good-bye to a friend who had walked thus far with me. It was about half an hour after the sunset of a dry, hot day among the many wet ones in that July. We had been talking easily and warmly together in such a way that there was no knowing whose was any one thought, because we were in electrical contact and each leapt to complete the other's words, just as if some poet had chosen to use the form of an eclogue and had made us the two shepherds who were to utter his mind through our dialogue. When he spoke I had already the same thing in the same words to express. When either of us spoke we were saying what we could not have said to any other man at any other time.

But as we reached the stile our tongues and our steps ceased together, and I was instantly aware of

the silence through which our walking and talking had drawn a thin line up to this point. We had been going on without looking at one another in the twilight. Now we were face to face. We wished to go on speaking but could not. My eyes wandered to the rippled outline of the dark heavy hills against the sky, which was now pale and barred with the grey ribs of a delicate sunset. High up I saw Gemma; I even began trying to make out the bent star bow of which it is the centre. I saw the plain, now a vague dark sea of trees and hedges, where lay my homeward path. Again I looked at the face near me, and one of us said:

"The weather looks a little more settled."

The other replied: "I think it does."

I bent my head and tapped the toe of my shoe with my stick, wishing to speak, wishing to go, but aware of a strong unknown power which made speech impossible and yet was not violent enough to detach me altogether and at once from the man standing there. Again my gaze wandered dallying to the hills—to the sky and the increase of stars—the darkness of the next hedge—the rushy green, the pale roads and the faint thicket mist that was starred with glow-worms. The scent of the honeysuckles of all those hedges was in the moist air. Now and then a few unexpected, startled and startling words were spoken, and the silence drank them up as the sea drinks a few tears. But always my roving eyes returned from the sky, the hills, the plain to those other greenish eyes in the dusk, and then with a growing sense of rest and love to the copse waiting there, its indefinite cloud of leaves and branches and above that the outline of oak tops against the sky. It was very near. It was still, sombre, silent. It was vague and unfamiliar. I had forgotten that it was a copse and one that I had often seen before. White roses like mouths penetrated the mass of the hedge.

I found myself saying "good-bye." I heard the

word "good-bye" spoken. It was a signal not of a parting but of a uniting. In spite of the unwillingness to be silent with my friend a moment before, a deep ease and confidence was mine underneath that unrest. I took one or two steps to the stile and, instead of crossing it, leaned upon the gate at one side. The confidence and ease deepened and darkened as if I also were like that still, sombre cloud that had been a copse, under the pale sky that was light without shedding light. I did not disturb the dark rest and beauty of the earth which had ceased to be ponderous, hard matter and had become itself cloudy or, as it is when the mind thinks of it, spiritual stuff, so that the glow-worms shone through it as stars through clouds. I found myself running without weariness or heaviness of the limbs through the soaked overhanging grass. I knew that I was more than the something which had been looking out all that day upon the visible earth and thinking and speaking and tasting friendship. Somewhere—close at hand in that rosy thicket or far off beyond the ribs of sunset—I was gathered up with an immortal company, where I and poet and lover and flower and cloud and star were equals, as all the little leaves were equal ruffling before the gusts, or sleeping and carved out of the silentness. And in that company I had learned that I am something which no fortune can touch, whether I be soon to die or long years away. Things will happen which will trample and pierce, but I shall go on, something that is here and there like the wind, something unconquerable, something not to be separated from the dark earth and the light sky, a strong citizen of infinity and eternity. The confidence and ease had become a deep joy; I knew that I could not do without the Infinite, nor the Infinite without me.

THE ASSIGNATION

By LORD DUNSANY

Fame singing in the highways, and trifling as she sang, with sordid adventurers, passed the poet by. And still the poet made for her little chaplets of song to deck her forehead in the courts of Time: and still she wore instead the worthless garlands that boisterous citizens flung to her in the ways, made out of perishable things.

And after a while whenever these garlands died the poet came to her with his chaplets of song, and still she laughed at him and wore the worthless wreaths, though they always died at evening.

And one day in his bitterness the poet rebuked her and said to her: "Lovely Fame, even in the highways and the byways you have not forgotten to laugh and shout and jest with trivial men; and I have toiled for you and dreamed of you, and you mock me and pass by."

And Fame turned her back on him and walked away; but in departing she looked over her shoulder and smiled at him as she had not smiled before, and, almost speaking in a whisper, said:

"I will meet you in the graveyard at the back of the workhouse, in a hundred years."



THE LANTERN

Edited by
Theodore F. Bonnet and Edward F. O'Day

*It is better to search for the truth of what
concerns us than to hunt for an honest man*

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Romance in Its Variety

By THEODORE F. BONNET

Romance is the birthright of all men. By romance I do not mean merely a fondness for the fiction of marvelous adventure. I mean a sensibility to things that appeal to elemental emotions, whether through the mind or the heart—a fondness either for adventures of the body or for adventures of the soul. The romance that I mean is in the blood and manifests itself in early childhood when little ones give rein to their imagination and engage in all sorts of fanciful adventures; as, for instance, when boys become heroes to themselves. What bold impetuous heroes they are! Who is so unfortunate as never to have known the extreme felicity of jumping from a table to rescue a drowning maiden on the floor? Deeds that are of the very essence of romance all boys with red blood in their veins love to perform. And like the contemporaries of Amadis and Florestern they hate villains and love justice. What tears of joy are shed in boyhood days when between book-covers long outraged innocence comes finally to its own!

As they grow old some men lose, among other things, their romantic ideals, and their sense of the picturesque is dulled. Their romantic vision vanished, they cease to look on nature through a romantic atmosphere. To them the poetry of romance becomes prosaic. But even to the prosaic some things are inspiriting. None of us is dead to romance of the physical kind. Are we not all lovers of the great modern romance started by Rousseau with a goose-quill, the one on which Napoleon wrote

"Finis" with a sword? Not only is romance in the blood; it is everywhere. Life itself is romantic at all times and in all seasons. Romance appeals to us through a myriad avenues. Nature in all its variations is food for wonder and surprise. Thrills are to be had and chances are to be taken wherever we go, whether to the mountains that lift their tops to the skies with all the enchantment of mystery or to city streets where all the energies of man are concentrated in the great orchestra of confusion. The prosaic is only for him who is too dense to be penetrated by sentiment or too dull to understand the human lives that jostle his own. As that charming valetudinarian Robert Louis Stevenson observes in holiday mood,—

The world is so full of a number of things,

I am sure we should all be as happy as kings.

To be as happy as romance can make a man he has only to possess a buoyant, ever-eager curiosity, to lead a life of active endeavor and wild surmise, which he may do even within the confines of his own home town. The great Dumas carried romance with him wherever he went. He poured its magic even into a little book on animals and his boyhood days.

I have heard that the reason why so few good books are written is that so few people that can write know anything. However this may be, assuredly the best books are those that were written by men who availed themselves of their birthright, steeping themselves in the romance of existence. Surely not much is to be expected from the writer who loves only his library. According to Anatole France, every good book, rightly taken, is an autobiography. Now the writer who spends his time in four walls is not likely to give us much worth reading. He may become acquainted with style in prose and verse, but he does not see much. His life is a vacuum. He does not even learn the art of living. A comfortable place is the library for the

poet weaving his wonderful web of words in the magic realms of thought, but even the poet will not amount to much if he does not cultivate the faculty of observation by going about. Surely Shakespeare led no sedentary life. We deduce much of Shakespeare's life from his works, and we know his works could only have been produced, as some one has said, "by a first-class imagination working on a first-rate experience." Shakespeare had a conversancy with the world. He spent much time in the winding road, in the tavern, in the society of men and women. For reality he sought things as they were, gave himself up with a happy abandon to the charms of life, experienced all their lyric raptures, and he was the one poet that rendered a passion so flamelike in its intensity that all other things in life shrink into insignificance in its presence.

All the first-rate writers who have lived this romantic sort of existence have revealed human nature to us, and all have gained a posthumous sympathy for their vivid memories, for their hates, their joys and their griefs. Even so poor a writer as Pepys achieved immortality merely by reciting the story of his daily life in the city of London. He was an inquisitive individual, like a reporter, with his eyes and ears open, and like a reporter he lived a truly romantic existence. Somewhat like him was Saint-Simon, another of the immortals, who spent most of his time going about in Court circles. A romantic individual was Saint-Simon. He wrote a book for publication with no intention of ever publishing it in his lifetime. He knew the joy of seeing himself in print was not to be his, for he also knew that the appearance of his work in his lifetime would have lost him his head. Every chapter would have brought him a challenge. So he had to take careful precaution to prevent his memoirs being seen by any eye but his own. What a lot of adventure there was in the life of this strange Frenchman. Hardly any more so, however,

than in the life of the average city reporter who takes a romantic interest in his fellow-men.

People wonder why reporters are content to work hard for little pay. The explanation is that their lives are steeped in romance. Their adventures are in court, on the water front, in prisons and conventions, everywhere they are sent for news of a day's happenings. A reporter once, I met with romance even in will contests. I met with a great deal in murder trials and in trying to solve the mysteries of violent deaths. At first it gave me a chill to enter a morgue, but in time I took a deep, personal interest in autopsies, going so far as to stand by, watching the doctors. A reporter's life is a daily round of thrills. In view of the entertainment he gets he ought to pay for his job. I knew a reporter once who cried when shifted from the "police detail," as it was called, to the water front. In a few days he liked his new assignment better than the old.

Now, the reporter is but little more favored than men in other lines of endeavor. Lawyers and doctors have a lot of romance in their lives. Only the dealer in butter and eggs is in hard luck, and then only if his soul is on a level with his business. The fact is city life is all romance for any man who has the leisure to make the best of it and the heart to yield to its appeals. It is aglow in the streets with their extravagance of life, where the faces of men we have known tell their sad tales, where we mingle with the flowering lives of little children. It is in these streets with tragedy on all sides that we are continually reminded that the bright challenge of laughter is never dead.

To get one's fill of romance one must have something of the romantic vision of the poet who feels intuitively the connection between external objects and humanity; who knows that nature is but a background to human loves, sufferings and joys. You will realize the importance of this spiritual

kind of romance if you study a nocturne like the stage pictures of old Nuremberg by moonlight in *Die Meistersinger*, where the lights go out one by one and you hear the watchman chant the hour, giving a vivid sense of the sweet old medieval life that will never come again. We take a melancholy interest in many things that have gone forever and in some things that are vanishing. Who that visits an Indian reservation is not touched at the thought that there in a people is a link between ourselves and the past that will presently be dissolved in oblivion.

This sort of thing, of the very essence of romance, is never far to seek. But, for that matter, as I have suggested, romance in its variety is near at hand, across the street, next door. One need not go in quest of it. It is not essential, as some people fancy, to cultivate the roving impulse, which pathologists recognize as a specific and heritable bent, and which they define as nomadism. This primitive, wandering instinct is peculiar to the gorilla and chimpanzee, which, so far as I know, are not at all romantic, though, as I am told, they rarely stay more than one night in the same shelter. My life has been full of romance, and I was never nomadic except when I was homesick and ran away from boarding school, a distance of several miles. To tinge our lives with romance it is well to move about, but it is unnecessary to become a Lavengro or a Gil Blas, or to go roughing it like Mark Twain, who was an adventurer born. Travel may increase our opportunities for adventure, but unless we have a talent for travel it will add but little to the romance of existence. To some folks travel means nothing more than rolling around the world in bedrooms or motor cars. They know not the fascination of the unknown. They are only transported to towns they have read about, where they pick up topics of conversation and then return home stuffed with second-hand opinions. If you would

know something of the art and romance of travel go to your library and accompany Hilaire Belloc through Europe in his *Path to Rome*; or with Maurice Baring study *The Mainsprings of Russia*.

Of course globe-trotting is a healthful diversion even to the dullest, but it is not true that adventure is only for the adventurous. One does not have to be forever going to places to get away from in order to enjoy romance, not even to encounter the odd and extravagant. Right here in San Francisco, midway on the road to Cathay, I have met with adventures galore, some of them as odd as any that befell the vagabonds pictured by the unknown Petronius in the *Satyricon*, or the ambulant and curious Haroun al Raschid in Baghdad. Once upon a time I was fairly well thrilled right here in our picturesque Presidio. It was in broad daylight, as I was taking a short cut through the golf links to Seventh avenue. My path led through a little forest that extends from Fifth avenue to Eighth, just across the road bordering the southern wall. I almost stumbled into the *tete-a-tete* of a soldier and a Miss—or was it Madame Bovary? (I don't know which.) At any rate the scene was a facsimile of one described in Flaubert's masterpiece. This is a trivial thing to write about, this trifling love affair in the life of an unknown soldier, but I am accentuating the point I have in mind: that the byways of town life abound in interesting details, just as the country lane has charms which are unknown to the great highroad.

The fact is, to meet with adventure one has but to become a wanderer in the companionable gaiety of one's heart, as I did one night when myriad stars were in the sky. I met with something of adventure no farther away than the water front. Listening to the doleful tide at my feet I abandoned myself to emotions full of joy. Close at hand was a woman pondering the horrors of life and the necromancy of death. I had the good fortune to save her life

without risking my own. That was something of an adventure within sound of the beat of a city's heart. It happened years ago. The woman is living today—with her third husband and some children. (I don't know how many.)

Let me not be understood as pleading the superior advantages of urban dwellers. There is more than metropolitan romance. Consider the tramp and envy him. The tramp is a person who has learned the art of travel. Sometimes he becomes a philosopher in the majesty of solitude. He, too, has romance in his blood, and he has a sense of gaiety, and of the easiness of life. "No meat eats so sweet as that for which we do not have to pay." So said a tramp of the old school to Goldsmith. He described men of his profession as "the very fondlings of nature" and the rich as her stepchildren. He pitied the rich, they are so hard to please. Nowadays there are degenerate tramps that hate the rich; this is one of the consequences of that prosaic thing called Socialism, which was invented by Philistines. But to the credit of their ancient and honorable profession, be it said, tramps are still to be found who believe that only they are to be envied. I met one not long ago under the smiling sky on a beckoning road of possible chances. It was on one of those nuptial days that bid us adore a beneficent God. The tramp was sitting beneath a tree at the roadside intoxicating himself with the amber spirit of his country. Before him stretched a landscape crowned with flowers, like a bride. He was pasturing his thoughts in lush grasses, occasionally surveying the blithe and comfortable fields like one proud of his own potato patch. Obviously in need of a bath, yet on engaging him in conversation I found him to be a quite serene and happy vagabond with a philosophy all his own. He told me something of the joys of riding a brakebeam. He had but one fault to find with life—that it invited so many men to the road. No complaint had he to make of the rich, but in an

apologetic manner he wished there were fewer wayfarers in the world. I learned that he disliked company. He assured me that were it not for the tramps he meets he would never find himself at cross-purposes with life. His happiest moments are spent in the open country, vegetating like the country.

"Let me have a companion by the way," said Sterne, "were it but to remark how the shadows lengthen." Not so, my friend the tramp, who struck me as something of a poet. From what he said I inferred that he hated to get his thoughts into the briars of controversy, but loved to set them afloat like the down of the thistle before the breeze. His objection to company was that men like "to argue and dispute." He would forever keep off the trammels of the world and be always a creature of the moment. But that was not his only reason for objecting to the chance companionship of men like himself, of a native kinship with the open air. With the help of a little California hospitality kept for an emergency in a flask, I won the good man's confidence, and to my great amazement he told me how a chance acquaintance ruined a love affair in Mendocino county "where the hops grow." Here was an amorous tramp with a love of the romance that sweetened the world in the days of Sir Galeran of Galloway. What a curious occupation for an inarticulate minstrel to follow! I thought. Utterly he effaced my impression of modern trampdom. He told me he spent most of his time in bucolic regions because he admired women tanned of face and supple of limb. Incidentally he explained that it is never possible for two tramps at once to get an audience at a farm house door or to be served with grub from fair hands in the shade of a sheltering stack of hay.

God forbid the tribe of tramps ever to diminish! Tramps are lovers of the romantic after my own heart. We are accustomed to look on the tramp

with contempt, but he is really a brave man with the moral courage to realize himself. If we have room for gentlemen of leisure at the top, why not at the bottom? The tramp has qualities to commend him. So great is his love of freedom and his scorn of the sordid that with no means of livelihood, caring naught for the vulgar thing we call success, he gives himself up to the romance of existence. Surely he is to be envied by the rich; for being free from ambition and pride of possession he is able to be frank with all men, neither coddling nor deceiving. How easy it would be for him to become a saint like that most romantic of all saints, the lowly man of Assisi!

AN EASTER PARTY

By A. KUPRIN

(Translated from the Russian by John D'Auvergne)

It was . . . well, it seems to me now like three hundred years ago. So much has happened; so many events, faces, towns, successes, failures, joys and griefs, lie between then and now.

At that time I was living in Kieff, just at the beginning of the Podol beneath the Alexandrovsky Hill, in furnished rooms called "The Dnieper Docks." These were kept by a former river-boat's cook, who had been dismissed for drink, and his wife Anna Petrovno, a real genius for robbery, malice and greed.

Of the regular residents there were six of us—all single and alone in the world. In No. 1 lived the oldest *habitué* of the house. Once upon a time he had been a merchant and had kept a corset shop. Then the card fiend had caught him in her train, and he had played away his whole subsistence. After that he had found employment as a clerk, but his passion for gambling had again brought him to grief. Now he lived God knows what senseless

nightmare of a life. He slept all day, and late at night he would slouch off to one of the low gambling dens, of which there are many at all the big river ports on the Dnieper. Like all players who play for the sheer love of gambling, he was generous, broad-minded, and of course a fatalist.

The engineer Butkovsky lived in No. 3. To believe his own words, he had finished the School of Forestry, the School of Mines and goodness knows what other technical institutions, not counting the higher schools abroad. And indeed, from the point of view of an all-embracing knowledge he was like a stuffed sausage, or rather, perhaps, like a trunk which has been packed full with every possible kind and size of garment, and then, after a tremendous struggle, closed and locked, but from which, when it is opened again, everything falls out topsyturvy. He could speak freely and without any prompting about harbor piloting, aviation, botany, statistics, forestry, politics, prehistoric brontosaurus, astronomy, military science, harmony and dominants, town-planning, poultry-rearing, leveling and sanitation.

Regularly once a month he drank himself drunk for three days, during which he spoke nothing but French and wrote little requests for money in the same language to his former engineering colleagues. Then for five days he crawled under a great blue-check English plaid and sweated the drink out. This was all he did, unless I except his letters to the newspapers, which he sent off right and left on the slightest excuse: on the necessity of draining the marshlands; on the discovery of some new star; on the opening of new artesian wells.

Whenever he had any money he used to hide it away between the pages of books which stood on his shelf, and then keep it there for a surprise.

I remember how he used to say (he had a burr, too, in his speech):

“My friend, take down the fourth volume of

Elisée Reclus from the shelf, and somewhere between pages three hundred and four hundred you will find five roubles I owe you."

In personal appearance he was quite bald, with a white beard and a fringe of grey whiskers spread out like a fan.

I myself lived in No. 8. In No. 7 there was a student with a heavy, clean-shaven face—an over-pious stammerer who has since achieved great fame as a crown counsel.

In No. 6 was a German called Karl, a P.W.D. engineer, and in character a real, fleshy Teuton with a rapacious thirst for beer. No. 5 was occupied by Zoe, a prostitute, whom the mistress of the house liked better than all the rest of us put together. First, she paid more for her room than we did; secondly, she always paid in advance; and, thirdly, she was never rowdy or disorderly, as she *only* brought home (and that was very seldom) the best kind of guests, quiet and elderly men, and for the most part she spent the night in other hotels.

I ought to add that in one way we were acquaintances and in another way not. We borrowed from one another tea, needles and thread, boiling water, newspapers, ink, pen and paper. In this our refuge there were altogether nine rooms. The other three rooms were let by the night or temporarily to chance couples. We never complained. We were used and hardened to anything.

* * * * *

Spring had come—the warm, soft spring of the South. The ice had gone down the Dnieper, and the river was flowing so strongly that as far as the eye could see it had overflowed the low-lying Cherniegoff bank. The nights had set in dark and warm, broken now and then by sharp, short showers. Where yesterday the buds on the trees were scarcely green, in the morning one awoke to find that they had blossomed into the first tender leaves.

Then came Easter with its great night of beauty

and gladness. I had no friends to whom to go to celebrate the end of the fast, and so I just wandered round the town by myself, going from church to church, looking at the processions and the illuminations, listening to the carolling of the bells and the beautiful singing, and admiring the sweet faces of the woman and children lit up by the warm light of the candles. There was a sort of intoxicating sadness in my heart, something very peaceful and soothing that brought a quiet, painless regret for all the lost purity and simplicity of my childhood days.

When I returned to my room I was met by Vaska, our corridor servant, a sly rogue with a large heart. I gave him the Easter kiss. Then, smiling from ear to ear and showing his great teeth to the gums, he said:

"The lady from No. 5 says you're to go to her."

I was a little astonished. I was not acquainted with the lady from No. 5.

"She's sent you a note," Vaska explained. "It's lying on your table."

I took the square-ruled sheet, which had been torn from an account-book, and under the printed heading of "Profits" I read the following:

"Dear No. 8.

"If you are free and not too Squeamish do come up to my Room to Celebreit the Easter festival.

"Yours truly,

"ZOE KRAMARENKOV."

I went across to the engineer to take his advice. I found him standing before the mirror and struggling desperately with all ten fingers to bring some order into his unruly whiskers. He had on a glossy coat, in which you could see yourself, and he had on a white tie round his well-worn, edge-stained collar.

It appeared that he, too, had received an invitation, and so we went off together.

Zoe met us at the door, begged our pardon, and blushed. She had the ordinary typical face of the ordinary Russian rouble prostitute: soft, kind, irresolute lips, a nose rather like a potato, and great eyebrow-less eyes that seemed to stare at you from all sides. But when she smiled—that gentle, homely, absolutely artless smile of hers, so modest, so quiet and so womanly—her whole face changed, and she became really charming.

The gambler and the P.W.D. man, Karl, were already seated. And so, with the exception of the student, all the regular frequenters of the "Dnieper Docks" were gathered round Zoe's board.

Her room was just as I should have expected it. On the chest-of-drawers were empty chocolate boxes, pasteboard pictures, face powder and curling tongs. The walls, too, were covered with photographs of clean-shaven, curly-haired chemists, haughty actors in profile, and threatening subalterns with drawn sabre. On the bed there was a regular mountain of pillows covered with an embroidered counterpane, while the table, covered with paper cut out to resemble a lace cloth, looked resplendent under its load of Paschal cake, kulitch, eggs, a whole ham and two bottles of some unknown wine.

We all gave her the Easter kiss, cheek to cheek, politely and in the proper manner, and then sat down to table. I must say we were an extraordinary party: four men wholly wrecked and battered by their failure in life, four old wasters whose aggregate age was certainly well over two hundred years, while the fifth member of the party, our hostess, was a Russian prostitute, the most naive, the weakest and the kindest being in the whole universe.

How kind she was in her own clumsy way; how shy in her hospitality; how friendly and charming in her simplicity.

"Take this," she said coaxingly, handing one of us a plate. "Take this and eat. No. 6, I know

you prefer beer. Vaska told me. There—you'll find it beside you under the table. And for you other gentlemen there's wine. It's very good wine, too—Teneriffe. A friend of mine, a ship's captain, always drinks it."

We four, who knew life inside-out, had no doubts as to where the money came from for this Easter feast with its beer and "Teneriffe." But the knowledge in no way depressed us.

Zoe told us about her Easter-night impressions. At Bratstvo, where she had heard matins, there had been a dreadful crush, but she had managed, nevertheless, to secure a good place. The choir of the Theological Academy had sung wonderfully, and the students themselves had read the Gospel, and had read it in turn, too, in every language in the world: in French, in German, in Greek, and even in Arabic. And then, when they had gone to see the blessing of the Paschal cake, there had been such a bustling and hustling that the pilgrims had got their cakes and loaves all mixed up, and began to quarrel.

Then suddenly Zoe became very thoughtful, and with a little sigh began half-dreamingly to tell us how she used to spend Easter week in her village.

"We used to gather little flowers called 'dream-flowers.' You know, those little blue ones that come up first after winter. We used to make a dye out of them and paint the eggs with it. It gave a splendid blue color.

"To get a yellow color we used to boil onion skins and rub the eggs with them. Besides that, we painted them all sorts of other colors. And then for a whole week we went about the village and played at cracking eggs, first with the pointed end, then with the other, and the winner kept all the eggs he cracked. There was one lad who had found a stone egg somewhere in town, and he smashed up everyone. But when we found out what the trick was, we took all his eggs and gave him a thrashing.

"And all through Easter week there were swings.

In the centre of the village there were great big ones for the general public, and then, too, between each gateway there were the small ones—just a board and a pair of ropes. And all through the week we boys and girls swung and sang ‘Christos voskrese’ (Christ is risen). How fine it all was.”

We listened to her in silence. Life had battered and buffeted us so long and so fiercely that it seemed to have driven for ever out of our minds all remembrance of childhood, home, mother and former Easters.

In the meantime the calico curtain over the window had grown faintly blue with the first cold light of dawn. Then it darkened again, changed to a dingy yellow, and finally lit up with the rich red rose of the rising sun.

“If you don’t mind, I’ll open the window,” said Zoe.

She drew back the curtain and pushed back the window. We all came over beside her. It was a lovely, festal morning, so pure and so fresh that it seemed as if someone had come in the night and with untiring hands had cleansed and purified everything, even the blue sky with its fleecy white clouds and the tall, stately poplars with their young trembling leaves. Before us rolled the Dnieper, blue and majestic and silvery. And from all the belfries in the town came the glad pealing of the chimes.

Then suddenly, in spite of ourselves, we all turned away. The engineer was in tears. Holding on to the handle of the window and leaning his brow on it, he cried until his whole body shook and trembled with his sobs. God knows what was happening in the poor, broken, wounded heart of this old wastrel. I only knew about his past life from the stray hints he himself had dropped: his marriage with an unworthy woman, the spending of Government money, his attempt to shoot his wife’s lover, his grief at the loss of his children who had gone with their mother.

Zoe's sigh was full of compassion. She went up to him, put her arms round him, and laid his old grey head, with its ruddy bald pate, upon her breast. Then gently and soothingly she began to stroke his cheek.

"You poor old thing, you poor dear," she cooed to him. "I know how hard it is for you. You're all like stray dogs—all old and alone in the world. Never mind, bear up. God will help you. All grief will pass. Everything will come right again. Ah—you poor, poor man!"

With a great effort the engineer controlled himself. His eyelids were quivering, his eyes were red, and his nose was blue and swollen.

"Damn my accur-sed ner-rves. Damn!" he said angrily.

But from his voice I knew that in his throat, in his mouth, in his nose, the bitter, unshed tears were still lurking.

Five minutes later we took our leave, each of us reverently kissing Zoe's hand. The engineer and I were the last to go, and on the very threshold of Zoe's room we ran into the student who had just come back from a merry evening with his friends.

"Ha-ha," he stammered with a stupid grin, and, as he spoke, he raised his eyebrows significantly.

"Tha-at's where you've been, eh? H-m, h-m, so that's the wa-ay you br-ring in Easter, is it?"

There was no mistaking the cruel, biting scorn in his voice.

Slowly, magnificently, the engineer gave him a look that took him in from the sole of his boots to the peak of his cap.

Then after a long pause he hissed into his ear in a tone of withering contempt:

"You scum!"

TOM PINCH

By EDWARD F. O'DAY

Charles Dickens, the sympathetic biographer of Tom Pinch, informs us that the elder Pinches passed away when Tom and his sister Ruth were very young. Tom was brought up by his grandmother who was a gentleman's housekeeper. She cannot have been an acute judge of human nature, for she thought that Seth Pecksniff, the architect and land surveyor, was an excellent man. Indeed, she died happy when she had found a place for Tom in this individual's employ. Her delusion concerning the character of Mr. Pecksniff was the only legacy she left her grandson, and like a dutiful heir he cherished it as long as it lasted. Such was Tom Pinch's simplicity—a family trait no doubt—that the delusion lasted for a good many years.

To appreciate Tom Pinch one must understand his employer Mr. Pecksniff, and to understand this remarkable character it is only necessary to know that his name has become a synonym for one of the most detestable of vices—hypocrisy. Deeper knowledge of Mr. Pecksniff is desirable, but not necessary. Indeed, students of Mr. Pecksniff should be warned that while studying him they are liable to find their own light reflected from one of his many facets. There is a little of Mr. Pecksniff in all of us who are not Tom Pinches—and you meet a Tom Pinch once or twice in a lifetime.

Mr. Pecksniff lived with his daughters Charity and Mercy "in a little Wiltshire village within an easy journey of the fair old town of Salisbury." Tom Pinch had a position of sufferance in the household.

"What can anyone expect of Mr. Pinch?" cried Charity, with "as strong and scornful an emphasis on the name as if it would have given her unspeakable pleasure to express it, in an acted charade, on the calf of that gentleman's leg."

Notwithstanding this uncharitable remark of the elder Miss Pecksniff's, a very great deal indeed was expected of Tom Pinch. He was at the beck of Charity for this service, and at the call of Mercy for that. He tutored the pupils of his employer—Mr. Pecksniff being a teaching architect, rarely a practitioner. He was not only a physical but also a moral drudge, for all the good he did—and it was much—redounded to the credit of his master.

Tom Pinch wasn't much to look at. He was "an ungainly, awkward-looking man, extremely short-sighted, and prematurely bald." Nor did his clothes offset his physical defects. He wore "a snuff-colored suit, of an uncouth make at the best, which, being shrunk with long wear, was twisted and tortured into all kinds of odd shapes." And yet, "notwithstanding his attire, and his clumsy figure, which a great stoop in his shoulders, and a ludicrous habit he had of thrusting his head forward, by no means redeemed, one would not have been disposed (unless Mr. Pecksniff said so) to consider him a bad fellow by any means. He was perhaps thirty, but he might have been almost any age between sixteen and sixty; being one of those strange creatures who never decline into an ancient appearance, but look their oldest when they are very young, and get it over at once."

Mr. Pecksniff expressed two opinions of Tom Pinch. To Tom Pinch himself he always spoke in a severely moral tone, lamenting Tom Pinch's shortcomings, correcting Tom Pinch's faults and reminding Tom Pinch of the blessings showered Pecksniffily on Tom Pinch's unworthy head. To others he spoke of Tom Pinch in a tone of virtuous condescension:

"You will excuse Thomas Pinch's want of polish, Martin," said Mr. Pecksniff, with a smile of patronage and pity. "He means well."

"He is a very good fellow, sir."

"Oh, yes," said Mr. Pecksniff. "Yes. Thomas

Pinch means well. He is very grateful. I have never regretted having befriended Thomas Pinch."

"I should think you never would, sir."

"No," said Mr. Pecksniff. "No. I hope not. Poor fellow, he is always disposed to do his best; but he is not gifted. You will make him useful to you, Martin, if you please. If Thomas has a fault, it is that he is sometimes a little apt to forget his position. But that is soon checked. Worthy soul! You will find him easy to manage."

Certainly it was not difficult to manage Tom Pinch. He was the easy prey of selfishness, and there were several exceedingly selfish souls in the world wherein Tom Pinch moved.

John Westlock was not one of these. Time and time again he tried to open Tom's eyes to the true character of Mr. Pecksniff. He had no success, and gave up in despair, saying:

"You haven't half enough of the devil in you. Half enough! You haven't any."

But Tom thought he must have, he caused Mr. Pecksniff so much discomfort.

"Did you hear him say that he could have shed his blood for me?" he demanded of John Westlock.

"Do you want any blood shed for you? Does he shed anything for you that you do want? Does he shed employment for you, instruction for you, pocket-money for you? Does he shed even legs of mutton for you in any decent proportion to potatoes and garden stuff?"

To which Tom could only sigh:

"I am afraid that I am a great eater. I can't disguise from myself that I am a great eater."

Of course Tom was nothing of the sort, but he must have had a good digestion, for although he "steeped Pecksniff in his tea, and spread him out upon his toast, and took him as a relish with his beer," he seemed to thrive on the unwholesome fare.

The fact is, Tom Pinch was one of those happy fellows who never had much and was grateful for

a very little. He shared a bed room with the pupils, but did not this bed room contain his shelf of beloved books, and his music and his old fiddle? Had he not the blessed privilege of reading himself half blind in this room early on summer mornings and by the light of private candle-ends on winter nights when there was no work to do for Mr. Pecksniff or for Miss Charity or Miss Mercy Pecksniff? Had he not tried once in this room to learn the fiddle under the bedclothes, only reluctantly abandoning the design when the pupils objected to the noise? And had he not his own particular corner in the Pecksniff work room?

"There was a ragged stool there, with the horse-hair all sticking out of the top like a wig: a very Beast of a stool in itself: on which he had taken up his daily seat, year after year, during the whole period of his service. They had grown older and shabbier in company. Pupils had served their time: seasons had come and gone; Tom and the worn-out stool had held together through it all. That part of the room was traditionally called 'Tom's Corner.' It had been assigned to him at first because of its being situated in a strong draught, and a great way from the fire; and he had occupied it ever since. There were portraits of him on the walls, with all his weak points monstrously portrayed. Diabolical sentiments, foreign to his character, were represented as issuing from his mouth in fat balloons. Every pupil had added something, even fancy portraits of his father with one eye, and of his mother with a disproportionate nose, and especially of his sister; who always being presented as being extremely beautiful, made full amends to Tom for any other joke."

Even more than his books Tom loved his music. He would "pore through half the deadlong night over the jingling anatomy of an inscrutable old harpsichord in the back parlor." He did not linger over the harpsichord, however, when he could steal

away to play the organ in the pretty village church. "It was a simple little organ, provided with wind by the action of the musician's feet; and he was independent, even of a bellows-blower. Though if Tom had wanted one at any time, there was not a man or boy in all the village, and away to the turnpike (tollman included), but would have blown away for him till he was black in the face."

On this musical eccentricity of his "man" Mr. Pecksniff bestowed his usual graceful patronage:

"Mr. Pecksniff had no objection; not the least. He was tolerant of everything; he often said so. He considered it a vagabond kind of trifling, in general, just suited to Tom's capacity. But in regard to Tom's performance upon this same organ, he was remarkably lenient, singularly amiable; for when Tom played it on Sundays, Mr. Pecksniff in his unbounded sympathy felt as if he played it himself, and were a benefactor to the congregation. So whenever it was impossible to devise any other means of taking the value of Tom's wages out of him, Mr. Pecksniff gave him leave to cultivate this instrument."

Young Martin Chuzzlewit could not understand why Tom played this organ for nothing, and Tom attempted to explain:

"When I say nothing I am wrong, and don't say what I mean, because I get a great deal of pleasure from it, and the means of passing some of the happiest hours I know."

Upon Tom as upon most of us accident exercised its capricious but compelling power, so it is not remarkable that his devotion to the organ in the little village church placed him twice in that path of Chance which he was to pursue until it broadened into the highway of his life. One day that little organ floated its melody into the still air of the pretty village and drew Mary Graham into the church—Mary Graham whom Tom loved with all the strength of his big warm heart just as soon

as he laid eyes upon her, but whom Tom was destined to love in vain, since she was betrothed to young Martin Chuzzlewit. But did Tom really love Mary Graham in vain? No, for this hopeless affection wrought only good in Tom, making him even kinder, more tender, more considerate *and* more grateful for the minor gifts life brought him, than he had been before.

Again while seated at this organ, poor Tom who had thought that everybody was most unjust to Mr. Pecksniff, was finally convinced by Mary Graham how unworthy of worship his idol had always been. On that momentous occasion Tom Pinch's world was turned upside down, and he realized that his "best of men" was a scoundrel.

"The star of his whole life from boyhood had become, in a moment, putrid vapor. It was not that Pecksniff, Tom's Pecksniff, had ceased to exist, but that he had never existed. In his death Tom would have had the comfort of remembering what he used to be, but in this discovery he had the anguish of recollecting what he never was. For as Tom's blindness in this matter had been total and not partial, so was his restored sight. *His* Pecksniff could never have worked the wickedness of which he had just now heard, but any other Pecksniff could; and the Pecksniff who could do that could do anything, and no doubt had been doing anything and everything except the right thing all through his career. From the lofty height on which poor Tom had placed his idol it was tumbled down headlong, and

Not all the king's horses, nor all the king's men,
Could have set Mr. Pecksniff up again.

Legions of Titans couldn't have got him out of the mud; and serve him right! But it was not he who suffered; it was Tom. His compass was broken, his chart destroyed, his chronometer had stopped, his masts were gone by the board; his anchor was adrift, ten thousand leagues away."

Even in this, the catastrophe of his life, Tom was not thinking of himself. He was sorry for Pecksniff.

"I wouldn't have cared," Tom told himself; "I wouldn't have cared for anything he might have done to Me, for I have tried his patience often, and have lived upon his sufferance, and have not been the help to him that others could have been. I wouldn't have minded, Pecksniff, if you had done Me any wrong; I could have found plenty of excuses for that; and though you might have hurt me, could have still gone on respecting you. But why did you ever fall so low as this in my esteem! Oh Pecksniff, Pecksniff, there is nothing I would not have given to have had you deserve my old opinion of you; nothing!"

Hiding in his pew on this memorable afternoon Mr. Pecksniff had eavesdropped on Mary Graham's disclosures to Tom; so he promptly "discharged a duty which he owed to society" by turning Tom Pinch out of doors. Tom would have turned himself out anyway, but it was a hard wrench just the same. That first night of a new life when he took a room in the inn at Salisbury and realized that Mr. Pecksniff had gone out of the world, it was "as much as Tom could do to say his prayers without him." But finally he went to sleep, and dreamed about Mr. Pecksniff "as he Never Was."

If you think that Tom Pinch was a spiritless fellow who would shrink from beginning life anew, a spineless fellow who would crumple beneath this stroke of fate, you have forgotten his famous set-to with the unspeakable Jonas Chuzzlewit. This took place one night when Tom was returning to Mr. Pecksniff's after escorting old Martin Chuzzlewit and Mary Graham to their rooms at the Dragon.

I quote:

As he approached the first stile, which was in a lonely part, made very dark by a plantation of young firs, a man slipped past him and went on before. Coming to the stile he stopped, and took

his seat upon it. Tom was rather startled, and for a moment stood still; but he stepped forward again immediately, and went close up to him.

It was Jonas; swinging his legs to and fro, sucking the head of a stick, and looking with a sneer at Tom.

"Good gracious me!" cried Tom, "who would have thought of its being you! You followed us, then?"

"What's that to you?" said Jonas. "Go to the devil!"

"You are not very civil, I think," remarked Tom.

"Civil enough for *you*," retorted Jonas. "Who are you?"

"One who has as good a right to common consideration as another," said Tom, mildly.

"You're a liar," said Jonas. "You haven't a right to any consideration. You haven't a right to anything. You're a pretty sort of fellow to talk about your rights, upon my soul! Ha, ha! Rights, too!"

"If you proceed in this way," returned Tom, reddening, "you will oblige me to talk about my wrongs. But I hope your joke is over."

"It's the way with you curs," said Mr. Jonas, "that when you know a man's in real earnest, you pretend to think he's joking, so that you may turn it off. But that won't do with me. It's too stale. Now just attend to me for a bit, Mr. Pitch, or Witch, or Stitch, or whatever your name is."

"My name is Pinch," observed Tom. "Have the goodness to call me by it."

"What! You mustn't be called out of your name, mustn't you!" cried Jonas. "Pauper 'prentices are looking up, I think. Ecod, we manage 'em a little better in the city!"

"Never mind what you do in the city," said Tom. "What have you got to say to me?"

"Just this, Mr. Pinch," retorted Jonas, thrusting his face so close to Tom's that Tom was obliged to retreat a step, "I advise you to keep your own

counsel, and to avoid tittle-tattle, and not to cut in where you're not wanted. I've heard something of you, my friend, and your meek ways; and I recommend you to forget 'em till I am married to one of Pecksniff's gals, and not to curry favor among my relations, but to leave the course clear. You know, when curs won't leave the course clear, they're whipped off; so this is kind advice. Do you understand? Eh? Damme, who are you?" cried Jonas, with increased contempt, "that you should walk home with *them*, unless it was behind 'em, like any other servant out of livery?"

"Come!" cried Tom, "I see that you had better get off the stile, and let me pursue my way home. Make room for me, if you please."

"Don't think it!" said Jonas, spreading out his legs. "Not till I choose. And I don't choose now. What? You're afraid of my making you split upon some of your babbling just now, are you, Sneak?"

"I am not afraid of many things, I hope," said Tom; "and certainly not of anything that you will do. I am not a tale-bearer, and I despise all meanness. You quite mistake me. Ah!" cried Tom, indignantly. "Is this manly from one in your position to one in mine? Please to make room for me to pass. The less I say the better."

"The less you say!" retorted Jonas, dangling his legs the more, and taking no heed of this request. "You say very little, don't you? Ecod, I should like to know what goes on between you and a vagabond member of my family. There's very little in that too, I dare say!"

"I know no vagabond member of your family," cried Tom, stoutly.

"You do!" said Jonas.

"I don't," said Tom. "Your uncle's namesake, if you mean him, is no vagabond. Any comparison between you and him?" Tom snapped his fingers at him, for he was rising fast in wrath: "is immeasurably to your disadvantage."

"Oh, indeed!" sneered Jonas. "And what do you think of his dreary, his beggarly leavings, eh, Mister Pinch?"

"I don't mean to say another word, or stay here another instant," replied Tom.

"As I told you before, you're a liar," said Jonas, coolly. "You'll stay here till I give you leave to go. Now, keep where you are, will you?"

He flourished his stick over Tom's head; but in a moment it was spinning harmlessly in the air, and Jonas himself lay sprawling in the ditch. In the momentary struggle for the stick, Tom had brought it into violent contact with his opponent's forehead; and the blood welled out profusely from a deep cut on the temple.

Having acquitted himself so well in this, the most violent episode of his life, it is not to be wondered at that Tom behaved with admirable spirit when he took his pretty sister Ruth away from the home of the Camberwell brass-and-copper founder where she was governess. This was immediately after Tom's arrival in London on the morrow of the dethronement of Mr. Pecksniff. The Camberwell family were unconscionable snobs who treated Ruth like a beggar. You may be sure that when Tom perceived this state of affairs he gave the brass-and-copper founder a piece of his honestly indignant mind, and bore his sister off to London, like a knight rescuing a distressed damsel.

There followed one of the most delightful periods of Tom's life, the time when Ruth and he took modest lodgings and started housekeeping for the first time in their lives. If you cannot appreciate the joy these two found in Ruth's first tremendously daring attempt to fabricate a beef-steak pudding, the good things of life possess no real savor for you. Considering that he now lived in a world from which his Mr. Pecksniff had disappeared forever, Tom got along wonderfully well. Almost before he had time to worry about his lack of

employment a situation dropped upon Tom out of the sky, as it were—the situation of all situations best suited to his ability and taste. He was made librarian to a mysterious unknown whose chambers in the Temple were crammed with thousands of rare books in the most inviting disorder. It was Tom's labor of love to arrange these books and to catalogue them, and his recompense was the amazingly attractive salary of one hundred pounds a year.

The mystery of this employment was solved when old Martin Chuzzlewit dropped the mask which he had been wearing so long and stood revealed as Tom's benefactor, young Martin's and Mary Graham's friend, and the nemesis of Mr. Pecksniff. All the books had been arranged and neatly catalogued when Tom Pinch's friends assembled in the Temple chambers to witness the final overthrow of that precious rascal. In the happy days that followed, when Mary Graham had become the wife of young Martin Chuzzlewit and pretty Ruth the wife of John Westlock, the bachelor Tom was too sensible to repine over what might have been. Long before, he had told his beloved Mary to think of him as a friar, and a benevolent friar he might have been indeed as he sat at the organ (bought for his special benefit) in the home of John and Ruth which was also his home.

"What sounds are these that fall so grandly on the ear! What darkening room is this?"

"And that mild figure seated at an organ, who is he? Ah Tom, dear Tom, old friend!"

I shall not quote the rest of that beautiful closing page of *Martin Chuzzlewit*. Turn to it yourself, dear reader, and as you read it, thank God for the writer who sought to make us better by introducing us to Tom Pinch.

BALLADE OF THE BOOKWORM

By ANDREW LANG

Far in the Past I peer, and see
A Child upon the Nursery floor,
A Child with books upon his knee,
Who asks, like Oliver, for more!
The number of his years is IV,
And yet in Letters hath he skill,
How deep he dives in Fairy-lore!
The Books I loved, I love them still!

One gift the Fairies gave me: (Three
They commonly bestowed of yore)
The Love of Books, the Golden Key
That opens the Enchanted Door;
Behind it BLUEBEARD lurks, and o'er
And o'er doth JACK his Giants kill,
And there is all ALADDIN'S store,—
The Books I loved, I love them still!

Take all, but leave my Books to me!
These heavy creels of old we bore
We fill not now, nor wander free,
Nor wear the heart that once we wore;
Not now each River seems to pour
His waters from the Muses' hill;
Though something's gone from stream and shore,
The Books I loved, I love them still!

Envoy

Fate, that art Queen by shore and sea,
We bow submissive to thy will,
Ah grant, by some benign decree,
The Books I loved—to love them still.

AN ENIGMATIC NATURE

By ANTON TCHEKHOV

(Translated from the Russian by Constance Garnett)

On the red velvet seat of a first-class railway carriage a pretty lady sits half reclining. An expensive fluffy fan trembles in her tightly closed fingers, a pince-nez keeps dropping off her pretty little nose, the brooch heaves and falls on her bosom, like a boat on the ocean. She is greatly agitated.

On the seat opposite sits the Provincial Secretary of Special Commissions, a budding young author, who from time to time publishes long stories of high life, or "Novelli" as he calls them, in the leading paper of the province. He is gazing into her face, gazing intently, with the eyes of a connoisseur. He is watching, studying, catching every shade of this exceptional, enigmatic nature. He understands it, he fathoms it. Her soul, her whole psychology lies open before him.

"Oh, I understand, I understand you to your inmost depths," says the Secretary of Special Commissions, kissing her hand near the bracelet. "Your sensitive, responsive soul is seeking to escape from the maze of— Yes, the struggle is terrific, titanic. But do not lose heart, you will be triumphant! Yes!"

"Write about me, Valdemar," says the pretty lady, with a mournful smile. "My life has been so full, so varied, so chequered. Above all, I am unhappy. I am a suffering soul in some page of Dostoevsky. Reveal my soul to the world, Valdemar. Reveal that hapless soul. You are a psychologist. We have not been in the train an hour together and you have already fathomed my heart."

"Tell me, I beseech you, tell me."

"Listen. My father was a poor clerk in the Service. He had a good heart and was not without intelligence; but the spirit of his age—of his environment— *Vous comprenez*— I do not blame my poor

father. He drank, gambled, took bribes. My mother—but why say more? Poverty, the struggle for daily bread, the consciousness of insignificance—ah, do not force me to recall it. I had to make my own way. You know the monstrous education at a boarding school, foolish novel reading, the errors of early youth, the first timid flutter of love. It was awful! The vacillation! And the agonies of losing faith in life, oneself! Ah, you are an author. You know us women. You will understand. Unhappily, I have an intense nature. I looked for happiness—and what happiness! I longed to set my soul free. Yes. In that I saw my happiness!”

“Exquisite creature!” murmured the author, kissing her hand close to the bracelet. “It’s not you I am kissing, but the suffering of humanity. Do you remember Rashkolnikov and his kiss?”

“Oh, Valdemar, I longed for glory, renown, success, like every—why affect modesty?—every nature above the commonplace. I yearned for something extraordinary above the common lot of woman! And then—and then—there crossed my path—an old general—very well off. You understand, Valdemar, that it was self-sacrifice, renunciation. You see that. I could do nothing else. I restored the family fortunes, was able to travel, to do good. Yet how I suffered, how revolting, how loathsome to me were his embraces—though I will be fair to him—he had fought nobly in his day. There were moments—terrible moments—but I was kept up by the thought that from day to day the old man might die, that then I would begin to live as I liked, to give myself to the man I adore—be happy. There is such a man, Valdemar, indeed there is!”

The pretty lady flutters her fan more violently. Her face takes a lachrymose expression. She goes on:

“But at last the old man dies. He left me something. I was free as a bird of the air. Now is the moment for me to be happy, isn’t it, Valdemar?”

Happiness comes tapping at my window, I had only to let it in—but—Valdemar, listen, I implore you! Now is the time for me to give myself to the man I love, to become the partner of his life, to help, to uphold his ideals, to be happy—to find rest—but—how ignoble, repulsive, and senseless all our life is! How mean it all is, Valdemar. I am wretched, wretched, wretched! Again there is an obstacle in my path! Again I feel that my happiness is far, far away! Ah, what anguish!—if only you knew what anguish!”

“But what—what stands in your way? I implore you tell me! What is it?”

“Another old general, very well off—”

The fluffy fan conceals the pretty little face. The author props on his fist his thought-heavy brow and ponders with the air of a master in psychology. The engine is whistling and hissing while the window curtains flush red with the glow of the setting sun.

THE TOYSHOP

*(A Poem in Prose from the French of
Ephraim Mikhael)*

At present I do not remember the time or the place or whether it was a dream. As in a perpetual promenade men and women were walking to and fro. From the crowd perfumes arose. And as though insensible of the soft splendor of furs and velvets that brushed against me, and of the sweet smiles of luscious lips seen through delicate veils, I was seized with a vague weariness watching on my right and on my left the slow procession of monotonous promenaders.

Now, on a bench, a man was gazing upon the crowd with strange eyes, and as I approached him I heard him sob. I asked him why he thus lamented; and, uplifting his great feverish eyes, he who wept

said: "I am sad, you see, because for many days I have been shut up in this toyshop. For many days and many years I have seen none but puppets, and I am weary of being alone alive. They are of wood, but so marvelously fashioned that they move and speak like me. And yet I know they can only make forever the same movements and say forever the same words.

"These beautiful dolls, dressed in velvets and furs, who trail in the air a love-inspiring odor of iris, they are even better articulated. Their springs are much more delicate than the others, and when you know how to make them work you have the illusion of life."

He was silent for a moment; then, with the solemn voice of those who remember:

"Of yore I had chosen one, deliciously frail, and often in the evenings I held her in my arms. I had told her so many sweet things, that I finally believed she understood them; and I had tried so often to warm her with kisses that I thought she was alive. But I have since perceived that she too, like the others, was a doll stuffed with bran.

"Long have I hoped that some puppet might make a new movement, say a word that the others had not said. Now I am tired of breathing my dreams into them. I am weary, and I wish to leave this toyshop where they have shut me up. I implore you, if you can, lead me outside—outside, where there are living beings."

TRIVIA

By L. PEARSALL SMITH

I.—Social Success

The servant gave me my coat and hat, and in a glow of self-satisfaction I walked out into the night. "A delightful evening," I reflected, "the nicest kind of people. What I said about finance and French philosophy impressed them; and how they laughed when I imitated a pig squealing." But soon after, "God, it's awful," I muttered, "I wish I was dead."

II.—Talk

Once in a while, when doors are closed and curtains drawn on a group of free spirits, the miracle happens and Good Talk begins. 'Tis a sudden illumination—the glow, it may be of sanctified candles or, more likely, the blaze around a cauldron of gossip.

Is there an ecstasy or any intoxication like it? O, to talk, to talk people into monsters, to talk one's self out of one's clothes, to talk God from His Heaven, and turn everything in the world into a bright tissue of phrases!

These Pentecosts and outpourings of the spirit can only occur very rarely, or the Universe itself would be soon talked out of existence.

III.—Beauty

Among the ugly mugs of the world we see now and then a face made after the divine pattern. Then, a wonderful thing happens to us; the Blue Bird sings, the golden splendor shines, and for a queer moment everything seems meaningless save our impulse to follow those fair forms, to follow them to the clear Paradises they promise.

Plato assures us that these moments are not (as we are apt to think) mere blurs and delusions of the senses, but divine revelations; that in a lovely face we see imaged, as in a mirror, the Absolute Beauty—it is Reality, flashing on us in the cave where we dwell amid shadows and darkness. Therefore

we should follow these fair forms, and their shining footsteps will lead us upward to the highest heaven of Wisdom. The Poets also keep chanting this great doctrine of Beauty in grave notes to their golden strings. Its music floats up through the skies so sweet, so strange, that the very angels seem to lean from their stars to listen.

But, O Plato, O Shelley, O Angels of Heaven, what scrapes, what scrapes you get us into!

IV.—Misgiving

We were talking of people, and a name familiar to us all was mentioned. We paused and looked at each other; then soon, by means of anecdotes and clever touches, that personality was reconstructed in our conversation. It seemed to appear before us, large, pink and life-like, and give a comic sketch of itself with appropriate poses.

"Of course," I said to myself, "this sort of thing never happens to me." For the notion was quite unthinkable, the notion I mean of my own image, so dear to me and strange and sacred, caught like this, defenseless, in a net of talk, and called up to turn my discreet way of life into a cake-walk.

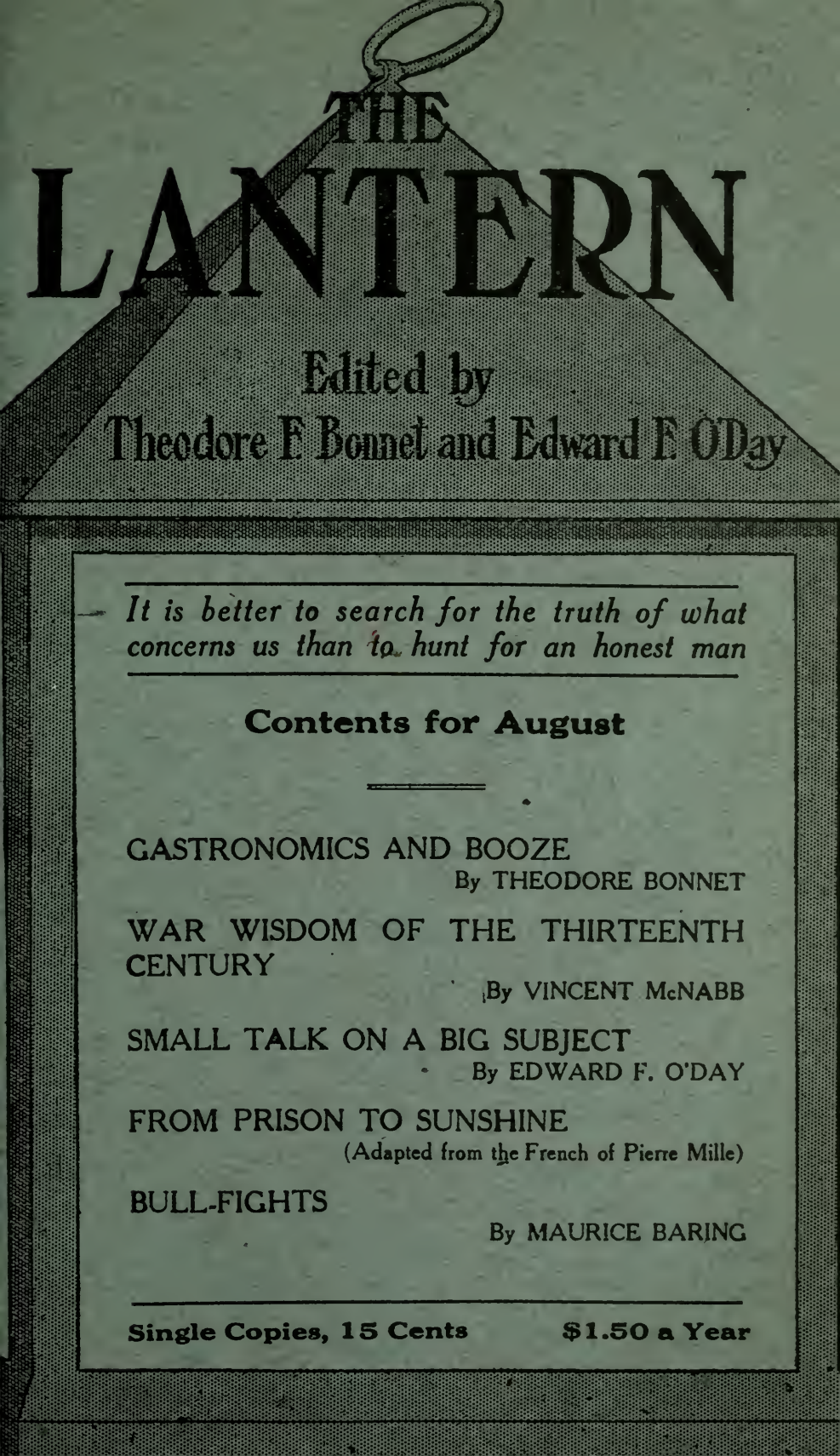
V.—Youth

O dear, this living and eating and growing old; these doubts and aches in the back, and want of interest in stars and roses. . . .

Am I the person who used to wake in the middle of the night and laugh with the joy of living? Who worried about the existence of God, and danced with young ladies till long after daybreak? Who sang "Auld Lang Syne" and howled with merriment, and more than once gazed at the full Moon through a blur of great, romantic tears?

VI.—Apotheosis

O, those heavenly moments when I feel this trivial universe too small to contain my attributes; when a sense of the divine Ipseity invades me; when I know that my voice is the voice of Truth, and my umbrella God's umbrella!



THE LANTERN

Edited by
Theodore E Bonnet and Edward E O'Day

*It is better to search for the truth of what
concerns us than to hunt for an honest man*

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THE LANTERN

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Gastronomics and Booze

By THEODORE BONNET

In the good old days of deep-drinking in merry England when three-bottle men, as they were called, were envied and universally respected, the tavern was many a man's shrine but the cook was never a high-priest. I hope it will cast no gloom over this article if I say, as one that knew something of a somewhat similar period, that it had a strong advantage over times we live in. In San Francisco a quarter of a century ago were several large groups of men who loved the tavern life (as it existed here and nowhere else) along a highway known as the cocktail route. They were men of intellect, men of what we now call the Bohemian temperament, who could charm you with their buoyant nature, who could meet misfortune half-way with a smile. All were deep-drinkers who had admiration for the bar-keeper's art but none at all for the cook's. They lived long and merry lives.

These are observations that may be of service to you if you will but turn them over in your mind as I have. Today the cook cuts a very important figure in the world, and if medical science is reliable he is responsible for most of the ills that flesh is heir to in this twentieth century. What are these things we call the diseases of modern civilization? Whatever they are the cure for most of them is diet. The other day a physician of the New York Skin and Cancer Hospital ventured the opinion that by eating less we might cure our worst ailments; even solve the cancer problem. This is good news now that the pursuit of health has become an engrossing

study. We are all practicing the complicated game of preserving health, and giving things up is the gospel and occupation of our times. To reach middle age is to become a martyr to health, and when a man is old enough to take a wife he is in need of a nurse. Even young men are dissolving lithia tablets instead of sipping high balls, and women are diluting champagne with ice.

Yet it is agreed that nearly all the derangements of the human system, whether marked by the pains of gout or the high blood pressure that ruptures our arteries are to be traced to food. We eat as though we had stomachs cased in steel, and at best we are all drawing exorbitant drafts on the future. All the while the French chef or the Anglo-Saxon *cordons bleus* is playing into the hands of the doctor with novelties from the cuisine—casserole dishes, new sauces, a new suprême à la so and so or a new vol-au-vent à la somebody or nobody in particular.

Now I am not writing a treatise on health or an argument in favor of choosing between chronic dyspepsia and self-control. That I may not mislead you, dear reader, I will own at the outset the religious purpose of reviving the good old practice of what Hilaire Belloc calls Christian Drinking. The decline of this practice among Anglo-Saxons, as I have learned from much earnest and profound study, was due to the revival of the swinish gluttony of Paganism. For this revival we must blame those conscience-keepers of mankind, the Puritans of old England. Puritanism is one form of Paganism, the form introduced in Rome in the days of Nero by Apollonius of Tyana, as anyone may learn by reading the life of that ascetic disturber of the peace.

The first notable official attempt in the world to prohibit Christian drinking was one made in India where Apollonius planted his Puritanical creed. As an apostle of teetotalism in India the Pajandrum Aurungzib ordered all Christians to leave Delhi and live beyond the borders at a league's distance from

the city where they had permission to drink liquor but not to sell. The Pajandrum's next step was to cut off one hand and foot from every Hindu and Mohammedan tavern-keeper who continued to sell liquor. A powerful potentate was the Pajandrum Aurungzib. He was able to settle all fiscal difficulties, though he went so far as to double the value of the coin of the realm with an *ipse dixit*; or rather by flinging a contumacious banker from a high wall, breaking his bones. But despite his Draconian methods he could make prohibition no more effective than it is today in Maine or Kansas or any other land of blind pigs.

Now it is not to be said that the sour old Puritans of England were intentionally Pagan. They meant well, like nearly all reformers, but they have proved a great curse to the world. How great a curse it is impossible to estimate, and we have the melancholy prospect of its persisting, for its cause is an hereditary state of mind. There are Puritans in all religions. It is not that they are concerned about otherworldliness; their trouble is a myopia of mental vision, a kind of birth-mark that makes them peculiar, like our putative lovers of mankind or our apostles of unpreparedness. Hence it was that every gifted English writer with a sense of humor from Macaulay to Matthew Arnold took some opportunity of assailing "the snuffling, whining saints who christened their children out of the book of Nehemiah, and who thought it impious to taste plum porridge on Christmas Day." Sir Walter Scott belabored "the round-head rebels" as he dubbed the Puritans; Browning described them as "pestilent carles;" Arnold tells us their philosophy leads to "a narrowness and intellectual poverty almost incredible."

From what the apostle of sweetness and light says one perceives that the Puritans of old were much like their progeny of today. They led a life of jealousy, he says; "of disputes at tea-meetings, and for a treat in the evening they were given a lecture on

teetotalism and nunneries." The impression one gets from Arnold as to the kinship between the Puritans of old and the Puritans of today is deepened by Charles Russell who tells us that to the Puritans of old the soldier's profession was one of pitfalls. Today it is the prohibition Puritans who are for peace at any price. "Unless you were disposed to become a clergyman or a doctor," says Russell, "you should take to a career of moneymaking." "The teaching of the New Testament about the perils of riches was much diluted by them, and though they were in favor of teetotalism the brewing industry, which was very profitable, was a peculiarly Puritan trade. Buxton and Hanbury and Hoare and Whitebread and Charington are names which still testify to the Evangelical association of malt and hops." Speaking of the Puritans of his own early Victorian days Russell says there were not a few among them "whose gastronomical instincts resembled those of Mr. Chadband, and went far to justify Matthew Arnold's dictum that the modern Puritan idea of heaven was a glorified and unending tea-meeting." The explanation of all this is that the Puritan is a man incomplete in the matter of senses. In him is missed the saving sense of humor.

But, if you will pardon my dogmatism, the Puritans, as I have said, have proved a great curse to the world. I will not say they never did any good. At times there was some need of their Utopian ideals, but they never had sense enough to let well enough alone. Even Charles Kingsley, who sympathized with them, had to admit their "cussedness," but he had no sense of the tendency of their teaching, no prevision of its ultimate effect on the human system. Nor had he any conception of the value of the hilarity that was characteristic of normal Englishmen from the days when Shakespeare created his bibulous Fat Knight down to the period immediately preceding the tea-meeting, the days when people were laughing at the misad-

ventures of Tom Jones. The triumph of joylessness was a sad consummation to come. Then it was oh, for the days of the three-bottle men, the days of health-giving boisterous laughter, the kind that holds its sides and is unashamed. Joy and laughter!—these are the only begetters of virtue. The solemnity of the tea-meeting spells silence, and in silence we fall into an abyss of vice, as at Long Beach where the Puritans like their forbears of England paint the delights of Paradise in the Old Testament terms of food, as a land flowing with milk and honey. When the three-bottle men were drinking like Christian gentlemen the last shred of restraint was taken from them. In the presence of Shakespeare or Rabelais, they were dissolved in uncontrollable laughter. Drinking was a measure of manhood in those joyous, happy times before the table became an altar. When men spoke of the pleasures of the table, they meant the joys of conversation which they stimulated with port, Madeira and punch. When, as sometimes happened, they were no longer able to converse, they retired discreetly beneath the table. They were always gentlemen and though they drank copiously, they ate little. It was chiefly because they were gentlemen that the great wits among them belabored the teetotalers who would interfere with their pleasures. It is natural for a gentleman to dislike a boor, and of course no man can be at once an aggressive teetotaler and a gentleman. I use the term with discretion, not in the sense of a man's being generous, truthful and magnanimous, loyal to his friends and fair to his enemies. If ever there was a quality that deserves a name, it is the quality that makes a man a prohibitionist, the "nogentleman" quality, as I would call it, the quality that bespeaks indifference to other people's feelings and implies an inclination to the impertinence of dictating the tastes and manners of others.

To get back from my excursion into dogmatism and depend on history rather than my own views I

will explain that while for many years the Puritans were more or less successful in their war on all manifestations of gaiety and amusement, they made no headway in their teetotal crusade until the French Revolution. It was not until they tickled the palate of *fin de siècle* Englishmen and weaned them from good wines with *hors d'oeuvres* and *entremets*; with rich sauces and piquant stuffings—all the things that are horribly indigestible. Across the channel came the chefs that escaped the guillotine in the Reign of Terror. For serving princes they were put to flight, and, more fortunate than other émigrés, they found lucrative places in England where they introduced dishes famous in Paris. Those were the days of Brillat-Savarin, the enthusiastic gourmet who concentrated his attention on the esthetics of the dinner table and, after Waterloo, wrote the *Physiologue du Gout*. Just before the French Revolution Parisians devoted a lot of time to what centuries before Montaigne called the gullet-service. Royalty became stronger in cookery than in statecraft. Along came Madame de Sévigné to glorify the *maître d'hôtel*. I think it was about that time that Prince de Soubise immortalized himself by putting a soupçon of onions in a sauce. The sauce *Béchamel* gave undying fame to its author and there was a Russian princess in Paris who survived many years in the *potage* which was the *spécialité* of the *Trois Frères*.

While the French of that period were wallowing in dishes as though touched by Circe's wand, the English, true to the traditions of deep drinking, were making a virtue of carelessness about food. They were enthusiastic only about good liquor. It has been said of them that they were able to drink as they drank because they ate as they ate. From this it has been argued that a man might drink too much provided that he ate too much as well. The deduction is false. Men drank as they drank in the old days because they ate so little, and we might

drink more if we ate less. At times I have thought that the virtue of Bulgarian culture was not that it drove microbes out of the intestines but that it reduced the supply by reducing the volume of food that entered the stomach. Drink a bottle of Bulgarian culture and you have little room left for food. The same result is to be obtained from a bottle of beer, which is better than Bulgarian culture because there is more nourishment in it and no sour milk, which, as a matter of fact, is fit only for swine.

Now wherever there is not carelessness about food there is the Pagan habit of over-eating. The old Roman perverts were not careless about food, and so they used a feather. Only poets, like Horace, knew of the inspiration to be got from wine. The feeding of the beast was the main consideration in the days of Tiberius and Nero as one learns from Petronius. In the description given by that entertaining writer of Trimalchio's dinner he has hardly anything to say about drink. Only once does he mention the wine—Opimian Falernian. But he goes into particulars about the food—dormice in honey spiced with poppy seed, smoking hot sausages on a silver gridiron, roast beef, kidneys, lamb's fry, delicacies in pork, fish, hare, lobster, goose; also, rare vegetables, laserpitium from Libya and ravens' head pies. Men that ate all that trash were not deep drinkers. It is impossible to eat like a hog and keep one's palate sensitive to good liquor. So it is that nowadays one bottle of wine is more than the average man can consume at a sitting.

If you would know to what an extent we have degenerated read the diary of Samuel Wilberforce, that section written before he was Bishop of Oxford, when he was rector of Brightstone in the Isle of Wight. About this time there was a growing enthusiasm for French dishes in London, but in the provinces people were still careless about food. Consider Wilberforce's idea of what he called "a

good audit dinner." This is his account of one: "Twenty-three people consumed eleven bottles of wine, twenty-eight quarts of beer, two and a half of spirits and twelve bowls of punch; and would have drunk twice as much if not restrained." That is what I should call in these gullet-service days immoderate drinking. Such is my degeneracy. I will go so far as to say that I have no recollection of ever having seen so much exhilarating liquid consumed at one sitting. But less than a century ago men were proud of their capacity, and not without excellent reason. And that they might drink more they ate less. Now that "good audit dinner" did not strike the rector of Brightstone as remarkable. He wound up his paragraph in the diary with this complacent comment: "None, we hope, drunk." Assuredly nobody was attacked with acute dyspepsia, for when a man indulges his thirst till he sets the roots of his tongue afloat he is perforce averse to stuffing himself with viands.

So little attention did the reverend author of the diary pay to food that he does not so much as tell us what was eaten at that "good audit dinner." The good clergyman was probably like Montaigne who always ate the dish nearest to him. He was careless about his food like Thoreau who declared that when he was hungry he could dine off a fried rat. It is only the gourmet who is more particular about sauces than about wines, and while it is only the non-drinker who has grave stomach troubles it is chiefly the meat eater whose arteries begin to harden in the early fifties. Perhaps it will not be long before science verifies the views of the physician of the New York Skin and Cancer Hospital who says that most of the diseases of modern civilization, including cancer, are due more to what we eat than anything else. Whatever the truth, we know at least that cancer was a curiosity in the days of Samuel Johnson who remembered "when all the decent people of Lichfield got drunk every

night and were not the worse thought of." The decent people, to be sure! The indecent people were the gluttons, for it is the glutton, as Milton tells us, who "crams" himself and "blasphemes his feeder," never looking to heaven "amid his gorgeous feast."

The custom in Johnson's day and in the days of Samuel Wilberforce—the custom of Christian drinking, was the custom in England generally from the days when the seeds of Christianity began to sprout there until the days when Brillat-Savarin propagated his Pagan ideas among the Puritans. There was never any complaint about eating in that country until the Rev. Sydney Smith remarked: "I have come to the conclusion that mankind consumes too much food." Sydney Smith, who was a contemporary of the French gourmet, never complained that mankind drank too much. No wonder! Sydney Smith was a man with a sense of humor. He was not in sympathy with Philistines. He illuminated the truth that a man of humor can be neither provincial nor intolerant nor ephemeral. Humor alone, and invariably, removes the mind to a distance and enables a man to see not only his own time and environment but beyond and outside. There was much agitation against drink in Sydney Smith's day, and though it was a time of much drunkenness in some circles, his complaint was that people were eating too much. Sauces were becoming popular in court circles, but not among three-bottle men, most of whom were of the Republic of Letters; which reminds me that literary genius has never favored teetotalism. Has there ever been a lover in literature who ate to excess? Never! Fancy Juliet falling in love with Romeo if he had gorged himself like Trimalchio! Even the authors who have praised eating never praised it apart from liquor. If esthetes have doted on ortolans, it was ortolans plus Chambertin. To an esthete the business of chewing and insalivation is repellant. Hence it was

that Byron detested so excessively the sight of a beautiful woman eating. In the early Victorian days, before food had taken the bloom off life, fashionable women (the records tell us) realized the indelicacy of eating right out before everybody, and it was an unwise girl who was not aware of the advantage of affecting inability to cope with the undivided wing of a chicken. The small appetite was genteel, but champagne opened a door into Paradise. Alas! along with other times were coming other manners. The "silent processes of time," says Herbert Spencer, worked a change and drunkenness became a social vice.

Maybe you are not aware that this temperate philosopher and leader among sociologists was the first man of prominence to raise his voice against prohibition. In the seventies of the last century he wrote an essay to illustrate, as he said, "the curious truth that while an evil is very great it attracts little or no attention; that when from one or other causes it is mitigated, recognition of it brings efforts to decrease it; and that when it is much diminished there comes a demand that strong measures shall be taken for its extinction."

One of the instances cited by Spencer was the immense decline in drunkenness which had taken place since the eighteenth century, "followed during recent times," said he, "by a loud advocacy of legislation for suppressing the traffic in drink." These references to his essay were made by Spencer in the eighties, in an article wherein he discussed the follies and futility of "Spontaneous Reform." In this article he pointed out that the eighteenth century in England was notable for deep-drinking, and he called attention to a diocesan history that he had found on the shelves of a country house wherein were discussed some extracts from the diary of a Thomas Turner, a mercer in a Sussex village. The historian spoke of this mercer as a religious man who, when he "had not got too drunk on Saturday

evenings went to church on Sunday, and always made some criticism on the sermon." Bad as he was, however, in regard to intemperance, said the Puritanical historian, "he does not seem to have been much worse than most of his neighbors. Whether they met for business or for pleasure the ordinary result was that the company broke up in a state of intoxication."

Among the extracts from the diary are these:

Nov. 25: The curate of Laughton came to the shop and stayed till he got in liquor, and being so complaisant as to keep him company I was quite drunk.

Nov. 28: This Friday a party of fifteen people, including the vicar of the parish Mr. Porter and his wife met at 4 in the afternoon. After supper drinking all the time as fast as it could be poured down. . . . At the instigation of Mrs. Porter, the vicar's wife, the carouse was resumed next morning. On Sunday we had as good a sermon as I ever heard Mr. Porter preach, it being against swearing.

Mark you, the sermon was not against drinking, though in all probability Mr. Porter had quite a head. A few days later the same party met at Mr. Porter's. Of this meeting the diarist says: "We continued drinking like horses and singing till many of us were drunk." Speaking of another occasion, he says: "Before I came away I think I may say there was not one sober person in the company." In the same history similar testimony of customs at the end of the eighteenth century is given by Walter Gane, a schoolmaster.

Were it possible to find affirmative proof I shouldn't mind laying a small wager that the Rev. Mr. Porter was a preacher of the old school, not at all like the hired propagandists of the twentieth century pulpit, so many of whom are contributing scandals to the daily press. The vicar of Mr. Turner's village was a deep drinker, and therefore a Christian drinker; in all probability loyal to his wife, averse to affinities, given to many spiritual graces and quite sure that his church was the ves-

tibule to an immortal life. For the type of pastor whom Goldsmith introduces us to in *The Deserted Village* was not uncommon among his deep-drinking contemporaries. A new order has come in since then. The Pagan practices of the time of Petronius have been revived, and people eat as they did at Trimalchio's feast which was as notable for its food and its feather as the dinners of Wilberforce's day were for their wine and their wit.

How, by the way, can anybody at once pretend to be a good Christian and hate wine? As Chesterton has pointed out Christ made a sacrament out of wine, and all the early Christian poets wrote their sweetest verses in praise of wine. Fancy a poet glorifying a prohibition banquet! The poem would serve the purpose of the Roman feather. All poets recognize that drinking has spiritual and imaginative results unknown to the disgusting glutton. Some of them are quite vehement on the subject, as for example, Mr. Chesterton:

Feast on wine or fast on water
And your honor shall stand sure;
God Almighty's son and daughter,
He the valiant, she the pure;
If an angel out of heaven
Brings you other things to drink,
Thank him for his kind intentions,
Go and pour them down the sink.

Some poets are of the opinion that eating is something which ought not to be mentioned in polite society, and they know of nothing to praise in Paganism but Bacchus and Venus and the Saturnalia with its burst of misrule. The Saturnalia! What a glorious festival! Then was the dead weight of order lifted. Comic spirits possessed the souls of men inviting them to give unrestrained expression to their natural passions and emotions. Oh, for the return of the Saturnalia and the revival of Christian drinking!

WAR WISDOM OF THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY

By VINCENT MCNABB

(Tolstoi is the great apostle of the pacifists. In his book "My Religion" he told how all the difficulty he experienced in accommodating Christianity to the conditions of modern life was solved when he came upon the New Testament text: "Resist not evil." On that text he founded his opposition to war, and the pacifists of today are content to repeat his arguments. St. Thomas Aquinas was a great Christian of the thirteenth century; he was so much greater than Tolstoi that the two scarcely may be compared. Perhaps Tolstoi never read the following excerpt from Aquinas wherein his pacifist position was completely forestalled.)

Some wise man of the present generation has said: "No one can be entirely modern who does not spend most of his leisure in reading books at least five hundred years old." For this reason let me give my readers a literal translation of an article of St. Thomas Aquinas. It is entitled, "Whether a Religious Order can be founded for Warfaring?"

(The great thinker always begins by giving the arguments of his adversaries with great clearness.)

1st Obj.—It seems that no Religious Order could be organized for warfaring. A Religious Order belongs to the state of perfection. Now to the state of perfect Christian life pertains what our Lord says: "But I say to you not to resist evil; but if one strike thee on the right cheek turn to him also the other." Therefore no religious order can be founded for warfaring.

2nd Obj.—Moreover, the bodily strife of battle is a weightier thing than the word-warfare that takes place in law pleadings. But it is forbidden a religious man to plead at the bar; as is clear from the Decretal "De Postulando." Therefore much less may any religious order be founded for warfaring.

3rd Obj.—The state of religion is a state of penance. But, according to law, penitents are forbidden to be soldiers; for it is said in the Decretal "De Pœnit:" It is clean contrary to ecclesiastical law that any one after penance should go back to the

secular army." Therefore no religious order can be founded for warfaring.

4th Obj.—No religious order can be organized for anything unjust. But, as Isidore says: "A just war is one that is undertaken by imperial command." Now since religious are but private persons, it seems they could not lawfully wage war; and hence a religious order could not be organized for warfaring.

(St. Thomas now gives his own opinion.)

But, on the contrary, St. Augustine says to Boniface: "Think not that no one who bears weapons of war can please God. Of these was the holy David, to whom the Lord bore high witness." Now religious orders are organized that men may be well-pleasing to God. Therefore nothing forbids a religious order from being founded for warfaring.

In reply, I say that a religious order can be organized not only for the works of the contemplative life, but also for the works of the active life; not, indeed, inasmuch as these avail to obtain some worldly goods, but inasmuch as they concern help for our neighbor and the worship of God. Now the military profession can be directed to the help of our neighbor not only as regards private individuals but even as regards the defense of the whole kingdom. Hence of Judas Maccabeus it is said that "he fought with cheerfulness the battle of Israel, and he got his people great honor."

Again it can be organized to preserve the true service of God; hence it is added in the same place that Judas said: "We will fight for our lives and our laws." And later on Simon says: "You know what great battles I and my brethren and the house of my father have fought for the laws and the sanctuary."

Hence a religious order may fittingly be founded for warfaring—not, indeed, for any temporal good—but for defense of divine worship and of the public safety; or of the poor and downtrodden, ac-

cording to the Psalm 81, "Rescue the poor and deliver the needy out of the hand of the sinner."

Reply to the 1st Obj.—A man may forbear to resist evil in two ways: First, by forgiving an injury done to himself; and this can belong to perfection when it may prudently be done for the good of others. Secondly, by patiently bearing injuries done to others; and this belongs to imperfection, or even to sin, if a man can rightly resist the wrongdoer. Hence Ambrose says: "The fortitude that in war defends the fatherland from the foe or in the home defends the sick and friends from robbers, is full of justice." Moreover, if a man has the duty of safeguarding what belongs to another and does not safeguard it, he sins, for it is praiseworthy in a man to bestow what belongs to himself, not what belongs to another. And much less what belongs to God must not be "neglected;" for Chrysostom says that "to pass over injuries done to God is great wickedness."

Reply to 2nd Obj.—To undertake the function of advocate for any temporal gain is repugnant to every religious order; but not so if it is undertaken by command of the superior for the good of the monastery; or for the defense of the poor and widows. Hence it is said in the Decretals: "The Holy Synod decrees that henceforth no cleric shall deal in business or mix himself in worldly affairs, except for the good of orphans and widows." So likewise to warfare for any temporal gain is contrary to every religious order; but not to warfare for God's service.

Reply to 3rd Obj.—Worldly warfaring is forbidden to penitents. But warfaring for a divine purpose is given as a penance: as appears from those who are given the penance to fight for the Holy Land.

Reply to 4th Obj.—No religious order is so organized for warfaring that they can wage war by their own authority; but only by the authority of the Sovereign or Church.

* * * * *

In this tense, precise, passionless statement the second cousin of the Emperor Frederic has succeeded in embodying nearly every principle the mind of man needs to deal wisely with the ultimate appeal of war.

Thomas d'Aquinas had lived almost all his life within sight and sound of battlefields. He had probably been driven from Monte Cassino by the hand of war. His home had been sacked, his brothers killed by the Emperor. Personally he was one of those heroes who would have laid down their lives for a great cause.

Yet he clearly distinguished a man's right to give away what is his own from his right or power to give away what is another's. This simple distinction, were it known and accepted today, would bring accurate thinking into the counsels of many men who are saying "Peace, peace, when there is no peace."

It is significant and characteristic that a course of action which would normally be hostile to the atmosphere of the cloister, may lawfully be undertaken in defense of the orphans, widows, the poor, the downtrodden. The unfit alone are worthy of a crusade! Principles like these remind us how far we have drifted from the thirteenth century.

The optimism of the Saint is so absolute that war, which many men look upon as an incurable evil, may sometimes be so righteous, just and necessary that man can dedicate to it that fine flower of Christian mysticism—a religious order.

It is all most wise. But it is a wisdom like unto her who is "fair as the moon and terrible as an army in battle array."

SMALL TALK ON A BIG SUBJECT

By EDWARD F. O'DAY

Most of us are not heroes. Whether fortunately or otherwise we are cast mostly in the merely human mold. We have our little tragedies, our little comedies; perhaps there are times when we have been deeply moved by sorrow or by joy. But the stirring passions of humanity which produce great virtues and monumental weaknesses have never wakened in our breasts. We tread our little measure from the cradle to the grave, and pass away unheeded by the great world. Within a small horizon our doings and our sayings loom large with importance; beyond it they are unknown.

And so, from hour to hour, we ripe and ripe;
And then, from hour to hour, we rot and rot;
And thereby hangs a tale.

As a rule, the tale is soon told and interests only a few. But we have our compensations. The heavy storms of life pass us by; the responsibilities of greatness do not press upon our shoulders. And when the dull routine of ordinary existence palls upon us, we can easily transport ourselves to the land of romance or walk arm in arm with greatness.

The one is accomplished by forgetting our cares in the pages of a novel; the other, by reading the lives of heroes.

But there is this difference between the fictitious characters that please us most, and the great men whose careers are most popular. Your hero of romance is never so attractive as when he performs some feat that we know ourselves incapable of; whereas, the actors who played the leading roles on the stage of the real world are most interesting when they are most human. We like to see them in the unguarded moments of family life. They look very well on dress parade, but let us get a

peep at them when they have donned dressing-gown and slippers and toast their shins before the fire. Then they cease to be heroes. They come down to our plane and we can understand them.

Napoleon at Austerlitz and Waterloo is a tremendous and inspiring figure, but Napoleon in his chamber is full of human interest. Hundreds who could give no definite account of the Italian campaign, can remember that the "Little Corporal" whittled the furniture with a jack-knife while he dictated dispatches to his secretary. His rooted aversion to stout women sticks in the memory when the date of his coronation is forgotten.

Julius Caesar marching on foot and bareheaded at the head of his army, appeals to us; the same hero sweeping insurrection out of Gaul is a dim memory of student days. The picturesque incident of the crossing of the Rubicon is familiar to all. How many can explain its bearing on subsequent history? Our foolish heads recall his fondness for perfume or his sentiments on wifely fidelity when we cudgel our brains in vain for the date of his assassination.

These things are not to be regarded as trivial. They help to round out the features of greatness and serve as a reminder that the mightiest of heroes and the smallest and least important of men have something in common. When flatterers assured Alexander that he was the son, not of Philip of Macedon but of Jupiter Ammon, he replied: "Those who have seen me drunk know otherwise." It pleases our vanity to understand that even the immortal few who were not born to die kept at least one foot on earth.

After the Roman Emperor Diocletian retired from the throne which he had shared with Maximian, he found peace and contentment on a little farm in Dalmatia. When rebellion threatened the Empire Maximian sent to his old companion in arms and in power begging him to put on the purple once more. "If Maximian saw what fine cabbages I

raise here," Diocletian replied to the messenger, "he would not ask me to give up my happiness for a share of his power."

It is not difficult to remember that story. It tickles our conceit to find an emperor with the same contempt for pomp upon which we pride ourselves. No doubt it is part of the democratic spirit to level the actions of kings with our own and to take an unholy pleasure in convicting them of commonplace sins. When they have our failings we hail them as brothers; when they indulge vices from which we are free, we reckon ourselves so far their superiors. What boots it that William the Conqueror and Richard the Third were profane men? Certainly there is profanity enough extant without searching the corridors of fame for it. Yet every historian of England records that William swore "by the majesty of God" and that "by the thumb of St. Paul" was bloody Richard's favorite oath. The strange thing is that the human note about these facts, perhaps their mild naughtiness, impresses them more strongly on the mind than the Battle of Hastings or the uprising of Richmond.

Fame has its drawbacks as well as its charms. When the world sits in judgment on a man and declares that henceforward he shall be called great, it exacts hard conditions from him. His deeds, good and bad, must be laid bare; the probe of the historian searches the most sensitive regions. Nothing he has done or left undone is extenuated; happy for him if the chronicler sets down naught in malice.

And yet, great men frequently get credit for actions which show no particular merit, and are excused for offenses which should never be palliated. When Socrates halts in the midst of a profound discourse to fondle a strange child that toddles by, his biographer must needs stop short to admire the gentleness of the old philosopher. Ordinary mortals get no applause for such an act. And when the grave Cato, to ease his care-laden mind, indulges a

little too freely in wine, Seneca who relates the circumstance, remarks that such a weakness does not disgrace Cato, but rather, Cato glorifies the failing!

When Macaulay threw aside his pen after a long sitting, he would go to the nursery to amuse himself with his little nephews and nieces. Anyone who wishes may read how he built a great den of papers and crawled into it, roaring like a Bengal tiger, while the children screamed with delight. That sort of romping is not uncommon among less illustrious men, but they never get the credit for it that is given to Macaulay. Cruelty to animals and insects is widespread, and all humane people condemn it. Yet the great metaphysician Spinoza amused his leisure by setting spiders to fight each other, shaking with laughter as he watched them, and of twenty authors who have retailed the story, probably one rebukes him for it.

Thus it is that greatness casts a glamor over everything. Trifles light as air are chronicled as soberly as momentous enterprises. After all, it may be true that the great show their preëminent qualities as much in their moments of relaxation as in their serious hours. The mornings that Descartes spent digging in his garden gave his keen mind the philosophic calm that must precede deep thought. Scott thinning out the trees around Abbotsford by way of exercise, was still creating characters and shaping situations as he worked. Those long country walks which ultimately broke down the health of Dickens bore fruit in novels that the world will never forget. The little and the big events of life are so connected that we cannot understand great men aright if we overlook their trivial actions.

If this reason does not satisfy the insistent crowd of motive-mongers, I throw up my hands and confess that perhaps there is a little curiosity at the bottom of the matter. We may scorn to look over the fence into our neighbor's back yard, but if biographers and historians grow gossipy why should we not

listen? And so we take a peep at the dignified Richelieu playing at leap-frog and "making a back" for the Count de Grammont. We are not too staid to be interested in the fact that Cicero always scratched his head when perplexed and thereby hastened his baldness. If King James the Second fiddled with his clothes when he was angry, why should we not know it? Certainly, if the writers who describe the Massacre of St. Bartholomew choose to tell us that when Admiral Coligny became excited he would put a toothpick in his mouth and champ it to pulp, there is nothing frivolous in our remembering it.

It is a small world and is largely made up of very small actions. When history is a faithful mirror of the times it reflects a vast deal of nonsense. And so we reconcile ourselves to our lack of heroic stuff. I repeat, we are not geniuses, we are not heroes. But we are severely critical of these supermen, and we analyze their qualities with considerable satisfaction to ourselves.

If genius, we tell ourselves, always acted by set rules we should all have a chance to be immortal. It would only be necessary to ascertain the formula and apply it to ourselves. But unfortunately, it has been decreed otherwise. Certain men are singled out in every generation; the divine spark is kindled in their souls, and behold! they leave an impress on their age which time can never efface. How they are chosen we know not. The bolt which blasts the withered tree and leaves the near-by sapling unscathed must act according to some principle of nature, but the mystery has not yet been solved.

Why was Julius Caesar, the curled and perfumed dandy of Rome, the gay and careless habitue of the Suburra, destined to be one of the world's greatest soldiers? Why was Bonaparte, a poor Corsican who hated France for conquering his native island, chosen to be the supreme idol of all patriotic Frenchmen? These men do not seem, to our quick glance,

to have made adequate preparation for the great parts they played. Most assuredly they did not take themselves as seriously as history treated them. They made and unmade nations with about the same care that we should bestow on making or cancelling an engagement for dinner. They treated man and nature with supreme indifference, nay, with contempt, and man is still singing their praises, while nature is marked, almost indelibly, with their achievements.

Who knows but that fame is best won by indifference? Men who spent their lives coaxing and wheedling for a place in her temple have been given over to oblivion; others who seemed supremely careless of her favors have been rewarded with the most conspicuous niches at her disposal.

But some of the world's greatest men have not become famous at all. Fame is personal, it is a matter of names, and where a name has been lost there can be no celebrity. There is no world renown for the man who fashioned the first pyramid. The Sphinx which stands unmoved on the shifting sands of the desert, the emblem of immortality, has not made its architect immortal. Surely the builders who conceived the ideas of these mighty monuments could have found means to perpetuate their names. Did they despise fame? Were they determined to show mankind what human brains and human hands could do without exacting the tribute of personal admiration and glory? If so, their self-denial was more sublime than all their other powers. Fame is a great deal, but to have wrought so that even the reward which fame proffers may be refused is a transcendent distinction that belongs to very few.

Who was he whom we call Homer? Was he a wandering minstrel who actually begged his bread through the seven cities of Greece which afterward contended for the honor of being called his birth-place? Or is the *Iliad* merely a collection of ballads by various bards? We shall never know. The secret is hidden in the bosom of antiquity. The glory

of Homer is as supreme and at the same time as impersonal as that of the Sphinx builder.

Shakespeare lived too late in the world's history to be completely forgotten. And yet, what a glorious indifference to fame he showed! He left his plays uncorrected and unedited. He seemed content during his lifetime that they should be the prey of pirate publishers who printed them from inaccurate stage copies. He took no measures to preserve *Hamlet* and *Lear* and *Othello* for the benefit of posterity. He prepared a curse for the man who should dare profane his bones; *Macbeth* and *Julius Caesar* and *As You Like It* might shift for themselves. Perhaps he knew that they were too great to be forgotten.

Other poets have used infinite pains and exerted infinite skill to defeat forgetfulness, all to no purpose. What Shakespeare attained without trying is beyond their power. Fate may be capricious, or it may be that the qualities which command immortal fame and the qualities which make a man indifferent to it are near akin. The heir is not wont to worry about the fortune which he is sure to inherit, but the doubtful legatee is sometimes painfully anxious.

There is a story told of Wordsworth which illustrates this point. One day he was dining in a large company which included the great scientist, Sir Humphrey Davy. The conversation turned on indifferent topics, when suddenly Wordsworth, *apropos* of nothing whatever, called out from the top of the table to the bottom, in his most impressive tone: "Davy!" Sir Humphrey inclined his ear, in awful expectation of what was coming, and the poet demanded: "Do you know the reason why I published the *White Doe* in quarto?" "No," said Davy; "what was it?" Wordsworth answered with epic solemnity, "To show the world my own high opinion of it."

It is true that Wordsworth is now numbered among the immortals. After many disputes the critics have agreed to give him a prominent place on England's

roster of poesy, where the sincere but silent admirers of good verse had placed him long before. But the fact remains that if the *White Doe* had been found wanting it would not have been saved, though Wordsworth had engraved it on a tablet of brass.

When inspiration floods the soul of the poet and sets his pen to work, he has no time to think of fame. He flings his heart into the music of his lines and gives the completed poem to the world to judge as it will. The astronomer who marshals his mathematical formulas and arrays his delicate instruments to wrest another secret from the skies, cannot stop to flirt with immortality. His hand is scribbling equations and his eye is gued to the telescope. Nor can the general who is hurling his men against a stubborn battle-line spare a minute to strike an attitude for the portrait painter. The event of the moment is all-absorbing; immortality must take care of itself.

I must admit that not all poets, astronomers and generals (to confine ourselves to three of the higher orders of genius) are willing to abide by these rigorous conditions. But that is equivalent to saying that the world has had but few Shakespeares and Newtons and Napoleons. These men made no covenant with fame. They were not the kind to hoard their reputations as the miser does his gold. They cast themselves into the hands of fate, sublimely unmindful of the event. And yet, had they been importunate suitors of renown, they could not have been more richly dowered.

After all, there is a profound truth, only slightly disguised, in the Irish bull, "What has posterity done for me that I should do anything for posterity?"

And what is the conclusion of all this rambling discourse? Apparently, that heroes are heroes, that fame is elusive, and that you and I are mighty small creatures yet exceedingly important unto ourselves.

FROM PRISON TO SUNSHINE

(Adapted from the French of Pierre Mille)

Before the old world came to an end in August of '14 my friend Barnavaux was always glad to have me call at barracks to see him. My invitations to *dejeuner* were welcome, not merely because Barnavaux was a bit of an epicure in his taste but also because he told his stories best over black coffee, and he liked to tell stories. Poor Barnavaux! The last time I heard from him he was at Verdun. That was some time ago. Perhaps I shall not hear again.

"Why did I join the Colonial Infantry?" he repeated my question one day in that old time that is gone forever. "Why, to see the world a bit, and be on the march. Ordinary people, like you, for instance, don't join the Colonial Infantry as a rule. It's people like like advertisement men, for instance"

He could see I hadn't the vaguest idea what he was driving at.

"Yes," he repeated, "advertisement men well, sandwich-men, then, if you like those who earn forty sous a day by walking up and down between two advertisement-boards. Some of them do it for money, but not all of them; it's a vacation with some of them, or a disease, I don't know which; they've just got to be on the march.

"It's the same with tramps; they travel all over the world like wandering Jews, and when they can't do it any longer, or when they are forcibly kept from it something seems to go snap in their heart or their brain; they have a longing to be violently sick or to die. There are a lot more of these fellows in Paris and other big towns than anybody would think, and enlisting seems such a pleasant, easy way out of the difficulty, specially now that religion is no longer taught in the schools, and you can't go out as a missionary or a lay brother

"You are starving? They give you food. You have nowhere to sleep? Your country supplies you with a better bed than the charities, and without the compulsory bath, moreover; you needn't wash unless you want to. You don't know what to do with yourself, and haven't an idea you can call your own? The officers think for you Right march! Nothing but gestures as though you were in church.

"Then, when they are on march, the *marsouins* have the wide countries of the colonies for their own. The difficulty is that when they have all provided them, and no thought to give to food, nor clothing, nor lodging, they must be off at once, otherwise it turns their brain.

"Shall I tell you about three soldiers I saw court-martialled in Algeria fifteen years ago?"

I nodded, and Barnavaux went on.

Their names were Bargouille, Coldru and Malterre, but Bargouille was the chief offender. He had strangled his comrade Bonvin, who, together with him and the other two, had been imprisoned in the same *silo* at the camp of Ain-Souf. In those days prisoners were still shut away in these *silos*, a kind of big hole, narrow at the top and wide at the bottom, where the natives conceal their grain. It's been forbidden since.

Malterre and Coldru were looked upon as accomplices. They swore they had only been witnesses, and yet that they had seen Bargouille strangle Bonvin. When asked why he did it, they only shrugged their shoulders—

"Suppose they didn't like each other?" was all they would say.

I was on picket duty at the court, and now I think of it I can distinctly see their brown overcoats, on which there wasn't a single button. I didn't know why, then, neither did anyone else. They seemed dazed, but behaved quite correctly. They didn't argue, and answered the questions very politely, but

it struck me that inwardly they were perfectly contented, and didn't care what was done to them.

Bargouille kept on saying "Yes, it was I who killed Bonvin, and I'm sorry for it in a way. Malterre and Coldru only looked on; you can't prosecute them. That's all I have to say."

The Captain who was acting as magistrate suggested a reason why Bargouille had killed Bonvin. There are always some little episodes of the kind in the life of a colonial soldier, and it's not their fault either. Think of it! A lot of men young men who have to live their long weary years of punishment alone together, men who have forgotten the innocence they possessed long before they were sent to penal servitude abroad, where they mix with all the knaves, murderers and rogues these regiments contain. The Captain's suggestion was not so very far-fetched after all.

What difference could it make if Bargouille confessed to that or to anything else? He had to die anyway but the approach of death seems to put strange unlooked-for ideas into people's heads. He suddenly began to roar:

"That's a lie, a dirty lie! You can shoot me, I don't care! I give in, it's all over and done with, but I won't let you say that of me to my to my people!" I knew he had been going to say, 'no one shall say that of me to my mother' (his parents were butchers in the quartier Mouffetardi). He had his own ideas of decency, however; besides there are certain words that dare not be spoken, for to do so would be to lose one's *sang-froid*.

Then Malterre spoke.

"It isn't fair," he said; "we have sworn we wouldn't speak; but that's too much of a good thing. Never mind, Bargouille; you speak up and tell them what you like. It'll be worse for us, but we don't mind. Say, Coldru, he may speak, mayn't he?"

Coldru was less enthusiastic, for he feared the consequences; but he answered:

"It can't be helped if two of you wish it; you're in the majority."

Bargouille thought a moment or two, then he said: "I can't tell you myself; I don't know how to. You tell them, Malterre; you are bolder and better educated than me."

"Well," began Malterre, "it was like this. We had been down in the hole a fortnight. There was a tub, a jug, we four fellows, and bread enough for three and a quarter. The first few days we did our best to sing and joke, and we played pitch and toss with the buttons of our uniforms."

Later on, said Barnavaux, I learned why they were reduced to that. The men were searched, of course, before being sent down, and any packs of cards they had on them confiscated. That didn't stop them! They turned into children again and played "odd or even" with the buttons of their uniforms. That's why the poor devils hadn't a button on their coats.

Malterre continued: "It wasn't easy to play, because we were in irons, but we managed to all the same, even if we did hurt ourselves in doing so.

"At the same time I would like to point out to Messieurs les officers (he said this with much elegance) that with reference to the thing of which Bargouille is accused, it would have been very difficult under the circumstances.

"Bonvin was the first to lose his grip. He slept all the time instead of playing, and when he wasn't asleep he was complaining of fever. Fever! Everybody has it! It's like hunger, a natural and regular occurrence; it comes and goes, and no one cares a damn. But Bonvin wept about it; and that proved there was something else the matter with him. We were all beginning to feel it, too, in irons as we were, and sick of doing nothing.

"At last Bonvin said, 'It's too black down here, by God.'

"It wasn't exactly black, because the *silo* was open at the top; but the light was very dull . . . perhaps

because of the smell Sight and smell seem to get mixed up sometimes, but it most likely looked so dull because of the sky we could see through the hole at the top. It was as bright when we looked up there as if we had flown on wings right into the middle of the light. Then, when we looked at our feet, everything was of course blacker than ever.

"Then Coldru chimed in: 'You're right,' he said, 'I feel a bit anxious.'

"'About your future?' asked Bargouille, grinning.

"'No,' said Coldru, 'about my legs.'

"'That's not to be wondered at when your legs are in irons!'

"As soon as he had spoken each one of us felt the same, and not only in his buttocks and knees, but all over. You might not think it possible to feel the pain of your legs in your head, but we did!

"It's cool in here, by Jove!"

"Cooler than it is out of doors, where the sun is blazing down on the pebbles crackling in the heat."

"Then we all began to think about the sun. We pictured it as a great fiery wheel, behind which we were running. Then we saw what is an everyday sight in southern countries the track winding in and out among the dunes, and a date tree that had been planted there as a landmark (that's what the officers say), standing all alone in the middle of the plain camels feeding on the blue grass, turning it over and over with their hard, slimy tongues now and again a lousy Bicot, sitting sideways on his mule, and thumping it with his two feet, like an old woman working a sewing machine But the thought that was always in our mind's eye was the gold and red of the evening sky as we marched along, left, right, left, right, in our hobnailed boots. We saw the high road, I tell you the great free road and all the joy of it we saw the only thing worth living for."

"'I'm blowed if I stand this any longer,' said Bonvin. 'I'll be court-martialled.'

"'What good's that?' I asked.

"As I said the words, the beauty of the idea flashed upon all of us. If we were court-martialled we should get out of the hole.

"'How far should we have to go to be tried?' asked Bargouille.

"'To Sfax,' answered Bonvin, '180 kilometres away! Nine days' march!'

"That would give us nine days' march along the high road. Ah! it was music in my ears, and I hugged the thought to myself.

"No one said another word that day, but we watched each other. At last one of us, I don't know who, said:

"'One of us has got to be done in; then the others will be court-martialled!'

"So we tossed," went on Malterre, "to see who'd have to be killed.

"It didn't take long, and Bonvin lost. All he said was: 'I never did have any luck; it was always me that had to pay for drinks round.'

"Then he closed his eyes while we tossed again to see who had to do the job. Bargouille lost.

"'Don't bear me a grudge, old man, I've got to do it,' he said to Bonvin.

"Bonvin didn't open his eyes again; he wouldn't.

"He submitted without a struggle, and as for Coldru and me, I swear we never budged, did we, Bargouille?"

"No," answered Bargouille, spitting on the ground. "I've told you I did it well, it's true that's all I've got to say!"

Barnavaux had finished his story.

"What happened to Bargouille?" I asked.

"They shot him, of course," answered Barnavaux, "and the others got ten years. They knew what to expect, and didn't care a damn, because they'd been on the march again nine days in the sunshine They knew the price they'd have to pay, and didn't complain."

BULL-FIGHTS

By MAURICE BARING

The first thing to realize about bull-fighting is this: Bull-fighting is regarded by the Spaniards, not as a gladiatorial show, where the spectators merely glut their lust for blood and give free rein to their most brutal instincts, but as a highly complicated and technical art, for a right understanding of which years of experience are necessary. The Spanish public acquire this experience from their childhood. In the streets of Seville, in the squares of the smaller villages, you see children constantly playing at bull-fighting among themselves, one of the children impersonating the bull. Later on they play the game in earnest, first with oxen, then with young bulls. Thus the public of the bull-ring will always contain a great number of practical amateurs; and every movement on the part of the bull-fighter is watched by critical eyes, from which nothing escapes; and every shade of skill or failure, as the case may be, is punctuated by immediate and subtly-stated praise or blame as the case may be. It is not a rare thing—and I myself have seen it on three separate occasions—to see a small boy leap into the ring during a bull-fight and confront the bull with his jacket. The schoolboys draw lots among themselves who shall do this; and it is a point of honor for the winner to go in and try, whether he feels he is competent to do so or not. Last year, in Madrid, I saw a very small boy leap into the bull-ring; he brought off two or three passes successfully, and then he lost his head and ran, and the bull caught him just as he was reaching the lists, and trampled on him. He was taken to the hospital, and it so happened that he was uninjured save for a few bruises. This intervention of amateurs is forbidden by law, and the temerarious intruder, however successful, is at once imprisoned for a fortnight. Last year, in Seville, I saw a young amateur who enlivened an otherwise

dull fight by a masterly display, and aroused the enthusiasm of the public to such a pitch that they clamorously interceded for him when the police came to take him off, but it was in vain. He had to go to prison; on the other hand, he was engaged as a professional; and it is not seldom that famous bull-fighters have first forced themselves on the notice of the public and the managers in this fashion.

But to go back to bull-fighting in general. I do not deny it is cruel. I deny it is more cruel than any other sport. Nothing will persuade me that fox-hunting is the kindest way of killing a fox, or that the hare enjoys a good run before harriers, or that a rabbit likes being wounded by a gun. But my point is that the Spanish public go to the bull-ring not in order to feast their eyes on a spectacle of bloodshed, but to enjoy the phases of a highly technical art, which they thoroughly understand, and which among other things often affords an unsurpassed spectacle of human courage.

The first time you go to a bull-fight you are bewildered by the praise and blame of the public. It is like assisting at a performance of the imperial ballet in Petrograd, where a sudden twist of the ankle, a particular movement or gesture, which escapes the notice of the inexperienced layman, evokes the sudden applause of the gallery, which is packed with connoisseurs. The first time you go to a bull-fight you are struck first by the colored crowd, all in its holiday clothes, the ladies in the boxes in their white lace mantillas, and hanging from the railing in front of their seats, gorgeous silk shawls, black, scarlet, yellow and green. You are struck by the golden sand, the dazzling sky, the glittering clothes of the bull-fighters as they enter the arena, their stately walk, the graceful bow to the president's box, and then the entrance of the bull, when the tremendous beast, after glaring round the ring for a moment, charges a *picador* on horseback, and man and horse and bull seem to roll together in one

terrific mass, and you hear the crash of the shock when the rider is hurled against the lists, and just when you think he must be killed, one of the bull-fighters, by a deft movement, brandishing his large colored cloak at the bull, distracts his attention, and the life of the horseman is saved. This is called a *quite*. And the first time you see this you are probably too agitated to notice how it is done. Not so the public, which is at once ready with its due meed of praise or blame. The bull-fight is divided into three separate parts, to each of which so many minutes are allotted, the end of each interval being proclaimed by a blast of bugles. In the first part the *picadors*, the men on horseback, try to wound the bull in one particular spot of his body, but only as the bull charges them; they are not allowed to ride up to the bull beyond a certain short distance from the lists. And if they have not succeeded in doing this is the allotted time the bugle sounds and the horses leave the lists. During the second part the *banderillero* plants the *banderillas* in the bull's neck, also within an allotted space of time, and in the third part the *matador* kills the bull, also in an allotted time. If not the bull is taken away by tame oxen. The main facts of these three "acts" (all of which are comparatively brief, each lasting about ten minutes) are obvious even to the uninitiated, but each of them is rich in a thousand technicalities and opportunities for the display of the bull-fighters, but which will probably entirely escape the notice of the uninitiated. For instance, in the first part of the fight, the *matador*, who is eventually to kill the bull, approaches him with his large cloak, and lets the bull charge him. In meeting the charge whatever the bull-fighter does with his cloak has a special name; it is called a *veronica* or a *farrol*, etc., as the case may be, and the spectators applaud or hiss according to the amount of (a) skill and (b) courage displayed in the performance of these various feats.

Sometimes they take your breath away by their tremendous audacity.

In the second part it is the manner in which the *banderillas* are placed, their proximity one to another, the exact spot reached on the bull's neck, which count. In the third part matters are complicated, for the *matador*, before proceeding to kill the bull, goes through a manœuvre, in Spanish *faena*, a whole series of passes with a short red cloak, the *muleta*, and his success depends (a) on the skill shown in the accomplishment of these passes; (b) on the manner in which he kills the bull, only one kind of stroke being allowed, and only one small spot in the bull's neck being capable of receiving the *coup de grace* in accordance with what is considered fair play. The passes performed before killing can be infinitely varied. The *matador* sometimes meets the charging bull on his knees.

Now, there is at present a Sevillian *matador* called Belmonte, who, in the performance of this and other passes, displays an audacity such as has never been seen before. In a bull-fight which took place in Madrid, on May 2, he got so near to the bull that his clothes were covered with the bull's hair, and one of the greatest experts on bull-fighting wrote of his performance thus: "I declare with my hand on my heart that Belmonte's performance with the *muleta* in today's fight was the greatest, the most thrilling, the most valiant I have ever seen in my life." Belmonte has a great rival in the shape of one Joselito Gallo, and Spain is torn in two with regard to their comparative merits. But the critic I have quoted says that what Belmonte's rival did at his best, other great bull-fighters have done in the past, whereas what Belmonte did nobody has ever done; and, what is more, nobody thought that it could be done. I have seen Belmonte fight. The first time you see him you think his sole object must be suicide, so near does he get to the bull's horns.

THE LANTERN

EDITED BY

THEODORE F. BONNET and EDWARD F. O'DAY

*It is better to search for the truth of what
concerns us than to hunt for an honest man*

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THE LANTERN

Vol. 2

September, 1916

No. 6

McGuffey's Fifth Reader

By EDWARD F. O'DAY

McGuffey's Reader! It is a name from out a past that seems almost prehistoric. It is a name to gibe at if you are the mocking kind; a name to wax weepy over if you are of the tribe that treasure pressed flowers and preserve dangerous old letters. McGuffey's! The word is not poetical, it is not colorful, there is no inspiration in it. Nothing can make it sound like a pretty name. But associations may have rendered it sweet.

Despite associations, however tender they may be, let us not decline and fall off into sentimentality on such small provocation as the mention of McGuffey's Fifth Reader. Let us hear McGuffey named, and still retain our poise. Let us be calm in the presence of the great man. But let us turn his pages, and muse a little. There is no profit in this, and no harm can come of it—except to a few foolish illusions.

Shall we hark back to the day when McGuffey's Fifth Reader was an unpuffed and unadvertised best-seller? That was the day before the mazda came, when gas sufficed us, or even the odorous coal oil lamp with the green glass shade that was "good for the eyes." At that time the basement was not a garage: there were no Ford jokes to laugh at or to ride in. The telephone rarely rang in those happy days, and "supper" still meant "dinner." The phonograph rasped as it sang its simple songs, and the movies were as undreamt-of as perpetual motion. Cigarettes were not quite respectable—mostly they were "cigareets." "Florodora" hadn't revolutionized the stage; the Amazon chorus and bloomers had pow-

er to shock. There were no adding machines, and few cash registers; not till a later day was the till made tap-proof. Dancing and bathing Venuses were not naked to the visible eye; one didn't even speak of women's bare legs or the one-piece bathing suit. The waltz was still something of an outlaw; the innovations of Terpsichore that have made girls "more danced against than dancing" were quite unthinkable. This was the heyday of McGuffey's Reader. It was, by comparison with ours, a simple age. McGuffey's Reader suited it, for McGuffey's Reader was simple too—pure and simple.

The old book is before me on the table as I write, but though my eyes behold its worn brown cover, my mental vision pierces through the volume and sees pleasant pictures of the past. School day memories! They are nearly always pleasant; at least we insist on thinking so. Whatever they had of pain is dismissed or smilingly minimized. And if there was hardship to bear, meanness to reckon with, injustice to cry out against, surely these did but prepare us for the greater hardships, the more sordid meannesses and the crueller injustice of this later life which knows not the compensations of the class room and the playing yard. At any rate that is what we tell ourselves.

So let us hail our happy school days, and not examine their happiness too closely lest it prove a fraud. And that hour of the school day, after the noon recess, when Teacher called upon us to read from this remarkable book of McGuffey's—what shall we say of that? Without doubt it was an especially bearable hour, for it made little demand upon our lazy intellects. It was a droning, sleepy hour for all but the boy with elocutionary gifts. Every class knew him—and despised him a little, as it despised the prize penman. He was a forward boy, with no fear of his own voice. Pronunciation had its pitfalls for him as for the rest of us; but we used to say of him that if he couldn't knock a word down he staggered it. Perhaps he considered this a compliment. He is in

Congress now, that forward elocutionist, or on the Chautauqua or in the pulpit. And he is still quoting with perfect mental satisfaction the pieces he learned by heart out of McGuffey's Fifth Reader. This is mental stagnation, but he calls it fidelity to the ideals of his youth and is quite happy.

Thinking of him and of what McGuffey's Reader did for him; thinking of all the denizens of that class room that McGuffey dominated every afternoon; thinking of many other things that have not been in my thoughts for lo! these many years, I confess that I am slightly overcome. But I resist the tender onrush of emotion. As one whistled while passing a graveyard to keep down fear, let me now burst into apostrophe to stem the tide of gush induced by McGuffey:

Hail to thee, great McGuffey, king of the Bromides! Thy first four readers I never knew, only thy fatiguing though fitfully fascinating Fifth. Is it still used in the class room? Or does it survive solely in rat-infested attics, on the dusty bottom shelves in family book cases, among the inert items of second-hand shops? Doubtless thou wert great in thy proper time, McGuffey. Perhaps a schoolmaster, certainly a gentleman and a Christian, though thy Christian name was never known to me. Where sleepest thou now, McGuffey? Under what humble headstone? If all who read thy consecutive Fifth contributed but a penny to thy memory, how magnificent the monument that would rise above thy moldered remains!

I turn once more to your dog-eared pages, good old Mac, to find them full of tolerable platitudes. You are a text book of commonplaces, stuffed with the excelsior of minor classicality—dry, shredded splinters from all the amiable blockheads of literature. You bristle with homely inanities and negligible pieties. Here are all the tiresome truths and all the dispensable maxims. You represent the lowest common denominator of letters. And yet my heart is faithful to you

—in its fashion—if only because you are the stamping ground of my dear old friend, the versatile and prolific Mr. Anon!

The Eclectic Series McGuffey called his succession of readers. Certainly all this welter of mediocrity in the Fifth proclaims a selective skill that cannot be too much admired. There is no guff in McGuffey. There is no idle trash. It is all solid stuff, like bone or ivory. Here is nothing to affront the most sensitive modesty or to awaken doubt in any believing mind. McGuffey is as orthodox as the unrevised catechism; as edifying as the *Lives of the Saints*. A good book for the victim of insomnia is McGuffey—three hundred and fifty pages of a most somnolent and refreshing dulness. There is not an epigram between these old brown covers; not a single joke that has not been hallowed by the laughter of many ages. McGuffey was no innovator, no path finder. He plodded in the well-worn roads of literature, stopping only at the most respectable middle-class inns, and scrupulously avoiding all clever and dubious acquaintances. Better *bourgeois* virtue than genius with a taint of sin, might well be McGuffey's motto.

What a hall of fame McGuffey built for the immortals who had better died—the unnecessary near-great, the lame pedestrians bringing up the rear in an unexciting paper chase after impossible renown. Book worms now bore their holes through McGuffey's writers, and this is poetic justice: they were all great bores themselves. How super-satisfied they were, these lay preachers of snoring sermons, these tedious expounders of self-evident texts. They desiccated all the juicy fruit of the tree of knowledge. They sapped the strength of words. They poured upon the ground (though not in libation) the rich red wine of all heady ideas, rinsing the dregs with water and bidding us drink. They were to the literary feast of their vanished era what the manufacturers of pre-digested cereals and concentrated soup cubes are to the dining tables of this weak-stomach age. They had

read in what they doubtless called the "Good Book" that man cannot live by bread alone, so they offered him the literary equivalent of a saleratus biscuit. Collectively their middle name was Mush.

Here in McGuffey are all the polite literary females of the early Victorian dispensation, the round-gartered blue-stockings of a woolen wrapper age—Jean Ingelow and Eliza Cook, Jane Taylor and Maria Edgeworth, Celia Thaxter and Harriet Martineau. Heaven's blessing be upon every uncalled-for word they wrote; thank Heaven, we don't have to read a single line of them. They were virgins, most of them; let their pages be virgin too.

Not that I wish there had never been a McGuffey's Fifth Reader. I hope that horrid suspicion has not found lodgement in any mind. Had McGuffey never existed, the world, no doubt, would wag its accustomed way; but what a lot of quaint, rude names would have been forgotten. Where but in McGuffey's Fifth do we find the impressive cognomen of Mason L. Weems? of Peter Parley? of Elihu Todd? of William Wirt? of J. J. Piatt? of T. S. Grimke? It is permissible to be ignorant of all their fames; yet once upon a time these names were blown from the trumpet of third-rate renown like the names of Ralph Waldo Trine and Harold Bell Wright today. They too wrote books that were read by thousands of the mentally deficient; they too imagined their burning thoughts could never cool; they too had "followings" and were lionized. There is a moral here; but what is the use of pointing it?

I take it that the deceased Mr. McGuffey was a melancholy gent. He is never so happy as when he is trying to make us miserable. Death constantly engages his pious attention, and madness, and unhappy love, and poverty. I cannot but think that McGuffey had designs upon our lachrymal ducts; yet I recall no single occasion when I shed a tear over his lugubrious pages. Youth at the school-

reader stage of development has no salty drops for literary woe.

There is a Reaper, whose name is Death
wails Longfellow in this fifth masterpiece of McGuffey. Said Reaper may daunt me now, but he had no power to alarm when I met him in the class room.

O, not in cruelty, not in wrath,
The Reaper came that day.
He did not come for us. What should we know of death? Just as much, and no more, than we knew of that other constant visitant, the tax collector. Meaning nothing at all.

The melancholy days are come,
The saddest of the year.

It is Bryant dropping tears in his whiskers this time. They were not melancholy days for us. A stomach ache or a sentence to stay after school meant trouble, but we did not call such trouble melancholia. We could spell melancholy, but we could not define, much less experience it. It is different now; we have all the prerogatives of maturity.

I suspect that McGuffey was a Prohibitionist. You cannot have forgotten the poem in which he bids us "come to the festal board tonight." In our school boy innocence we went, with disastrous consequences. One festal-boarder ended in the mad-house; another sleeps "beyond yon willow's dropping shade" with a broken heart; still another "lies shuddering on a felon's bed."

Ask you of all these woes the cause?
The festal board, the enticing bowl.

And so McGuffey bids us "shun, oh shun, the Enchanted Cup!" The same moral is inculcated by *The Town Pump* which McGuffey borrows from Hawthorne:

The Town Pump and the Cow! Such is the glorious partnership that shall finally monopolize the whole business of quenching thirst. Blessed consummation! Then Poverty shall pass away from the land, finding no hovel so wretched where her squalid form may shelter itself. Then Disease, for lack of other victims, shall gnaw his own heart and die.

Alas for these pleasant dreams! The town pump has been moved to the museum of antiquities, and in dry towns the soda-fountain boy who serves Coca Cola by day hies him at nightfall, not to the Cow but to the blind pig.

I like McGuffey better when he is in the anecdotal mood. I revere the barber who wouldn't shave on Sunday. His scruples were conscientious, not union-labor. It went hard with him for a time, but one day a stranger came to his snop. This stranger was, if you will believe McGuffey, "a pious attorney," and he conveyed to the poor but religious barber a fortune of "a great many thousand pounds." Thus was "respect for the Sabbath rewarded." It is an edifying story, but I should hesitate to tell it to my barber while under his razor.

Another of my McGuffey favorites is the story of the German maniac who went up and down his cell declaring that "once one is two." A collector of revenue, his accounts had shown a deficit of ten thousand ducats. This was traced to his erroneous idea that "once one was two;" and in his chagrin he went crazy and spent the rest of his life affirming the arithmetical heresy. "This affecting story," says McGuffey, "obviously abounds with lessons of instruction." With my hand on my heart I aver that it trebled my juvenile awe of the multiplication table.

But let us not mock McGuffey overmuch. He gave us a few gifts we would not willingly surrender. He introduced us to the Soldier of the Legion whose dying thoughts went back to fair Bingen on the Rhine. Without McGuffey should we know Arnold Winkelreid who made way for liberty and died?

Where but in McGuffey do we now find those stirring scenes between William Tell and the tyrant Gesler? Have we not a fondness still for old Kaspar and young Peterkin and little Wilhelmine who talked one summer evening of the famous victory of Blenheim? Do we not incline a pleased ear as the water comes down at Lodore? These are the gems that sparkle with an authentic ray in McGuffey's collection. These are the pictures that redeem his gallery, and the propinquity of pot-boilers cannot diminish their appeal. Of these, it is true, McGuffey has no monopoly. These are in all home books of verse. They greet us ever and anon as we pursue our fugitive reading. But McGuffey made us free of them. For that we thank McGuffey. For that we forgive his many sins of omission and commission. For that we cherish a kindly feeling toward McGuffey's absurd, McGuffey's preposterous, McGuffey's grand old Fifth Reader.

GOD'S CRUCIBLE

By TREVOR ALLEN

When we two lie in rapt communion,
And night benignant clusters close above,
Bestowing through the hours a benison
Of secrecy upon our mingled love;

So still, so close, so intimately blest,
That soul strives unto soul through every limb,
And I can hear, beneath your rhythmic breast,
The bosom's chant, the heart's delirious hymn;

So still, so tense, in such devout embrace,
Until the sacred vintage of the soul
Glowes in your eyes, suffuses all your face,
And, mouth to mouth, I drink the sweetness whole;

Surely, when thus we love, adore, beseech . . .
Our Self, our Being, is dissolved like dew
In God's divinest crucible, and each
To the other's cherished image shaped anew.

THE EAGLE

By MAXIM GORKI

(Adapted from the Russian)

The Khan was old, but he had many wives in his harem. They loved their old master, because he was full of strength and fire, and his caresses were tender and compelling. Women love men who are strong and tender; aye, even if the hair be grey, and the furrowed face show the touch of Time's fingers. Manly beauty lies in strength, not in a soft skin and rosy cheeks.

And so the Khan was beloved of all. But he loved far above the others one Cossack girl from the Steppes of the Dnieper. He had three hundred wives in his harem. From many and far-away lands they had come, and all were beautiful as the spring flowers. Their life was happy; for, as far as lay in his power, the lordly Mosolaim gave them every luxury they could desire. In music, and games and dancing they passed the day; and the cares and turmoil of the outer world seldom reached them through these palace walls.

But for Marina, the Cossack girl, there was reserved a private retreat in his lofty tower. Here he had prepared for her a veritable wonderland of delight. Its windows looked away out to the sea; and the sea for the child-mind of Marina was a never-failing source of dreams, dreams which were often full of fascinating melancholy and beckoning fear.

Here in this lotus-bower, full of strange birds and flowers, gold ornaments and precious stones, Mosolaim spent whole days of perfect happiness away from the cares of his high office, for he knew that the glory and fame of his tribe were safe in the keeping of the princely Algalla, his son. Algalla flew like a wolf over the Russian Steppes, and always returned with a rich prey—gold and wives and prisoners, leaving behind him terror and ruin and blood.

* * * * *

And once there was feasting and revelry throughout the Crimea. Algalla had returned covered with glory

"I know, my son, but I also know that she does not love you," answered the Khan.

"My heart aches with longing when I think of her," said Algalla.

"And what do you think my old heart is full of now?"

Again they were silent. Algalla sighed.

"The old wise Mulla was right. A woman always does harm to a man. When she is beautiful, others desire her, and her husband suffers the pangs of jealousy: when she is plain he envies the lot of other husbands more fortunate: when she is neither plain nor beautiful her husband believes her beautiful; but at last, finding out that he has made a mistake, he suffers again from self-reproach."

"Wisdom is no remedy for an aching heart," said the Khan.

"Let us pity each other, father."

The Khan lifted his head and looked sadly at his son.

"Let us kill her," said Algalla.

"You love yourself more than her and me," whispered the Khan.

"You too, father."

"Yes, I too," said the Khan sadly.

"Well, shall we kill her?"

Again both were silent.

"I cannot give her to you, I cannot," said Mosolaim.

"And I," murmured Algalla, "I cannot endure this any longer. Tear my heart out of my breast or give her to me."

"Or let us throw her over the cliff into the sea."

"Let us throw her over the cliff into the sea." The Khan echoed his son's words.

They entered the harem where she was already asleep on a beautiful couch inlaid with gold. They stopped before her and gazed, gazed at her for a long time. The great tears fell from the Khan's eyes on to his long silver beard. His son stood with burning

eyes and strove to master his fierce passion. They called her softly by name.

"Marina, awake."

She opened her big, dark-blue eyes, and a faint blush overspread her tender, rosy cheeks. She did not notice Algalla, and offered her lips to the Khan.

"Kiss me, my eagle."

"Arise and come with us," said the Khan slowly.

And now she saw Algalla, and the tears in her master's eyes, and with the quick intuition of love she understood all.

"I am coming," she said, "I am coming. Not to the one and not to the other is that your decision? So strong hearts must decide. I am coming." And all three turned their faces steadfastly towards the sea.

They went by narrow paths. The wind howled dismally. The poor girl soon grew tired, but she was too proud to complain.

Algalla, remarking that she lagged behind, said:

"You are afraid?"

She looked up at him gently, and pointed to her bleeding feet.

"Come, I will carry you," said Algalla, stretching out his arms. But she threw her arms around her old eagle's neck. The Khan lifted her up as if she had been but a babe, and carried her close to his breast; and she bent the branches out of his way, fearing they might hurt his eyes. A long time they journeyed thus; and now they heard the roaring of the sea.

Algalla, who marched behind, spake at length.

"Let me walk in front, my father, for I feel an irresistible desire to thrust my dagger into your neck."

"Pass. Allah will either punish or forgive you for the thought. His will be done. I, Mosolaim, forgive you. I know what it is to love."

And now the sea lay before them, there below, dark, unbounded, beckoning. At the foot of the

rocks its waves dashed and writhed as if in anguish. It was so dark and cold there below, so terrible!

"Farewell," said the Khan, kissing his beautiful burden.

"Farewell," said Algalla, bowing low to her.

She stepped to the brink of the precipice, looked down at the roaring sea, but staggered back, pressing both her hands to her breast.

"Fling me over," she said to them.

Algalla made a movement towards her and sighed deeply; but the Khan lifted her in his arms, pressed her again and again to his heart, and raising her high over his head, flung her down.

The waves roared so loudly that neither of them heard her strike the water. No scream: not a sound did she utter. The Khan seated himself on a slab of stone, and silently looked down and out into the far darkness where the sea joined the clouds and whence the billows came rolling angrily in. The minutes passed; the wind drew the clouds along the sky: heavy and black they were, like the thoughts of the old Khan sitting high up on the edge of the cliff. Algalla stood beside him, covering his face with his hands, silent and motionless.

"Come, father," said Algalla at length.

"Wait," murmured the Khan, listening to something. Again the moments passed. Algalla heard nothing but the howling of the winds and the roar of the waves.

"Come, father."

"Wait."

Again and yet again Algalla repeated:

"Come, father."

But the Khan remained rooted to the spot where he had lost his last joy in life.

At last he rose, and with something of his old pride and majesty repeated in a hoarse voice, "come."

They began to retrace their steps, but the Khan soon stopped.

"Where am I going, and why?" he asked his son.

"The life has gone out of my body now that she is dead. I am old, nobody will love me any more, and without love life is useless."

"You have fame and riches, father."

"One of Marina's kisses would outweigh them all. Riches and fame are dead things; only the love of a woman is living. A rich man without love is a beggar. A famous man unloved is a thing of naught. Farewell, my son. May the blessing of Allah remain with you day and night."

The Khan turned his face towards the sea.

"Father!" cried Algalla. "Father!"

He could say nothing more. What more was there to be said? Once Death smiles upon a man he can no longer see the joy and laughter on Life's countenance.

"Let me go."

"Allah"

"He knows all."

With quick, unfaltering steps, the Khan went to the dizzy edge of the precipice, and without one pause, one word, or one backward look, jumped down. For a long time Algalla looked silently down and out into the far darkness where the sea joined the clouds and whence the billows came rolling angrily in. The minutes passed; the wind drew the clouds along the sky: heavy and black they were, like the thoughts of Algalla.

And as he turned and went into the darkness of the night, again he repeated the prayer "Give me, O! Allah, just such a strong eagle heart."

THE MASTERFUL DUDE

By THEODORE BONNET

Once upon a time there was a great dude who was also an enchanter and who transformed a queen into an empress. This dude was at once a Jew and a Christian. Also he was an idolator and a prophet; for he idolized himself and prophesied his own life. Of course I mean that astonishing adventurer the solicitor's clerk who became Prime Minister of England and was raised to the peerage as the Earl of Beaconsfield. Here was a man whose life reads like a tale from the *Arabian Nights*. Though boundless was his ambition, like the possessor of the magic carpet he was transported to every goal he wished to reach. A necromancer was Benjamin Disraeli and a multiple personality with Mephistophelian airs and Machiavellian principles of behavior, but very human withal, very much of a man, and from his life one may learn many lessons. It was a crowded life and a long, extending through most of the Victorian period and winding intimately through the politics of a whole generation.

Now obviously in a monograph one can do no more than give his impressions of this romantic personage and suggest the lessons to be gleaned from his life. Therefore I will be able to give but a vague character study of the man. My aim will be not to glorify the statesman but rather to cast a few side-lights on the individual and his times. Benjamin Disraeli was a great statesman, but the elements of his greatness and the aspects of his genius that chiefly impress me are not those of the hero of the Congress of Berlin but rather those of the astute politician who out-manœuvred Sir Robert Peel and became the idol of the English people. In the politician we see the man in his variety, and the picture is a fine and wholesome study. It teaches us that we should never permit our blood-pressure to be raised by our poli-

ticians; that we should never be impatient of them; that the whole political game should be viewed by us as it was viewed by Disraeli himself.

Toward the close of his career Disraeli wrote *Endymion*, and when Archbishop Tait read the novel he wrote: "I have finished *Endymion* with a painful feeling that the writer considers all political life as mere play and gambling." Undoubtedly that was precisely Disraeli's conception of politics. He was a thoroughpaced politician, versed in all the tricks of the tribe. Infinitely more skillful than a Roosevelt he was also quite as shifty, yet with a sense of loyalty and a hearty contempt for Pharisaism.

But I am getting ahead of my story. I started out by characterizing Disraeli as a dude. To be more accurate I should call him a dandy; for in his day, or, rather in the early years of his life, he was one of a class in England—a powerful class—known as "the Dandies." The famous "Beau" Brummel was alive when Disraeli was born, and the future Prime Minister of England haunted the brilliant salon of the charming Countess of Blessington, the friend of Lord Byron, who ended her days under the protection of that great dandy and incomparable wit Count d'Orsay. As a youth Disraeli had great admiration for d'Orsay, and when the latter found himself bankrupt it was Disraeli who went to his assistance. Here let me observe parenthetically that Disraeli was always a good friend, and that he was careless about money. True, he married money in the person of a widow beyond his years who assisted him to get on; they were ideal lovers to the end of her days when her estate was distributed to her first husband's heirs according to his will. After twenty years, during which period Disraeli was three times Chancellor of the Exchequer and once Prime Minister, he was in need of money, and before entering politics again he took up his pen once more and resumed novel-writing to put money in his purse. It was then that he wrote *Lothair*.

To return to Disraeli the dandy; he out-dandied the dandies. Of Brummel it was said by no less an authority than Lord Byron that there was "nothing remarkable in his appearance save its exquisite propriety." Not of Disraeli was this ever to have been justly observed. He was above all things bizarre, for his taste in all things, even in literature, was decidedly Oriental. Young, handsome, he scintillated in his dress as well as in his wit. A sallow-faced youth with piercing black eyes, wearing jet-black ringlets draped down one side of his face almost to his cravat—which he wore like Brummel's, twice round his neck—he must have made a striking picture. This was the picture he presented when he was in his twenties, when dandyism was dying. Long after it had perished beneath the weight of uniformity Disraeli shone with an almost exclusive radiance. What an apparition he would make today in his knee breeches, his black velvet coat faced with white satin and his embroidered and colored waistcoat so tight-fitting that he was suspected of wearing corsets! Consider also that he wore an ivory cane inlaid with gold and embellished with a black silk tassel. Nor was this all. He wore white kid gloves with rings over his gloved fingers and so many chains swinging from his neck that when he first appeared in the House of Commons it was remarked that he was hanging in chains.

When toward the end of his career, in the late seventies I think it was, Disraeli saw Oscar Wilde in the streets of London wearing knee-breeches and a sunflower and posing as the apostle of estheticism, he must have been reminded of himself in the days when he, too, was the great poseur of the metropolis. In this connection, by the way, it occurs to me that the great founder of the cult of the esthetic was an admiring imitator of the great statesman. Certainly their affectations were very similar—not only of dress but of manner. In their airs and their wit they were very much alike, and in their cynicism there was a marked similarity. In both there was

the same pleasant mixture of carelessness and non-chalance, the same pretended preference for the trivial. When Disraeli made a trip to the Mediterranean he said he was the first man that ever wore two canes through the Straits of Gibraltar, one for the morning and one for the afternoon. "I owe to them," he said, "even more attention than to being the supposed author of—what is it?—I forget." How like the fantastic Oscar! Again, how like Disraeli, the manner of Oscar Wilde's novel *The Picture of Dorian Grey*! Was the eccentric Irishman thinking of Disraeli's *Vivian Grey* when he was writing that novel? And what about the sunflower fad? Disraeli made a cult, you know, out of his passion for the primrose.

This is an interesting intellectual exercise, remarking the curious resemblances in the manners of the Victorian esthetes, but it is not to my purpose else I might pursue it much further. I might indeed even justify it in this monograph by showing how Disraeli employed the gifts that later were Wilde's to make himself a power in politics. It happened that Wilde was essentially an artist and cared nothing for politics. Disraeli being essentially a politician was an artist only on the side, as it were. But it was as an artist that he made the conquest of London society, which in itself was no mean achievement; for he had nothing but his wit for a passport, and in society wit is not always potent. A dazzling repartee was Disraeli's chief asset, but he was also handsome and he excited interest by his mysterious ways and the reticence he cultivated in the dim lights of recesses just beyond the drawing-room from which he emerged invariably with an epigram on his lips.

In May, 1867, Lord Houghton wrote in his diary: "I met Gladstone at breakfast. He seems quite cowed with the diabolical cleverness of Dizzy who, he says, is gradually driving all ideas of political honor out of the House and accustoming it to most revolting cynicism." "Diabolical cleverness" is not an adequate description of Disraeli's qualities. He was a genius

of the Napoleonic order who believed, like Napoleon, in his star, and who had the faith that makes it possible to move mountains. His faith was in his own talents. As I have said, he prophesied his life. His prophecies are to be found in his novels, which are devoted to self-portraiture. It was his deep conviction that whatever a man desires he can obtain, and absolute was his belief in the boundlessness of the career open to human intelligence and human will. "We make our fortunes," he once wrote, "and we call it fate." If ever a man made his fortune and made it seem like fate that man was Benjamin Disraeli. Writing at another time, he described the most desirable life as "a continuous grand procession from manhood to the tomb." That was Disraeli's own life, and never did a man overcome more obstacles to realize his ideal.

The son of Isaac D'Israeli, author of *Curiosities of Literature*, who was descended from a Jewish family, Benjamin Disraeli was reared in the atmosphere of literary men. Prominent among them was Samuel Rogers, the poet-banker, who became his foster-father on an occasion, when, acting without authority from Isaac D'Israeli, he took young Benjamin to church and had him baptized. Isaac D'Israeli intending to make a lawyer out of his boy, after having him educated at a small college sent him to work as a scrivener's clerk, but young Disraeli was soon dabbling in journalism. Born in a library, as he said, and nurtured on Voltaire, he leaned for a short time on his father's reputation, and showed a taste for literature. Like several of his notable contemporaries he made his appearance as an author quite young.

Bulwer-Lytton wrote *Pelham* at 25, Macaulay wrote his essay on *Milton* at 24, *The Sketches by Boz* appeared when Dickens was 25, but when *Vivian Grey* appeared Benjamin Disraeli "had only just struck twenty-one." This achievement was especially remarkable because Disraeli, unlike the authors I have

mentioned, had a very imperfect acquaintance with his theme. In his novel he gives us a picture of the manners of the aristocracy of England. His ambition from his earliest years was to enter the society of the aristocracy but he wrote his novel before he had approached the threshold. "My boy Ben describe a Duke," cried the elder Disraeli when he heard of *Vivian Grey*. "Why he has never seen one." Perhaps he had never seen one, but he had imagined one, and in *Vivian Grey*, such was his power of imagination that he produced a vivid picture of the society that Dukes moved in, a picture so colorful, so humorous in its characterizations, and in a setting so sparkling with epigrammatic satire that the author, an obscure youth just out of his teens, was at once the object of universal inquiry. "The central figure," said Froude, "is the author himself, caricaturing his own impertinences and bringing on his head deserved retribution; but the sarcasms, the strength of hand, the audacious personalities, caught the attention of the public, and gave him at once the notoriety which he desired."

Notoriety is hardly the word. Power was what Disraeli craved, and he knew that to get power he must first attract the attention of society. "Personal distinction," he wrote in *Vivian Grey*, "is the only passport to the society of the great." And again: "We must mix with the herd." In his second novel, *Contarini Fleming*, which has been pronounced a glorified autobiography, is described the author's ambition, his precocious development, his bitter discontent at the condition of his social lot and his early-formed determination, at whatever cost, and by whatever method, "to break his birth's invidious bar." Break it he did. He got into society, became a lion of London drawing-rooms. He was a climber to whom society became a means of progress, never a pursuit. He was a climber who regarded a Duke's drawing-room only as a half-way house. To enter politics in England in those days it was absolutely

necessary to enter society first. The whole country was divided into Whigs and Tories. There were Whig families and Tory families, Whig universities and Tory universities. The cleavage ran through all ranks of the peerage and through the untitled gentry. Oxford was a Tory university; so adolescent Whigs went to Cambridge. There were Tory actors, like Kemble, Whig actors like Kean. In one of his novels—*Sybil*—Disraeli shows how politics colored all social relations and with what bitterness families were divided. This state of affairs continued until the Queen in 1840 married Prince Albert who applied his talents to the business of healing differences and uniting the rank, wealth and culture of the country behind the Crown, a business in which he was ably seconded by Benjamin Disraeli, who made Victoria his life-long friend by his success in strengthening the prerogative of England's monarch.

But what a heart-breaking struggle Disraeli had before he reached a point where he could be of service to his country! The disabilities of the Jews were many in those nineteenth century days. True, Disraeli was a Christian, but the disabilities of his race were experienced in society as well as in politics. Now Disraeli with all his hunger for power made no concessions to prejudice. He deemed his blood the purest in Europe, himself, as he once announced in Parliament, the equal of the most ancient Duke of the realm. Indeed it was his great pleasure to remind the aristocracy of England that they were not of ancient lineage. "The real old families of this country," he once wrote, "are to be found among the peasantry. A peer with an ancient lineage is to me quite a novelty. The thirty years of the Wars of the Roses freed us from those gentlemen."

It was a favorite trick of the rising young politician to utter through the mouth of a leading character in a novel his most audacious and his most sincere beliefs. This he did in *Tancred* the inspiration of which is entirely religious. At the time of writing

that book he was a communicant of the Church of England, in the defense of which he was always zealous, but he remained a Jew to his innermost fibre. He was a Jew first and last and gloried in the fact, his idea being that Christianity was but a continuation of the ancient religion. Oriental in taste and principle, he would harmonize the science of government with the ideals of the Hebrew Kings. He celebrated Jewish wisdom and Jewish grandeur. He pleaded the cause of the Jews as the most conservative people in the world and the people best fitted for patriotism. His favorite maxim was that the complete Jew believed not only in Sinai but in Calvary. To a little boy presented to him in his old age he said: "You and I belong to a race which can do anything but fail."

This undoubtedly was the firmest of all his beliefs, for no man who believed failure possible could have survived Disraeli's struggle for recognition. Three times defeated before he won a seat in the Commons, in his determination to reach his goal he never wavered. On his first appearance in the House he was regarded with scorn, hailed with derision. The situation was especially unfortunate for the reason that the treatment he received was not without justification. Indeed it was to have been expected; first on account of his grotesque make-up; secondly because in his desperate endeavors to rise from obscurity and enter the charmed circle of statecraft he had proved himself the cynic he described in his books, the adventurous politician preoccupied with the business of advancing only his own interests and using men as the stepping-stones of his ambition. To these ends in some instances he sacrificed patrons and principles, and among his patrons was the great Daniel O'Connell to whom he should have been grateful, but on whom he visited personal abuse. As a consequence he was denounced by O'Connell from a public platform in Dublin, on which occasion he was characterized as a lineal descendent of the im-

penitent thief on the cross. Immediately he challenged O'Connell to a duel, but received no satisfaction, O'Connell having retired from the arena after killing his man, at which time he announced that he would never have the blood of another mortal on his hands. Disraeli was frantic, and made himself somewhat ridiculous by threatening to avenge himself on the whole tribe of O'Connells. He closed his letter by saying: "We shall meet at Philippi," meaning that in the House of Commons he would enjoy his revenge. Long before he took his seat London was on a broad grin. Disraeli himself, eager for the fray, was prepared to win a great triumph in his "maiden speech." In one of his autobiographical novels he had written of his "maiden speech." It was to be a classic gem of eloquence. Moreover he heightened expectations among his friends. Of these he now had many, having triumphed over the envy of men and the ridicule of women. He invited his friends to his "maiden speech," and they were on hand; but as he still regarded life as a masquerade clothes engrossed his fancy, and, judged according to present-day standards, it was a freakish figure he presented when he seized his opportunity at "Philippi." The "maiden speech" was a miserable fiasco. Not that words failed him, or that his eloquence was uninspiring; it was not permitted to flow. Disraeli's first appearance in the House of Commons was a tragedy. It was punctuated from beginning to end with sneers and laughter. So great was the uproar that it was impossible to follow his remarks. It was clear that he was attacking O'Connell, but only here and there could a sentence be caught. Several times he begged to be heard, but in vain. At length he raised his hands and exclaimed: "Though I sit down now the time will come when you *will* hear me." This was but one of many prophecies that came true. Hear him! In later years there were times when a pin

might drop and be heard in the pauses of a speech that held his colleagues spellbound.

Disraeli became one of the great debaters of Parliament. The story of his parliamentary debates forms one of the most fascinating chapters in all biography, and it is almost a complete history of the politics of England and the British Empire during the reign of Queen Victoria. It is the story of the downfall of Sir Robert Peel, of triumphs over Palmerston, Gladstone and Sir John Russell and the humiliation of many a proud statesman. Incidentally of course Disraeli himself suffered many a defeat. Often were the fine feathers pulled out of his peacock tail, but he was a born fighter to whom the interchange of blows was a delight. And far from gentle were the blows delivered by the Parliamentary gladiators of the Victorian era. That was an era crowded with reform bills, coercion bills, tariff bills, home rule bills and bills dealing with such matters as the Indian Mutiny and questions of war and peace in Europe.

Through all that period life was a turbulent drama for the author of *Vivian Grey*, and he was the stage manager, an artist of soaring and resplendent visions. It was a thrilling drama of national politics, and Disraeli was the hero, a consummate politician, the shiftiest that ever lived, but withal a great statesman and patriot. For a time bearing the reputation of a coarse adventurer, for a time the laughingstock of England, he became the Queen's most beloved Minister and the idol of the people. Who can fail to applaud in whole-hearted fashion the pluck and spirit of the thirty years of his career? It is impossible not to sympathize with him even in his attacks on Peel. For though he had coddled and flattered Peel in the hope of getting an office, Peel treated him with scorn. Peel was a great man but he had not the insight of Bismarck, who remarked to a friend when he first met Disraeli: "I think nothing of their Lord Salisbury. He is only a lath painted to look like iron. But that old Jew means

business." When Disraeli was coddling Peel he meant business, but Peel failed to realize what the young Jew was worth. Yet he might have guessed, for duller men than Peel justly appreciated Disraeli long before he battered his way into Parliament. "We were none of us fools," said the first Lord Lytton after a night at a dinner of young literary men; "we were none of us fools and each man talked his best but we all agreed that the cleverest fellow in the party was the young Jew in the green velvet trousers." Peel snubbed this young Jew, and he paid the penalty. Disraeli waited for the psychological moment, then he turned on the proud Premier and crushed him as he would a worm.

The career of Benjamin Disraeli ended in eclipse and ruin, but he had lived the life that was his ideal. If the very end was o'ercast, but a short time before that end he blazed at the meridian of his glory. In February, 1877, writes Archbishop Tait: "Attended this week the opening of Parliament the Queen being present and wearing for the first time, some one says, her crown as Empress of India. Lord Beaconsfield was on her left side holding aloft the sword of State. . . . All seemed to be founded on the model *"What shall be done to the man whom the King delighteth to honor?"* Through many years the Queen did much to honor the man who had done much to honor and glorify her. Yes, the obscure scrivener's clerk, the penniless dude, enjoyed the power once of honoring and exalting his Queen. She used to entertain him at Windsor, and when he died she erected a monument over his grave and wrote his epitaph in these words:

To the Dear and Honored Memory of
BENJAMIN, EARL OF BEACONSFIELD
This Memorial is Placed by
His Grateful and Affectionate
Sovereign and Friend
Victoria, R. I.

Kings love him that speaketh right.—Prov. xvi, 13.

Now what was the great secret of the success of Disraeli the politician. I think it is expressed in Archbishop Tait's criticism of *Endymion*: "The writer considers all political life as mere play and gambling." In other words, Benjamin Disraeli was a man with a keen sense of humor. To have a keen sense of humor is to have the knack of seeing things as they are. In Disraeli it was the crown of all his faculties and it was united with a sharp wit which he indulged to good purpose in society, in debate and on the hustings. "We all know about Colonel Grey, but what do you stand on?" cried a voice in a crowd he was addressing in his first campaign. "I stand on my head," was the swift retort of the young dude, and no more questions were asked. When he was seeking reelection as Tory Chancellor a notorious old profligate in the audience called attention to a card Disraeli had printed when he was running as a Radical twenty years before. "What do you say to that?" the man demanded. "I say we all sow our wild oats," came the reply quick as a flash, "and that is a phrase, sir, the precise significance of which you understand." As I have said, Disraeli knew all the tricks of the game. Like our politicians of today he knew the importance of remembering people. Whenever he met a man whom he did not remember he inquired with affectionate solicitude, "And how is the old complaint?" and he seldom missed fire. Above all Disraeli was a serene philosopher and though he played the game with a ruthless hand, he knew that he was precisely what Lord Acton once said of him—"more respectable than his party." He took his party not any more seriously than he took Gladstone whom he described in the midst of a debate as a man "intoxicated with the exuberance of his own verbosity," or as he took the dear people themselves when he said: "The people take reforms as others take stolen goods—and no questions asked."

THE ENEMY

By JOHN FREEMAN

Wonderful!—yet wasn't it humiliating? She had lived all these years, thinking herself a normal, intelligent woman; yet had really been no more than a child. Was it possible that at twenty she had been no other than she was at ten? At nearly thirty just what twenty had left her? Years had gone swiftly; the vast, kaleidoscopic world had dizzied on in its furious, splendid, pitiable confusion; and all the while she had been a child, a doll, an object, a mere thing in a shrine for sensual adoration Oh, deep disgust! Other women had lived and moved and had their being; not she. She had been possessed, as a worthless city that surrenders at the first blast of an audacious trumpet, and is held and despised for ever. Despised? well, yes, despised; by herself if not by him. Even by him, too, probably, for who could tell what men thought? There were things her husband thought about and didn't speak about; why shouldn't he speak of them? What conspiracy was this into which he, with a million others, had darkly entered? Men thought and talked, met together, made plans, vows, prophecies—then came home mute as fishes, gentle as sheep. She amused him, chattered and dressed, dressed and chattered; and that was all he asked. If he took her to a theatre it was to something merely frivolous, or Shakespeare; she couldn't help noticing that he never took her to plays that really mattered. Hadn't she a brain for them? She had read of these plays in the *Morning Post*, and was immensely excited Better still, she had been—but he should never know that! There were books, too, only those were hard to get, since the absurd libraries made their shameful restrictions; no doubt only because of women. And books might be found and then he would question her. Well, and why should she be so afraid of that? She wasn't a child, and even children had rights.

She would decline to account to him for her reading. But wouldn't that look cowardly, or sullen? She could speak: she would defend herself with her own tongue. Defend? No; she'd attack him instead. Let him say a single word and she'd speak.

She saw herself standing bolt upright before him (faintly resembling her favorite actress), felt her eyes flashing and the exquisite pleasure of making him leap with astonishment. She'd find the words! Already she had that exquisite pleasure of the dramatic picture: the lighted lamp; his straight, clear features twisted with perplexity; his cigar going out forgotten. He would stand still, then walk across the room, fidgetting this and that, opening his eyes in wonder and alarmed vexation while he listened to her simple, eager words. What would he think, what would he think? Let him be as angry as he liked, he should hear her confession—no, no; her declaration, her vindication. The words streamed from her in a sudden impulse of clear, high eloquence. There would be an audience of only one, but her triumph would be intense. *He* should confess—why not? Hadn't he anything to confess? How had he lived before they met? They said all men were the same she was sure he wasn't. Yet how could she be sure? He kept so much to himself, while he had the key of every room and nook and cranny of her. Why should she admit him as an exception? Oh, but she couldn't believe!

The sense of her own duality came upon her strongly, destroying the dramatic picture. Suppose he owned he wasn't an exception! and she thought with hot cheeks and dim eyes of their life. How could things go on? They couldn't go on. How dare he treat her so, how *dare* he?—Ah, poor Norman!

But he might declare he was innocent, and then all would be well, and she could go on with her avowal. Yet could she believe him? Everybody knew that every man had; and ought she to believe

him? Was it fair to those other women who didn't believe the most desperate denial? And what a fool he'd think her if he denied, and she believed. It was a delicate thing, a delicate subject Damn this false delicacy—part of the velvet tyranny that women suffered from. So long as they accepted men's suggestion of delicacy, so long would they remain abject, despicable. Why in the world should she shrink from saying what she didn't shrink from thinking? But she did shrink, and even her thoughts were not free and resolute, but shamefaced, furtive, guilty. Yes, they were; and she wasn't to blame for that, but her education. So much the worse if she had lost her frankness. It was his fault, or at any rate the fault of the views which he still wanted her to accept.

As the dramatic picture failed, and with it the sharp pleasure of an anticipated victory, another began to set itself, then grow dim, then flicker up uncertainly again, as though the limelight were erratic, or out of focus. She had been married seven years, and had been—was it happiness, that serenity, that ease, that mutual selfishness, that uncostly charity, that commonplace repletion? Perhaps she had been happy, intensely happy—you never know; but what right had she to such happiness, and what right had he to choke her with it? For choked she was: physically, morally; she felt stuffy, cramped, incompetent. Think of the women who weren't happy—who had been trapped by men, and left—oh, horror! or had been married and bound in the iron unescapable bands of domesticity; women that had brutal husbands who didn't understand them or ever dream there was anything to understand.

And she, she, she only had been happy—with an enervating, dehumanizing happiness. The years came back, bringing their swift, tiny pictures of past delight. Their meeting, their frequent long idle hours in a boat when they fed drowsily upon each other's thoughts; their marriage, and thereafter incessant,

unavoidable companionship, everything turning into habit, heat diminishing to mere accustomed warmth, affection to courtesy—habit, habit engulfing all. What a mere habit life had become! Yet perhaps there was something more than habit in his regard for her; and the acknowledgment of this was no less humiliating. He was a good sort of man (for she wasn't going to be emotional), but like every man he was sensual. He had admired her, perhaps he admired her still, she thought with shrinking, for her merely physical part. She knew she had been able to overwhelm him (perhaps could even yet, she added, frowning darkly) with a single smile, a gesture, a simple look, trick of the hair, color, wave of the hand, lifted foot. It was contemptible, contemptible; for these he had prized her, that was all he had thought of her, for such base uses he had purchased her. Purchased! and how was she better than those others who were purchased for such mean delights? Yet he had steered her protectingly past them in the streets, and people would look at her approvingly but pretend not to see *them*.

She began to see the multitude of her enemy. It was her husband, primarily, but behind and around him all the host of men who had subjugated women and ignored them. There were the laws, but bad as they were it wasn't against the laws that she rebelled. No; she could see farther; she could see that it was the *view* of women that all men held. And it didn't matter if the view were vulgar, brutal, chivalrous, quixotic: it was always based on a belief that women were something different from men. Absurd! as if they, too, hadn't arms and legs, brains and appetites, thoughts, capacities, enthusiasms. But every man thought he could understand women, and when he couldn't said they were capricious—as who should say they had rabies. They were never supposed to have a secret from a man. That calm creature thought he knew everything about them, and worse, claimed the right to know.

That was the last indignity. She felt that her husband knew her so pitilessly—oh, so pityingly, that she hadn't a thought from him.

"Why doesn't he leave me to myself! Why can't I have a secret from him, when all his life is hidden from me? Possession, possession—I'm possessed body and mind. And I want something to myself—a thought, a sensation, something that shall be mine and not his."

She thought of herself compassionately, and whispered: "And it's only my thoughts I can keep; he's had all the rest. And he'll come in and look at me, and know all I've been thinking, or else think it preposterous that I should dare to think at all."

She hungered for a place of privacy, a hole into which she might creep and all the dogs in the world never find her. For she was hunted and devoured daily; and every woman was the same, except those that revolted.

Why hadn't she revolted? She felt and knew so much, now. After all, she wouldn't creep into a hole; she'd proclaim herself from the house-tops. She'd tell him of all the secret, furtive things he'd driven her to. He would be shocked—so much the better. Had he never read that *Doll's House*? She'd tell him that she had, and that it had shown her the doll's house she had been living in. "The doll, the doll," she repeated. She got up suddenly and looked into the glass hungrily. "A doll!" She saw her pale hair, angry cheeks, faint eyebrows, small, straight nose and narrow chin; and she looked with hatred. Rings on her fingers and a flashing brooch at her breast made her think of her shameful dependence. "A doll—to be fingered and fondled like a doll. Does he care what I think? He even laughs if I argue with him."

She tried to picture him, an arid, alert civil servant, intelligent and impervious, holding his head in deep cogitation, revolving her amazing revelation. She failed. "What *do* I know of him, after all?

What was he when we married?" She recalled him, and was teased by the astonishing likeness to her husband now. "I've never known him, but he has known me, toyed with me, used me—" and then, thinking of her years, she added with bitter emphasis, "and he'll forget me then, when I am as old as he is now."

All her agitation had subtly turned into a flood of self-pity. She forgot the neglect of other women, their wrongs and heroically unwise endurance; she forgot the happiness she had so illegally accepted year after year. She forgot all but her present brief loneliness, in which minute things became gigantic and shadowy. "Oh, and I'm so afraid, this time, so afraid—" and she burst into the bitterness of tears, sobbing horribly.

The door opened, and he came to her abruptly, bewildered. She didn't look, but flung herself on him and sobbed more violently, then gradually more gently.

"Poor Nora, poor girl, don't, don't," and he patted and fondled her, touching her hair, letting his fingers stay on her neck. She clung the closer. "What is it, Nora? You shouldn't be alone; where's nurse?"

She stood straight up before him, her full gown slipping away and showing her rounding figure, her breast trembling with nervous, unaccountable agitation. "I thought," she murmured—then was silent. "Don't think, Nora, now. Just remember, and be patient. Don't be afraid!"

ENVOI

By EDMUND JOHN

You did not turn away your fragrant head,
Your eyes were brown, as yesterday, although
There was no greeting in the words they said,
Wanly. I think you smiled; you could not know
I suddenly saw the piteous rose was dead.

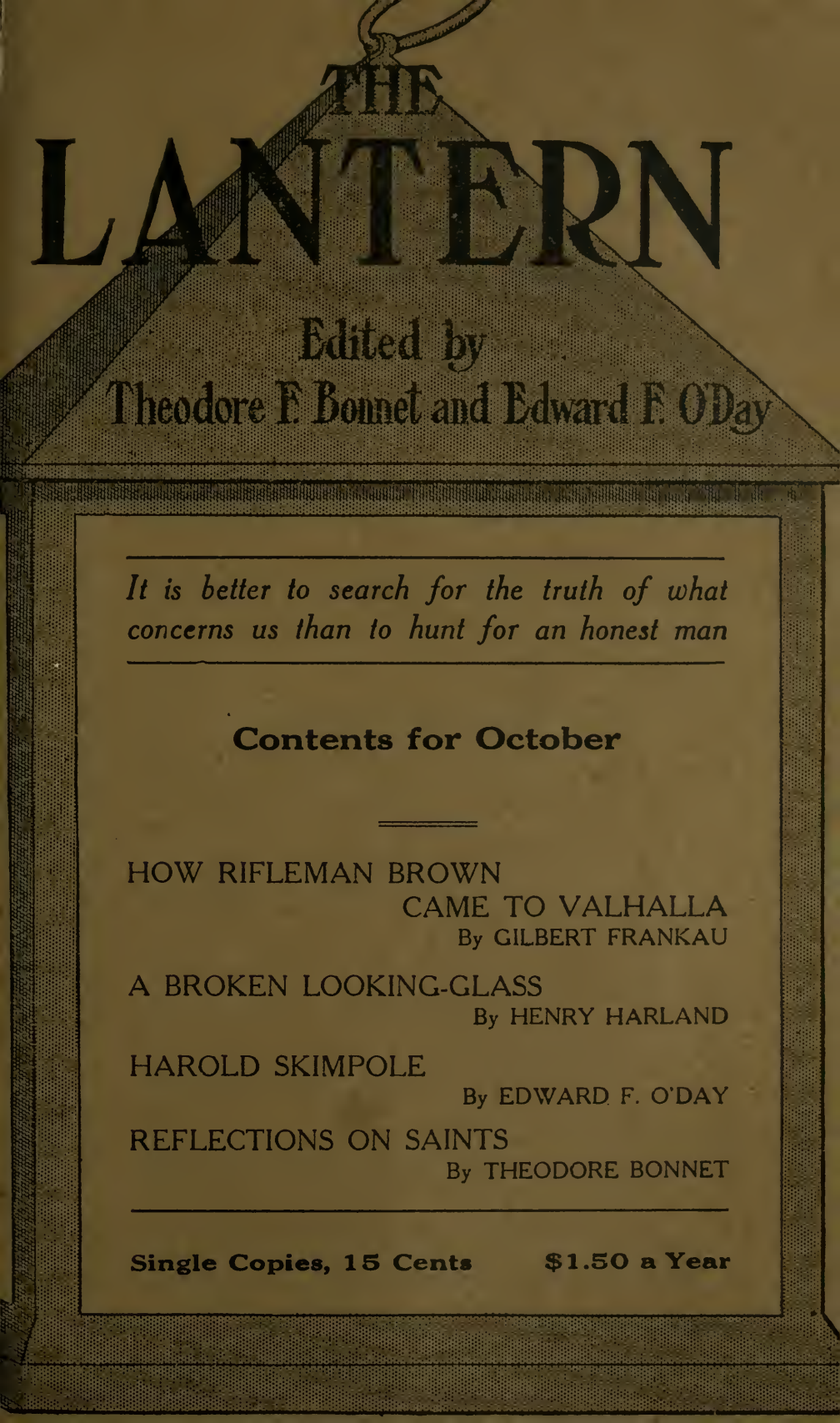
You did not shrink away when I drew near,
But you no longer leaned and crept my way;
And in your eyes I saw a shade of fear,
Though when I asked, you kissed me—and there lay
Upon my lips ashes of yester-year.

You are not vain and heartless, only young!
—Too young to bear the weight of such a love
As my heart sought in you, bled for, and wrung
From night's deep lakes and burning stars above—
Such love it was that at your feet I flung.

Ah, God! Ah, God! a week ago you lay
Here slim and smooth and lithe, like a gold flame
Imprisoned in my arms—flame that must slay
Or save. How should you know?—I have no blame
For you, who wrought my soul deep wrong that day.

I cannot plead, my lips have grown too pale;
I cannot beg for gifts; I will go out
In silence, weaving around my heart a veil,
Covering it up, and wrapping all about
My soul a steel-bright coat of icy mail.

I will blot out the shining of your eyes,
The flaming of your lips, the moonlit ways,
Your clear voice singing from the dead Julys—
I will walk through the bitter nights and days
Smiling, as all men smile who agonize.



THE LANTERN

Edited by
Theodore F. Bonnet and Edward F. O'Day

*It is better to search for the truth of what
concerns us than to hunt for an honest man*

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THE LANTERN

Vol. 2

October, 1916

No. 7

How Rifleman Brown Came to Valhalla

By GILBERT FRANKAU

To the lower Hall of Valhalla, to the heroes of no
renown,
Relieved from his spell at the listening-post, came
Rifleman Joseph Brown.
With never a rent in his khaki nor smear of blood
on his face,
He flung his pack from his shoulders, and made for
an empty place.

The Killer-men of Valhalla looked up from the banquet-board
At the unfouled breech of his rifle, at the unfleshed
point of his sword;
And the unsung dead of the trenches, the kings who
have never a crown,
Demanded his pass to Valhalla from Rifleman Joseph
Brown.

"Who comes, unhit, to the party?" A one-legged
Corporal spoke,
And the gashed heads nodded approval through the
rings of Endless Smoke,
*"Who comes for the beer and the Woodbines of the
never-closed Canteen,*
*"With the barrack-shine on his bayonet and a full-
charged magazine?"*

Then Rifleman Brown looked round him at the nameless
men of the Line—

At the wounds of the shell and the bullet, at the
burns of the bomb and the mine;
At the tunics, virgin of medals but crimson-clotted
with blood;
At the ankle-boots and the puttees, caked stiff with
the Flanders mud;
At the myriad short Lee-Enfields that crowded the
rifle-rack,
Each with its blade to the sword-boss brown, and its
muzzle powder-black:

And Rifleman Brown said never a word; yet he felt
in the soul of his soul
His right to the beer of the lower Hall, though he
came to drink of it, whole;
His right to the fags of the free Canteen, to a seat
at the banquet-board,
Though he came to the men who had killed their man,
with never a man to his sword.

*"Who speaks for the stranger Rifleman, O boys of
the free Canteen?"*

*Who passes the chap with the unmaimed limbs and
the kit that is far too clean?"*

The gashed heads eyed him above their beers, the
gashed lips sucked at their smoke;
There were three at the board of his own platoon,
but not a man of them spoke.

His mouth was mad for the tankard froth and the
biting whiff of a fag,
But he knew that he might not speak for himself to
the dead men who do not brag.

A gun-butt crashed on the gateway, a man came
staggering in;
His head was cleft with a great red wound from
the temple-bone to the chin,

His blade was dyed to the bayonet-boss with the clots
 that were scarcely dry;
 And he cried to the men who had killed their man:
 "Who passes the Rifleman? I!
 By the four I slew, by the shell I stopped, if my feet
 be not too late,
 I speak the word for Rifleman Brown that a chap
 may speak for his mate."

The dead of lower Valhalla, the heroes of dumb re-
 nown,
 They pricked their ears to a tale of the earth as they
 set their tankards down.
 "My mate was on sentry this evening when the Gen-
 eral happened along,
 And asked what he'd do in a gas-attack. Joe told
 him: 'Beat the gong.'
 'What else?'

 'Open fire, Sir,' Joe answered.
 'Good God, man,' our General said,
 'By the time you'd beaten that bloodstained gong the
 chances are you'd be dead.
 Just think, lad.' 'Gas helmet, of course, Sir.' 'Yes,
 damn it, and *gas helmet first*.'
 So Joe stood dumb to attention, and wondered why
 he'd been cursed."

The gashed heads turned to the Rifleman, and now
 it seemed that they knew
 Why the face that had never a smear of blood was
 stained to the jawbones, blue.

"He was posted again at midnight." The scarred
 heads craned to the voice,
 As the man with the blood-red bayonet spoke up
 for the mate of his choice.
 "You know what it's like in a listening-post, the
 Very candles aflame,

Their bullets smacking the sand-bags, our Vickers
combing your hair,
How your ears and your eyes get jumpy, till each
known tuft that you scan
Moves and crawls in the shadows till you'd almost
swear it was man;
You know how you peer and snuff at the night when
the northeast gas-winds blow."
"By the One who made us and maimed us," quoth
lower Valhalla, *"we know!"*
"Sudden, out of the blackness, sudden as Hell, there
came
Roar and rattle of rifles, spurts of machine-gun
flame;
And Joe stood up in the forward sap to try and
fathom the game.
Sudden, their shells come screaming; sudden, his
nostrils sniff
The sickening reek of the rotten pears, the death
that kills with a whiff.
Death! and he knows it certain, as he bangs on his
cartridge-case,
With the gas-cloud's claws at his windpipe and the
gas-cloud's wings on his face
We heard his gong in our dug-out, he only whacked
on it twice,
We whipped our gas-bags over our heads, and
manned the steps in a trice—
For the cloud would have caught us as sure as Fate
if he'd taken the Staff's advice."

His head was cleft with a great red wound from chin
to the temple-bone,
But his voice was as clear as a sounding gong, "I'll
be damned if I'll drink alone,
Not even in lower Valhalla! Is he free of the free
Canteen,
My mate who comes with the unfleshed point and the
full-charged magazine?"

The gashed heads rose at the Rifleman o'er the rings
of the Endless Smoke,
And loud as the roar of a thousand guns Valhalla's
answer broke,
And loud as the crash of a thousand shells their
tankards clashed on the board:
*"He is free of the mess of the Killer-men, your mate
of the unfleshed sword;
For we know the worth of his deed on earth; as we
know the speed of the death
Which catches its man by the back of the throat and
gives him water for breath;
As we know how the hand at the helmet-cloth may
tarry seconds too long,
When the very life of the front-line trench is staked
on the beat of a gong.
By the four you slew, by the case he smote, by the
grey gas-cloud and the green,
We pass your mate for the Endless Smoke and the
beer of the free Canteen."*

In the lower hall of Valhalla, with the heroes of no
renown,
With our nameless dead of the Marne and the Aisne,
of Mons, and of Wipers town,
With the men who killed ere they died for us, sits
Rifleman Joseph Brown.
Flanders, June, 1916.

HAROLD SKIMPOLE

By EDWARD F. O'DAY

"In simplicity, and freshness, and enthusiasm, and a fine guileless inaptitude for all worldly affairs, he is a perfect child," said Mr. Jarndyce of Bleak House, speaking of his friend Harold Skimpole.

It was a description which Harold Skimpole frequently gave of himself. Dickens permits Harold Skimpole to talk a great deal about himself. It is all the most delightfully amusing talk, and it conveys to us the fullest information about Harold Skimpole's irresponsibility and childlike unworldliness. But Dickens also permits us to learn some important facts about Harold Skimpole, facts not placed before us by the man himself, despite his engaging and seemingly artless frankness. The absence of agreement between all of his professions and some of his performances is what makes Harold Skimpole a character worth studying..

Harold Skimpole, we learn from Esther Summerston, the "Dame Durden" of Bleak House, was a bright little creature, with a rather large head; but a delicate face, and a sweet voice, and there was a perfect charm in him. All he said was so free from effort and spontaneous, and was said with such a captivating gaiety, that it was fascinating to hear him talk. He was not young, but he had more the appearance of a damaged young man than of a well-preserved elderly one. There was an easy negligence in his manner, and even in his dress (his hair carelessly disposed, and his neckerchief loose and flowing, as you have seen artists paint their own portraits), which it was hard to separate from the idea of a romantic youth who had undergone some unique process of depreciation. It was not at all like the manner or appearance of a man who had advanced in life by the usual road of years, cares and experiences.

Harold Skimpole had been educated for the medical profession, and had once lived, in his professional capacity, in the household of a German prince. However, to explain the matter in Skimpole's own words, as he had always been a mere child in point of weights and measures, and had never known anything about them (except that they disgusted him), he had never been able to prescribe with the requisite accuracy of detail. In fact, he said, he had no head for detail. When he was wanted to bleed the prince or physic any of the prince's people, he was generally found lying on his back in bed, reading the newspapers or making fancy sketches in pencil, and couldn't go. The prince at last objecting to this, "in which," said Skimpole in his frankest manner, "he was perfectly right," the engagement terminated, and Skimpole having (as he added with delightful gaiety) "nothing to live upon but love, fell in love and married and surrounded himself with rosy cheeks." His good friend Jarndyce and some other of his good friends then helped him, in quicker or slower succession, to several openings in life. This, as he freely admitted, was to no purpose, for he had two of the oldest infirmities in the world. One was, that he had no idea of time; the other, that he had no idea of money. In consequence of which he never kept an appointment, never could transact any business, and never knew the value of anything. He was very fond of reading the papers, very fond of making fancy sketches with a pencil, very fond of nature, very fond of art. All he asked of society was, to let him live. *That* wasn't much, he said. His wants were few. Give him the papers, conversation, music, mutton, coffee, landscape, fruit in the season, a few sheets of Bristol-board and a little claret, and he asked no more.

All this Harold Skimpole said not only with the utmost brilliancy and enjoyment, but with a certain

vivacious candor, speaking of himself as if he were some third person.

"I covet nothing," he said in the same light way. "Possession is nothing to me. Here is my friend Jarndyce's excellent house. I feel obliged to him for possessing it. I can sketch it, and alter it. I can set it to music. When I am here, I have sufficient possession of it, and have neither trouble, cost nor responsibility. My steward's name, in short, is Jarndyce, and he can't cheat me. We have been mentioning Mrs. Jellyby. There is a bright-eyed woman, of a strong will and immense power of business-detail, who throws herself into objects with surprising ardour! I don't regret that I have not a strong will and an immense power of business-detail, to throw myself into objects with surprising ardour. I can admire her without envy. I can sympathise with the objects. I can dream of them. I can lie down on the grass—in fine weather—and float along an African river, embracing all the natives I meet, as sensible of the deep silence, and sketching the dense overhanging tropical growth as accurately as if I were there. I don't know that it's of any direct use my doing so, but it's all I can do, and I do it thoroughly. Then, for Heaven's sake, having Harold Skimpole, a confiding child, petitioning you, the world, an agglomeration of business people of business habits, to let him live and admire the human family, do it somehow or other, like good souls, and suffer him to ride his rocking horse!"

The suspicion may be aroused in the student's mind that Harold Skimpole protested too much on this subject. But it is all such delightful protestation! Observe his behavior, for instance, when he was arrested for debt. He had no hesitation about applying to Esther for assistance.

"Are you arrested for much, sir?" she inquired.

"My dear Miss Summerson," said Skimpole, shaking his head pleasantly, "I don't know. Some pounds,

odd shillings and half-pence, I think, were mentioned."

"It's twenty-four pound, sixteen, and seven-pence ha'penny," said the bailiff. "That's wot it is."

"And it sounds—somehow it sounds," said Mr. Skimpole, "like a small sum?"

It wasn't a small sum to Esther, but she managed to scrape it together and satisfy the bailiff. Whereupon Skimpole addressed that individual thus:

"Did you know this morning that you were coming out here on this errand?"

"Know'd it yes'day aft'noon at tea-time," was the reply.

"It didn't affect your appetite? Didn't make you at all uneasy?"

"Not a bit," said the bailiff. "I know'd if you wos missed today, you wouldn't be missed tomorrow. A day makes no such odds."

"But when you came down here," proceeded Skimpole, "it was a fine day. The sun was shining, the wind was blowing, the lights and shadows were passing across the fields, the birds were singing."

"Nobody said they warn't, in my hearing," returned the bailiff.

"No," observed Mr. Skimpole. "But what did you think upon the road?"

"Wot do you mean?" growled the bailiff, with an appearance of strong resentment. "Think! I've got enough to do, and little enough to get for it, without thinking. Thinking!"

"Then you didn't think, at all events," proceeded Mr. Skimpole, "to this effect—'Harold Skimpole loves to see the sun shine; loves to hear the wind blow; loves to watch the changing lights and shadows; loves to hear the birds, those choristers in Nature's great cathedral. And does it seem to me that I am about to deprive Harold Skimpole of his share in such possessions, which are his only birhtright?' You thought nothing to that effect?"

"I—certainly—did—not," said the bailiff.

"Very odd and very curious, the mental process is, in you men of business!" said Mr. Skimpole thoughtfully. "Thank you, my friend. Good night."

Harold Skimpole loved to expatiate on his ignorance of the value of money. It was his favorite theme. Did he owe the doctor a fee? And did the doctor complain that it was not paid?

"Now, my dear doctor," he reasoned, "it is quite a delusion on your part to suppose that you attend me for nothing. I am overwhelming you with money—in my expansive intentions—if you only knew it!"

It was this way: If he had had those bits of metal or thin paper to which mankind attached so much importance, to put in the doctor's hand, he would have put them in the doctor's hand. Not having them, he substituted the will for the deed. Very well! If he really meant it—if his will were genuine and real, it appeared to him that it was the same as coin, and cancelled the obligation. He addressed the same argument to his butcher.

"My butcher says to me, he wants that little bill," said Skimpole. "It's a part of the pleasant unconscious poetry of the man's nature that he always calls it a 'little bill'—to make the payment appear easy to both of us. I reply to the butcher, 'My good friend, if you knew it you are paid. You haven't had the trouble of coming to ask for the little bill. You are paid, I mean it.'"

This sort of talk amused honest Mr. Jarndyce immensely, but at this point he could not forbear interposing an objection.

"Suppose," said Jarndyce, "he had meant the meat in the bill, instead of providing it?"

"My dear Jarndyce," Skimpole replied, "you surprise me. You take the butcher's position. A butcher I once dealt with occupied that very ground. Says he, 'Sir, why did you eat spring lamb at

eighteen-pence a pound?' 'Why did I eat spring lamb at eighteen-pence a pound, my honest friend?' said I, naturally amazed by the question. 'I like spring lamb.' This was so far convincing. 'Well, sir,' says he, 'I wish I had meant the lamb as you mean the money.' 'My good fellow,' said I, 'pray let us reason like intellectual beings. You had the lamb, and I have not the money. You couldn't mean the lamb without sending it in, whereas I do, and can, mean the money without paying it.' He had not a word. There was an end of the subject."

Harold Skimpole lived in a place called the Polygon, in Somers Town, London. Esther Summerson went there with Mr. Jarndyce on an errand of beneficence, and as there was nobody to announce them, they came upon Skimpole unexpectedly. His room was not at all clean, but there was a sort of shabby luxury about it. The furniture included a large footstool, a sofa and plenty of cushions, an easy chair and plenty of pillows. There was a little plate of hothouse nectarines on the table, another of grapes and another of sponge-cakes, and a bottle of light wine. Skimpole was reclining in a dressing gown, drinking fragrant coffee from an old china cup, and looking at the wallflowers in the balcony.

"This is my frugal breakfast," he said (it was mid-day). "Some men want legs of beef and mutton for breakfast; I don't. Give me my peach, my cup of coffee, and my claret; I am content. I don't want them for themselves, but they remind me of the sun. There's nothing solar about legs of beef and mutton. Mere animal satisfaction!"

Skimpole handed the grapes to his guests.

"These are very fine," said Mr. Jarndyce. "A present?"

"No," Skimpole answered. "Some amiable gardener sells them. His man wanted to know, when he brought them last evening, whether he should wait for the money. 'Really, my friend,' I said, 'I think not—

if your time is of any value to you.' I suppose it was, for he went away."

And then he introduced his guests to the Skimpole family.

"This," he said, "is my Beauty daughter, Arethusa—plays and sings odds and ends like her father. This is my Sentiment daughter, Laura—plays a little, but don't sing. This is my Comedy daughter, Kitty—sings a little, but don't play. We all draw a little, and compose a little, and none of us have an idea of time or money."

Mrs. Skimpole had once been a beauty, but was now a delicate, high-nosed invalid, suffering under a complication of disorders. She had a way of sighing for the benefit of the generous Mr. Jarndyce whenever her husband mentioned money. The sons of the family had all run away from home at one time or another, never to return.

It was an irresponsible household, but what of that?

"Responsibility?" said Skimpole. "I am the last man in the world for such a thing. I never was responsible in my life—I can't be. See," and he took a handful of change from his pocket, "there's so much money. I have not an idea how much. I have not the power of counting. Call it four and ninepence—call it four pound nine. They tell me I owe more than that. I dare say I do. I dare say I owe as much as good-natured people will let me owe. If they don't stop, why should I? There you have Harold Skimpole in little. If that's responsibility, I am responsible."

This sort of talk caused one of Skimpole's acquaintances to ask pertinently whether there was not such a thing as principle.

"Upon my life, I have not the least idea," responded Skimpole. "I don't know what it is you call by that name, or where it is, or who possesses it. If you possess it, and find it comfortable, I am

quite delighted, and congratulate you heartily. But I know nothing about it, I assure you; for I am a mere child, and I lay no claim to it, and I don't want it."

On the subject of his self-absorption Skimpole was equally frank.

"Enterprise and effort," he would say, "are delightful to me. I believe I am truly cosmopolitan. I have the deepest sympathy with them. I lie in this shady place, and think of adventurous spirits going to the North Pole, or penetrating to the heart of the Torrid Zone, with admiration. Mercenary creatures ask, 'What is the use of a man's going to the North Pole? What good does it do?' I can't say; but, for anything I *can* say, he may go for the purpose—though he don't know it—of employing my thoughts as I lie here. Take an extreme case. Take the Slaves on American plantations. I dare say they are worked hard, I dare say they don't altogether like it, I dare say theirs is an unpleasant experience on the whole; but they people the landscape for me, they give it a poetry for me, and perhaps that is one of the pleasanter objects of their existence. I am very sensible of it, if it be, and I shouldn't wonder if it were!"

When *Bleak House* was published Leigh Hunt recognized his portrait in Harold Skimpole, and was very angry with Dickens. The author of *Abou Ben Adhem* had had every reason to consider Dickens a friend, and he regarded the caricature of himself in the full length drawing of Skimpole as being anything but a friendly act. There was a great deal of bad feeling engendered by the affair, and Dickens found it necessary to deny categorically that Leigh Hunt's character had suggested any of the unpleasant features of the picture.

"In the midst of the sorest temptations," Dickens writes in *All the Year Round*, "Hunt maintained his honesty unblemished by a single stain. He was in all

public and private transactions the very soul of truth and honor."

This disclaimer was indeed necessary, for there is shown in *Bleak House* another side of Harold Skimpole's character—a side not illuminated by his own graceful talk.

There was a wretched boy named Jo from the worst slums of London whom gentle, angelic Esther took into Bleak House when he was being consumed by smallpox. Skimpole was a guest at the time, and Mr. Jarndyce appealed to him as a medical man, asking him what should be done.

"You had better turn him out," said Skimpole.

"What do you mean?" inquired Mr. Jarndyce.

"My dear Jarndyce," said Skimpole, "you know what I am: I am a child. Be cross to me, if I deserve it. But I have a constitutional objection to this sort of thing. I always had, when I was a medical man. He's not safe, you know. There's a very bad sort of fever about him. If you put him out in the road you only put him where he was before. He will be no worse off than he was, you know. Even make him better off, if you like. Give him sixpence, or five shillings, or five pound ten—you are arithmeticians, and I am not—and get rid of him!"

This advice was not followed; Jo was put tenderly to bed. Before morning he had disappeared. It was a mysterious disappearance, but it was explained later by a detective named Mr. Bucket. The authorities had been looking for wretched Jo, and Mr. Bucket traced him to Bleak House.

What followed was told to Esther by Mr. Bucket himself:

"I just pitched up a morsel of gravel at that window where I saw a shadow. As soon as Harold opens it, and I have had a look at him, thinks I, you're the man for me. So I smoothed him down a bit, about not wanting to disturb the family after they had gone to bed, and about its being a thing

to be regretted that charitable young ladies should harbour vagrants; and then, when I pretty well understood his ways, I said I should consider a fypunnote well bestowed if I could relieve the premises of Toughy (Jo) without causing any noise or trouble. Then says he, lifting up his eyebrows in the gayest way, 'it's no use mentioning a fypunnote to me, my friend, because I'm a mere child in such matters, and have no idea of money.' Of course I understood what his taking it so easy meant; and being now quite sure he was the man for me, I wrapped the note around a little stone and threw it up to him. Well! He laughs and beams, and looks as innocent as you like, and says, 'But I don't know the value of these things. What am I to do with this?' 'Spend it, sir,' says I. 'But I shall be taken in,' he says, 'they won't give me the right change. I shall lose it. It's no use to me.' Lord, you never saw such a face as he carried it with! Of course he told me where to find Toughy, and I found him."

Mr. Bucket's comment on this piece of treachery which caused Jo's death, may stand as a complete comment on Harold Skimpole's character, for I do not see how it can be improved by elaboration or explanation:

"Whenever a person says to you that they are as innocent as can be in all concerning money, look well after your own money, for they are dead certain to collar it, if they can. Whenever a person proclaims to you, 'In worldly matters I'm a child,' you consider that that person is only a-crying off from being held accountable, and that you have got that person's number, and it's Number One. Fast and loose in one thing, fast and loose in everything. I never knew it fail."

A BROKEN LOOKING-GLASS

By HENRY HARLAND

He climbed the three flights of stone stairs, and put his key into the lock; but before he turned it, he stopped—to rest, to take breath. On the door his name was painted in big white letters, Mr. Richard Dane. It is always silent in the Temple at midnight; tonight the silence was dense, like a fog. It was Sunday night; and on Sunday night, even within the hushed precincts of the Temple, one is conscious of a deeper hush.

When he had lighted the lamp in his sitting-room, he let himself drop into an arm-chair before the empty fireplace. He was tired, he was exhausted. Yet nothing had happened to tire him. He had dined, as he always dined on Sundays, with the Rodericks, in Cheyne Walk; he had driven home in a hansom. There was no reason why he should be tired. But he was tired. A deadly lassitude penetrated his body and his spirit, like a fluid. He was too tired to go to bed.

"I suppose I am getting old," he thought.

To a second person the matter would have appeared one not of supposition but of certainty, not of progression but of accomplishment. Getting old indeed? But he *was* old. It was an old man, grey and wrinkled and wasted, who sat there, limp, sunken upon himself, in his easy chair. In years, to be sure, he was under sixty; but he looked like a man of seventy-five.

"I am getting old, I suppose I am getting old."

And vaguely, dully, he contemplated his life, spread out behind him like a misty landscape, and thought what a failure it had been. What had it come to? What had it brought him? What had he done or won? Nothing, nothing. It had brought him nothing but old age, solitude, disappointment, and, tonight especially, a sense of fatigue and apathy that weighed

upon him like a suffocating blanket. On a table, a yard or two away, stood a decanter of whisky, with some soda water bottles and tumblers; he looked at it with heavy eyes, and he knew that there was what he needed. A little whisky would strengthen him, revive him, and make it possible for him to bestir himself and undress and go to bed. But when he thought of rising and moving to pour the whisky out, he shrunk from that effort as from an Herculean labor; no—he was too tired. Then his mind went back to the friends he had left in Chelsea half an hour ago; it seemed an indefinitely long time ago, years and years ago; they were like blurred phantoms, dimly remembered from a remote past.

Yes, his life had been a failure; total, miserable, abject. It had come to nothing; its harvest was a harvest of ashes. If it had been a useful life, he could have accepted it unhappiness; if it had been a happy life, he could have forgotten its uselessness; but it had been both useless and unhappy. He had done nothing for others, he had won nothing for himself. Oh, but he had tried, he had tried. When he had left Oxford people expected great things of him; he had expected great things of himself. He was admitted to be clever, to be gifted; he was ambitious, he was in earnest. He wished to make a name, he wished to justify his existence by fruitful work. And he had worked hard. He had put all his knowledge, all his talent, all his energy, into his work; he had not spared himself; he had passed laborious days and studious nights. And what remained to show for it? Three or four volumes upon Political Economy, that had been read in their day a little, discussed a little, and then quite forgotten—superseded by the books of newer men. “Pulped, pulped,” he reflected bitterly. Except for a stray dozen of copies scattered here and there—in the British Museum, in his college library, on his own bookshelves—his published writings had by this time

(he could not doubt) met with the common fate of unsuccessful literature, and been "pulped."

"Pulped—pulped; pulped—pulped." The hateful word beat rhythmically again and again in his tired brain; and for a little while that was all he was conscious of.

So much for the work of his life. And for the rest? The play? The living? Oh, he had nothing to recall but failure. It had sufficed that he should desire a thing, for him to miss it; that he should set his heart upon a thing, for it to be removed beyond the sphere of his possible acquisition. It had been so from the beginning; it had been so always. He sat motionless as a stone, and allowed his thoughts to drift listlessly hither and thither in the current of memory. Everywhere they encountered wreckage, derelicts: defeated aspirations, broken hopes. Languidly he envisaged these. He was too tired to resent, to rebel. He even found a certain sluggish satisfaction in recognizing with what unvarying harshness destiny had treated him, in resigning himself to the unmerited.

He caught sight of his hand, lying flat and inert upon the brown leather arm of his chair. His eyes rested on it, and for the moment he forgot everything else in a sort of torpid study of it. How white it was, how thin, how withered; the nails were parched into minute corrugations; the veins stood out like dark wires; the skin hung loosely on it, and had a dry lustre: an old man's hand. He gazed at it fixedly, till his eyes closed and his head fell forward. But he was not sleepy, he was only tired and weak.

He raised his head with a start, and changed his position. He felt cold; but to endure cold was easier than to get up, and put something on, or go to bed.

How silent the world was; how empty his room. An immense feeling of solitude, of isolation, fell upon him. He was quite cut off from the rest of humanity here. If anything should happen to him, if he should

need help of any sort, what could he do? Call out? But who would hear? At nine in the morning the porter's wife would come with his tea. But if anything should happen to him in the meantime? There would be nothing for it but to wait till nine o'clock.

Ah, if he had married, if he had had children, a wife, a home of his own, instead of these desolate bachelor chambers!

If he had married, indeed! It was his sorrow's crown of sorrow that he had not married, that he had not been able to marry, that the girl he had wished to marry wouldn't have him. Failure? Success? He could have accounted failure in other things a trifle, he could have laughed at what the world calls failure, if Elinor Lynd had been his wife. But that was the heart of his misfortune, she wouldn't have him.

He had met her for the first time when he was a lad of twenty, and she a girl of eighteen. He could see her palpable before him now: her slender girlish figure, her bright eyes, her laughing mouth, her warm brown hair curling round her forehead. Oh, how he had loved her. For twelve years he had waited upon her, wooed her, hoped to win her. But she had always said, "No—I don't love you. I am very fond of you; I love you as a friend; we all love you that way—my mother, my father, my sisters. But I can't marry you." However, she married no one else, she loved no one else; and for twelve years he was an ever-welcome guest in her father's house; and she would talk with him, play to him, pity him; and he could hope. Then she died. He called one day, and they said she was ill. After that there came a blank in his memory—a gulf, full of blackness and redness, anguish and confusion; and then a sort of dreadful sudden calm, when they told him she was dead.

He remembered standing in her room, after the funeral, with her father, her mother, her sister Elizabeth. He remembered the pale daylight that filled

it, and how orderly and cold and forsaken it all looked. And there was her bed, the bed she had died in; and there her dressing-table, with her combs and brushes; and there her writing-desk, her bookcase. He remembered a row of medicine bottles on the mantelpiece: he remembered the fierce anger, the hatred of them, as if they were animate, that had welled up in his heart as he looked at them, because they had failed to do their work.

"You will wish to have something that was hers, Richard," her mother said. "What would you like?"

On her dressing-table there was a small looking-glass, in an ivory frame. He asked if he might have that, and carried it away with him. She had looked into it a thousand times, no doubt; she had done her hair in it; it had reflected her, enclosed her, contained her. He could almost persuade himself that something of her must remain in it. To own it was like owning something of herself. He carried it home with him, hugging it to his side with a kind of passion.

He had prized it, he prized it still, as his dearest treasure; the looking-glass in which her face had been reflected a thousand times; the glass that had contained her, known her; in which something of herself, he felt, must linger. To handle it, look at it, into it, behind it, was like holding a mystic communion with her; it gave him an emotion that was infinitely sweet and bitter, a pain that was dissolved in joy.

The glass lay now, folded in its ivory case, on the chimney-shelf in front of him. That was its place; he always kept it on his chimney-shelf, so that he could see it whenever he glanced round his room. He leaned back in his chair, and looked at it; for a long time his eyes remained fixed upon it. 'If she had married me, she wouldn't have died. My love, my care, would have healed her. She could not have died.' Monotonously, automatically, the phrase repeated itself over and over again in his mind, while

his eyes remained fixed on the ivory case into which her looking-glass was folded. It was an effect of his fatigue, no doubt, that his eyes, once directed on an object, were slow to leave it for another; that a phrase once pronounced in his thought had this tendency to repeat itself over and over again.

But at last he roused himself a little, and leaning forward, put his hand out and up, to take the glass from the shelf. He wished to hold it, touch it and look into it. As he lifted it towards him, it fell open, the mirror proper being fastened to a leather back, which was glued to the ivory, and formed a hinge. It fell open; and his grasp had been insecure; and the jerk as it opened was enough. It slipped from his fingers, and dropped with a crash upon the hearth-stone.

The sound went through him like a physical pain. He sank back into his chair, and closed his eyes. He knew vaguely that a calamity had befallen him; he could vaguely imagine the splinters of shattered glass at his feet. But his physical prostration was so great as to obliterate, to neutralize, emotion. He felt very cold. He felt that he was being hurried along with terrible speed through darkness and cold air. There was the continuous roar of rapid motion in his ears, a faint, dizzy bewilderment in his head. He felt that he was trying to catch hold of things, to stop his progress, but his hands closed upon emptiness; that he was trying to call out for help, but he could make no sound. On—on—on, he was being whirled through some immeasurable abyss of space.

* * * * *

"Ah, yes, he's dead, quite dead," the doctor said. "He has been dead some hours. He must have passed away peacefully sitting here in his chair."

"Poor gentleman," said the porter's wife. "And a broken looking-glass beside him. Oh, it's a sure sign, a broken looking-glass."

REFLECTIONS ON SAINTS

By THEODORE BONNET

When I was a lad I heard the *Lives of the Saints* read as a daily exercise in devotion, but I was too young to take any interest in that sort of literature. Nor as I grew older and more smartly sophisticated did it appeal to me, for, according to my view, the saints were impossible persons who flourished when the world was young and whose doings were principally of the preternatural order. It was not that I was sceptical of the saints but that I much preferred to read about men and women who give ear to loud ambition when it calls, who might be the heroes and heroines of everyday life. The fault was not with the saints but with their biographers, who assumed too much, at times neglecting to differentiate the incredibly legendary and mythical from the so-called scientifically historical. Writers of this school, versed in spiritual matters, lead their readers into a lot of timid and meaningless piety.

Now the lives of the saints, no less than the lives of great men and women in general, are of the stuff that reminds even the humblest compounds of common clay that they may make their lives sublime; and some of them are worth reading for more than spiritual edification: they hold an absorbing interest for all lovers of biography.

Take, for example, the life of Saint Augustine, the great Bishop of Hippo. Take especially his life as written by Louis Bertrand, the French novelist. This is a good work on which to begin the cultivation of an appetite for a very fascinating kind of literature. The average man, I fancy, has no use for the biography of a saint. Presumably it is a chilling, religious work dealing with persons fit only for worshipful attitudes in stained glass windows. Saints are not topics of conversation for which the ordinary person has any zest. One seldom comes

across the review of a book about a saint unless it be a religious treatise by some divine on Saint Paul or on the author of the fourth gospel. Usually such works make dry reading. Even Ernest Renan did not produce a Saint Paul that appealed to the general reader.

Now for some years the lives of saints have been rapidly enriching *belles-lettres*, and popular authors have been devoting their time to the biographies of religious men and women. There is a big library on Joan of Arc; Saint Francis has supplied material to several authors of the first rank. There are books, like the two volumes on Santa Teresa, written by Gabriela Cunninghame-Graham, from which one may derive much rare knowledge of the history of exciting times. The same is true of Louis Bertrand's *Life of Saint Augustine*, which deals with a period wherein the sack of Rome by the barbarians recalled the people of the empire from the serene dream of permanent security and enjoyment, and gave a shock to their ideas of human betterment and perfection.

That was a time like our own when thought was losing itself in blind alleys and only the few cared to look beneath the glittering surface of things. Then as now men were suddenly discomfited. Made sensible of the insecurity of life, they realized in terror and tears that it was worth while to project their minds somewhere beyond the fixed stars.

But the *Life of Saint Augustine* is not a book of dreary piety. You meet in this volume a typical saint, very tolerant of the wicked. Saints, you know, are not Pharisees. As a rule they do not get angry with men after the manner of our reformers. Among them are men and women who regard the wicked as naughty children are regarded by gentle parents. They are always mindful of their own frailty and the great effort it costs them to be half-way good. Augustine was of this type. A literary genius, like

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Chateaubriand, he was like that gay Frenchman in other respects. Born in Numidia, a student in old Carthage, the fleshpots of Africa were dear to him. He was a genuine son of the torrid zone. He was also the son of a Pagan; but for a mother he had Monnica, a saint herself. It was a mother's love and devotion, as in the case of Chateaubriand, that won Augustine to the cause of religion. He became one of the Fathers of the Church, one of its most zealous preachers, but he had a hard struggle to abandon the attractive life of a Pagan. His conversion was a miracle. It was Monnica's miracle.

Now of course, as I know, it is very hard to believe in miracles, but you can read the life of Saint Augustine without believing in them. It savors in no obtrusive way of the miraculous. You may read Bertrand's book as a work of art and find it quite as delightful as Anatole France's life of *Thais*, which is a quite different kind of book, dealing as it does with frail women and mystics too. To sly Anatole mystics are fit subjects for keen and amiable irony. As literature *Saint Augustine* reminds one of *Thais*, as in both one has artistically contrived atmosphere drawn from the same sources by antiquarian scholars of the same school. Saint Augustine, to be sure, was hardly a mystic. He was an eminently practical man, with little time for religious ecstasies. Besides he was kept busy in debate with the Donatists and the Manichees. One gets but a vague idea of the mystical life from Bertrand; a less imperfect idea, however, than one gets from the story of *Thais*. But you cannot read of saints without learning something of mysticism, which is a subject, by the way, in which you may improve yourself without going to India or listening to a highbrow Hindu. Much is to be learned from quite respectable European authorities. Among them will be found intellectual giants who, far from religious or pious, were nevertheless much given to the study of saints. Take

Honore de Balzac, for instance. Curious as it may seem it was the creator of the *Comedie Humaine* who started me reading the lives of saints. Yes, I found Balzac referring so often to the book usually attributed to Thomas á Kempis—the *Imitation of Christ*—that he piqued my curiosity regarding the solitary life. In his judgment this epic poem of the inner life written by a monk is one of the world's greatest books. In mine—but what matters anybody's judgment on such a subject? The *Imitation of Christ* has been in men's hands for some five centuries, its editions are to be counted by thousands, it is read by educated men of all the jarring Christian sects. There is no other book today that can do so much toward lifting us above our own selfishness and extending and illuminating the dim and dwarfed horizon of our lives. It is the book to read if you would cultivate a knowledge of the inner lives of saints, or if you would learn, as George Eliot tells us in *The Mill on the Floss*, after quoting Thomas á Kempis, how a voice from the far-off Middle Ages may bring to a soul today a clear vision of life, driving away all vain imaginings, evil disturbances and superfluous cares. Now somewhat in the same vein with this work are the literary remains of the dyer's daughter of Siena, Saint Catherine.

To get an idea of mysticism one should read the life of Catherine of Siena, "a new woman" of other days; a "new woman" indeed, even according to present-day standards. It is instructive to read the life of Catherine of Siena if with no other object than to see how much further she was advanced six hundred years ago than the most advanced woman of the twentieth century. Catherine was a more remarkable woman than that simple maid Joan of Arc, whom Mark Twain, the jocular agnostic, and Andrew Lang and De Quincey regarded as a problem beyond human power of solution. Catherine strikes one as a living miracle, but

did not that great rationalist David Hume prove that miracles were bosh? At any rate he proved it to his own satisfaction, and he was inclined to doubt even the testimony of the Apostles. So perhaps Catherine of Siena was not a living miracle. Maybe she was only a prodigy. And doubtless Anatole France can explain her as he explained the Maid of Domremy—by deliberately distorting public records and adapting hypotheses to his preconceived notions of those mental disturbances in which visions are imagined.

This facile sort of exposition is somewhat unsatisfactory, however, since, no matter how elaborately it is made the inquisitive mind has questions to ask for which there is no plausible solution. Indeed to the really scientific mind the prodigy becomes more prodigious after the pundit has closed his case. And so in the case of a person like Catherine Benincasa, the dyer's daughter of Siena, it is just as well to take her as she is. Anyway it is enough to take her as we find her, moving gracefully through the throbbing pages of sober and profane history, and as she reveals herself in the pages of literature. In both she has considerable prominence, for she played a very active part in international politics and she contributed to literature, though she learned to write not till three years before her death. So you see Catherine of Siena is not to be taken lightly. Indeed some very brilliant men have taken her quite seriously.

Two modern poets have sung the praises of Catherine. Gabriele d'Annunzio, in the *Virgins of the Rocks*, summed her up in a fine passage of rhetoric: "a rose of fire in the garden of self-knowledge." Swinburne enshrines her among the heroes and patriots of the *Songs before Sunrise*:

Then in her sacred saving hands
She took the sorrows of the lands,
With maiden palms she lifted up
The sick times' blood-embittered cup,
And in her virgin garments furled
The faint limbs of a wounded world.
Clothed with calm love and clear desire,
She went forth in her soul's attire,
A missive fire.

It was indeed sick times that the great saint fared forth in, and it was with her own "saving hands" that she made much healing history. Hence her life is especially good reading today, these being times of great human calamity such as throw men back on first principles. These are times, as I said before, like those of Augustine's day in which men were compelled to reconsider their working creed of life. It was in that age of anguish that Augustine produced *De Civitate Dei*, wherein he definitely abandoned the one City built by men for serenity and enjoyment to lodge his hope and all the hope of humanity in the City of God. From all accounts, in these present days of anguish men are packing away whatever philosophy or disinterested intellectual life they possess to concentrate their entire energies upon the terrible realities of war. Yet one hears a great deal of a so-called "revival" of mysticism. Doubtless it consists largely in a brisk curiosity concerning the more agreeable experiences of the saints. At the same time there is very likely a dim perception that the heroic spirituality and wide outlook of the mystic can alone help men to bear the realities of war. Surely these realities remind men that the boasted, scientific safeguards of civilization have failed. Science may disprove miracles to the satisfaction of a Hume, but it cannot bring the healing sorely needed in a world distraught.

Catherine of Siena was a healer as well as a mystic; a healer of souls, a mystic who believed in the efficacy of optimism, like a Christian Scientist,

but unlike Christian Science hers was far from being a religion of materialism. She did not ignore pain to cure it; she cultivated pain in a spirit of self-sacrifice. Utility was her test of righteousness, but it was utility not for herself; it was for others. "There can be no perfect virtue," said she, "none that bears fruit, unless it is exercised by means of our neighbor." Not for her the virtue that Milton said he could not praise—"the fugitive and cloistered virtue, unexercised and unbreathed that never sallies out and seeks her adversary." Temperamentally Catherine preferred the cloistered virtue, and practiced it as a nun in the seclusion of her own home where her austerities alarmed her parents; but when she heard the call of duty she sallied forth and led a life of so great activity that she soon needed three secretaries to attend to her correspondence.

Those were turbulent times in Italy, just preceding the dawn of the Renaissance. In consequence of a series of revolutions Siena had become the most democratic of Republics, and Catherine found herself in the midst of a vigorous political life. Coming forth from her cell in her father's house with a consuming passion to hasten the reign of love and brotherhood on earth, she found every Italian city torn with faction, the whole peninsula in a condition of anarchy and the Church itself vividly reflecting the decadence of the times. Yet it seemed to her that her ideal was to be realized only through the one unifying force in the world—the universal Church of Christ. Like Savonarola, who came a century later, Catherine set out to reform the Church, but her first great task was to bring the Chair of Peter back to Rome, the Pope's Palace being no longer there. For seventy years the Pope had been a dependent of the French King, living in Avignon surrounded by a Court of Cardinals no better than the times. The eternal city lay waste and wild, and neither the scorn of Dante, nor the pleadings of Petrarch, nor

the warnings of holy men, could prevail on the Popes to return to Rome. At that time Gregory XI was Pope, and him Catherine of Siena resolved to lead back to Rome. She accomplished her purpose.

This young woman, unlettered, inexperienced of the world, having no influence of birth or position, defied the intrigues of princes, resisted the efforts of men skilled in statecraft and overcame the opposition of powerful prelates. How was this epochal triumph won? Read the whole story and you will find that it was the triumph of a spiritual force. In the midst of the sorry spectacle of a Europe ravaged by dissensions and sunk in corruption Catherine was a solitary, towering idealist. Her great heart was fired with two passions—patriotic devotion to all Italy and irresistible zeal for the Church of Christ. Italy and the Church—nothing else mattered. But her interest in the Church was spiritual. It was her interest in mankind. Her concern was with souls, and from the fleshliness of many of the spiritual authorities she recoils with horror. But she takes on her own shoulders the task of spiritual guide, always meekly submissive to the authorities, however, and proclaiming herself their servant even when indignantly rebuking them for their sins and furiously exhorting them to be faithful to their calling and to God. All the while she gladly and enthusiastically tends the victims of disease and pestilence, mounts the scaffold to give the last consolations of religion to men doomed to perish by the hands of the executioner, exulting when she is splashed by their blood which seems to her the blood shed by Christ for the redemption of the world.

What Catherine of Siena accomplished was a triumph of personality. The swords and spears of contending factions are lowered as she passes by. Young profligates, powerful and bloody tyrants, yield to her mildest entreaties and become her obedient servants. Even the Pope, reluctant though

he was to offend the powerful interests that urged him to stay at Avignon could not resist her prayer. To Avignon she went as an Ambassador from Florence, on a mission for the pacification of Italy; to effect a reconciliation between the Italian communes and the Holy See. She was met by aristocratic Cardinals who scoffed at what they regarded as her impudent pretensions. Great and learned Doctors of the Church, as in the case of Joan of Arc, undertook to confound her in theology—but, figuratively speaking, she led Gregory XI back to Rome by the hand.

Truly, as Swinburne perceived, Catherine ranks among the Italian patriots of the Middle Ages. But her whole conception of politics was inspired by religion. Her ideal of Italy was a harmony of independent States, mostly republics, in which all classes would be bound together in the bonds of mutual charity, in spiritual obedience to a Supreme Pontiff holding no territory, possessing no wealth, but, as she mystically expressed it, simply "the pastor and keeper of the cellar of the blood of the Lamb." Her aim throughout her public career cannot better be described than in the words: "On earth peace, good will toward men." "Take heed, as you value your life," she wrote to the Pope, when he was about to return to Rome, "not to come with armed men, but like a meek lamb." What a darling woman, she was!—this great saint. Where in history can we find a greater or more beautiful heroine?

If you have any curiosity regarding the inner life of mystics, read the letters of Saint Catherine. She was not a polished writer, her language is crude, but it is also forceful. Her letters on public affairs are historical documents, recognized as of great importance, and the spirit of her breathes in every page. Her correspondents were men and women in every condition of life and every grade of society. There was none she scorned to address, none she dared

not rebuke. She bids the wife of a Florentine tailor: "Clothe yourself in the royal virtues." To the Queen of Naples she writes: "Instead of a woman, you have become the servant and slave of nothingness." To the Pope she holds out the prospect of his being cursed by God in the event of his not becoming "a manly man" and doing God's will by returning to Rome. The will of God she expounds for him in these words:

It demands that you execute justice on the abundance of many iniquities committed by those who are fed and pastured in the garden of Holy Church; declaring that brutes should not be fed with the food of men. Since He has given you authority and you have assumed it, you should use your virtue and power; and if you are not willing to use, it would be better for you to resign what you have assumed; more honor to God and health to your soul would it be.

I, if I were in your place, should fear lest divine judgment come upon me. Therefore I beg you most gently, on behalf of Christ crucified, to be obedient to the will of God.

I say no more. Pardon me, pardon me; for the great love which I bear to your salvation, and my great grief when I see the contrary, make me speak so. Willingly would I have said it to your own person, fully to unburden my conscience.

This is pretty strong language to address to the Supreme Pontiff, but Catherine did not mince words. She had confidence in her own inspiration. She felt she had a divine mission and she had the courage to perform it. But as a rule her language is sweet and conciliatory, and always she is thinking of the things of the spirit, as when she wrote to the Pope advising him not to mind that the Papal States threw off their allegiance. "Consider the loss of souls rather than of cities," she said, reminding him that "it is better to let the mire of temporal things go than the gold of spiritual things."

While Catherine used strong language to Pope and Cardinals she addressed others in gentle terms,

especially nuns and monks and humble priests. To these she spoke with the simplicity of a teacher instructing childish minds in the rudiments of virtue. Her constant advice to them was to adopt the attitude of loving-kindness and to avoid self-righteousness, which she pronounced the great danger of the ascetic life. She warned an ascetic priest against being too critical of the conduct of others, and told him that he should rejoice in every type he meets. Let us not "judge the minds of our fellow creatures, which are for God alone to judge" she wrote. Again: "When it seems that God shows us the fault of others, keep on the safer side—for it may be that thy judgment is false." A nun she urged never to tell a fault "in particular to the person whom it concerns, but," she added, "correct in common the vices of all those whom it befalls us to judge, and implant virtue tenderly and benignly." As one reads these letters of the obscure, unlettered girl of Siena who exerted a tremendous influence on her contemporaries, letters that have a direct bearing even on the inner lives of this generation, one is inclined to reflection on the speculations of modern psychologists who have much to tell us about the luminous mind in the world of invisible forces. Nothing that I have read helps me to account for Saint Catherine. Much that I have read proves her impossible. For instance, I am told there is no science that alone can develop a practical thinker. Yet here is a woman unlettered with judgment and innate culture, as remarkable for her practical thinking as for her intuitive thoughts. In her brain there was no guessing, no groping. Her consciousness was lit much as darkness is lit by a flash of lightning. Though she had suffered only from her chosen method of life—from body-breaking austerities and self-torture that enfeebled her constitution and hastened her death—yet she was acquainted with the vanities and follies of the world, knew all about its futilities and remained

a joyous optimist to the end. As to psychologists and students of "psychical research," it might interest them to learn that Saint Catherine knew all about telepathy. She assumed as a matter of course that all followers of the consecrated life know of the efficacy of intercessionary prayer and had a direct knowledge of the condition of the person prayed for. Incidentally she explains in one letter why such prayer may not have the desired effect. In this letter she returns to her favorite subject of charity and loving-kindness, warning a correspondent against being a too severe critic of others.

Catherine's religion is so real that it seems to be not religion but merely a beautiful passion. She was the wandering minstrel of her day, singing sweet tunes to assuage a bitter earnestness. She was the Orpheus of the Middle Ages taming with the music of her sweet charity the beasts in all men. And her religion was like that of all saints, not at all like the religion of Puritan reformers who, worrying incessantly about their precious Puritan conscience, would dictate modes of life to us. It is not the righteousness of saints that impresses one: they appear to be not good but merely charming. They were followers of Christ, intolerant only of Pharisees. They knew that after all it is life with which we are confronted, and that it is our business to live it in our own way. They were glad to admonish sinners, to suggest, but not to dictate modes of life to us. The saints were the great interpreters of life. They penetrated its inner secret, they knew it was mostly drudgery, seldom a feast, and they realized that sanctity was a great privilege reserved for the few by the same hidden power that preserves little children from fatal accident. And so, while they lived lives of ceaseless aspiration and were glad to analyze for others the means of perfection, they were sensible of the difficulties that beset the general path, and they never regarded God as a hard taskmaster. "Sin

and virtue," according to Saint Catherine, "consist in the consent of the will, there is no sin or virtue unless voluntarily wrought."

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST, 24, 1912,

of The Lantern, published monthly at San Francisco, California, for October 1, 1916.

State of California,
City and County of San Francisco—ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared John J. Dwyer, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of The Lantern and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to-wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor and business manager are: Publishers, Theo. F. Bonnet and Edward F. O'Day, 88 First street, San Francisco; editor, Theo. F. Bonnet, 88 First street, San Francisco; managing editor, Edward F. O'Day, 88 First street, San Francisco; business manager, John J. Dwyer, 88 First street, San Francisco.

2. That the owners are: Theo. F. Bonnet, 88 First street, San Francisco; Edward F. O'Day, 88 First street, San Francisco.

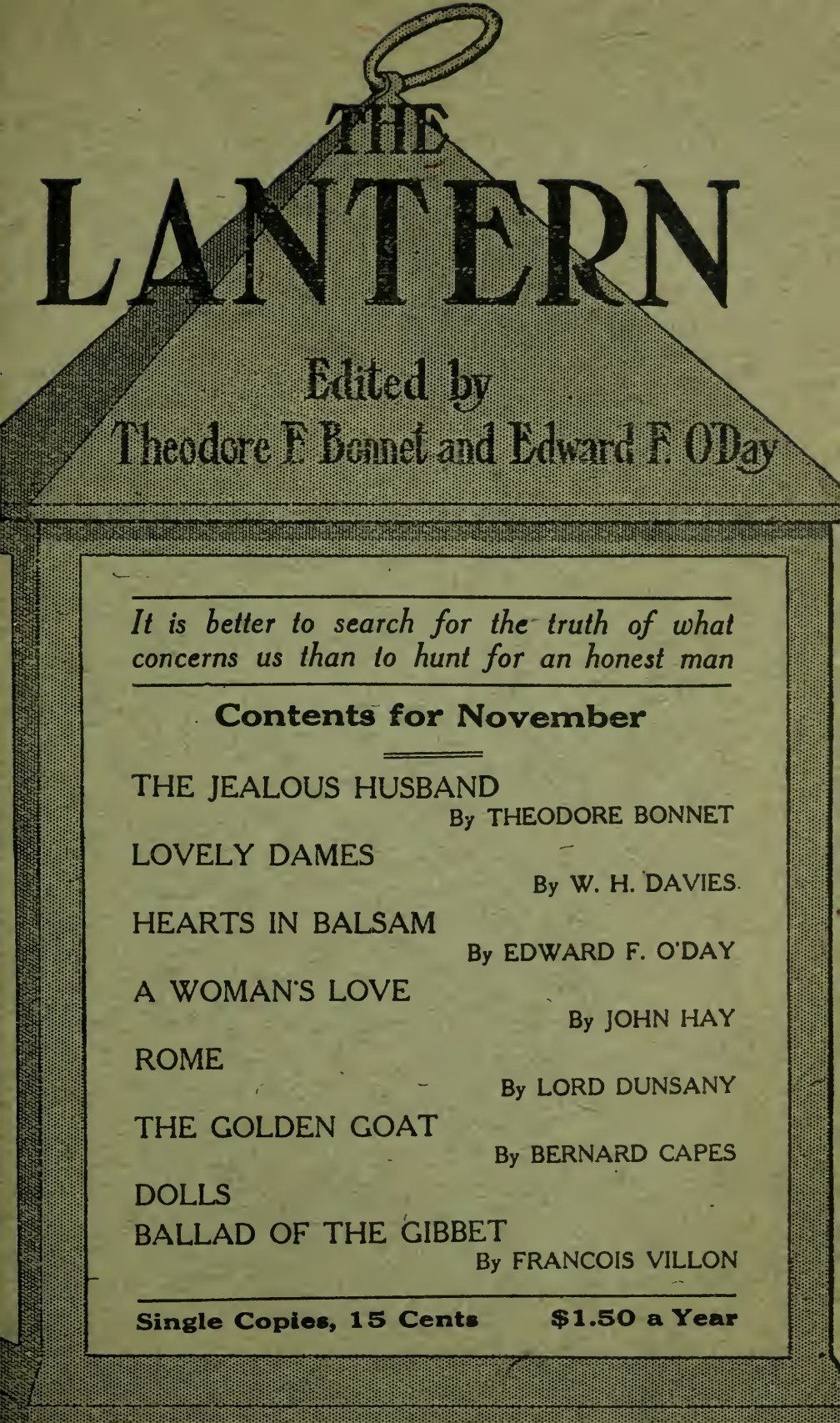
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JOHN J. DWYER,
Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 30th day of September, 1916.
(Seal)

JULIUS CALMANN,
(My commission expires May 29th, 1917.)



THE LANTERN

Edited by
Theodore F. Bonnet and Edward F. O'Day

*It is better to search for the truth of what
concerns us than to hunt for an honest man*

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THE LANTERN

Vol. 2

November, 1916

No. 8

The Jealous Husband

By THEODORE BONNET

SCENE: *The Ralstons' living room in their lodge in the Sierra. It gives an impression of homelikeness and comfort, but it has few feminine touches. It has an atmosphere congenial to lovers of fishing and hunting, having many ornaments that bespeak success in those pastimes. There is a door and a window in the back wall, a door in the right wall, a table in the foreground with a lighted lamp on it and some books. Near the door in the right wall is a blazing fireplace; in front of the fireplace, a sofa.*

The curtain rises on a vacant room. Presently Jack Ralston enters at back as though swept in by a violent storm and brushes snow off his coat.

RALSTON. Phew! Glorious!

He is a man of big frame in the middle thirties, handsome, of athletic build and he speaks in a deep, resonant tone.

RALSTON (*as the roll of thunder is heard*). That's the stuff! Blow winds and crack your cheeks. (*More thunder.*) Rage! Blow! Fine!

Mrs. Betty Ralston is heard at right, entering like a frightened fawn—a petite woman, frail as a transparent vase. Her voice is trembling.

BETTY. Jack! It that you, Jack?

RALSTON (*in a rollicking tone*). Yes, Bet. Where have you been? I thought you were hugging the fire.

BETTY. Oh, Jack, I got frightened. I was in the kitchen with the maid.

RALSTON. Frightened? (*He laughs, takes her in his arms, lifts her off her feet and kisses her.*) Frightened?

BETTY. Oh, Jack! I've heard these storms in the mountains are terrible. I'm awfully nervous.

RALSTON (*laughing*). Nonsense, dear, why—

BETTY. Suppose the lightning—

RALSTON. Oh, sweetheart! This is glorious. Just the stuff to make you sleep like a top.

(*The wind sweeps across the mountain. Betty jumps to her feet.*)

BETTY. The house is shaking!

RALSTON. Of course it is. The storm-king is wooing the winds. What a furious old lover he is! (*He hugs her passionately. She disengages herself.*)

BETTY. Suppose we were blown over the cliff?

RALSTON. Nonsense.

BETTY. Suppose we're snowbound here for the winter?

RALSTON. Fine! What a lot of loving we could have.

BETTY (*shuddering*). Oh, what a fool I was to come up here this time of year! This is what I get the first day!

RALSTON (*frowning*). What? Do you wish you were back in the city?

BETTY. Yes, I do. You are always talking about "Back to nature!" Back to the city for me. I don't get scared to death there. (*She goes to the fireplace.*) It's all right enough for you. You were born in the mountains.

RALSTON. One doesn't have to be born in the mountains to enjoy the sublimity of the elements. I can't understand why a person who loves poetry as much as you do, and who writes it, doesn't love nature. Why, these mountain storms are inspiring.

BETTY. Yes, they inspire me with fear and horror. (*Again the wind rages and a crash is heard.*)

BETTY (*in alarm*). What's that?

RALSTON. Music, dear. The symphony of the winds.

BETTY (*going to him in terror*). But that crash—

RALSTON (*soothing her jestingly*). That's where the fellow with the big drum comes in, making a noise like the fall of a giant of the forest. Some music that!

BETTY (*firmly*). I'm not going to stay here another night.

RALSTON. Oh, don't say that.

BETTY (*firmly*). I'm going back to the city.

RALSTON. You are?

BETTY. Yes, I am. Tomorrow, if I'm not snowed in.

RALSTON. We just came away from the city.

BETTY. I want to go back.

RALSTON. Oh, I see. My pleasure doesn't count at all, does it?

BETTY. Yes, it does, but you know how nervous I am and how these terrible storms frighten me. You told me last year that you'd never ask me to come up again, and all of a sudden you changed your mind.

RALSTON (*reflectively*). Yes, I know I did. (*Smiling bitterly*.) But you like to write poetry so much, I thought you'd find inspiration up here in the mountains.

BETTY. I don't see anything to joke about.

RALSTON. I'm not joking. I thought poets liked to write about storms. Don't they?

BETTY. I suppose some do. (*A pause*.)

RALSTON. How about your old sweetheart?

BETTY. My old sweetheart?

RALSTON. Fred—Fred Morley. Did he?

BETTY. Oh, Jack!

RALSTON. Oh, he was rather sentimental, wasn't he?

BETTY (*pouting*). Now you want to tease me.

RALSTON. No, I don't. I want to talk—about him.

BETTY. Jack, are you serious?

RALSTON. Yes. I'd like to know, Betty, how long you were in love with Fred Morley when he wrote those verses.

BETTY. Oh, Jack!

RALSTON. Now listen, Betty. This thing is on my mind. Why shouldn't I know all about it? You're my wife. He was your lover.

BETTY. Oh, Jack! I've told you he was only a boy.

RALSTON. A boy write those verses—that sonnet to that—that mole that you let him kiss?

BETTY (*smiling and going to him to caress him*). Oh, Jack—

RALSTON (*avoiding her*). Don't you wish to tell me? (*She again approaches him, and he seizes her by a wrist.*) Why don't you answer? (*She cries.*) Tell me.

BETTY. Don't, Jack.

RALSTON. Why don't you answer me?

BETTY. Jack, you are hurting me.

RALSTON (*releasing her at once*). I didn't mean to hurt you. (*She sits down and weeps.*) Honestly, Betty, I didn't mean to hurt you.

BETTY. Oh, Jack, you're so rough.

RALSTON. Yes, I know.

BETTY. Sometimes you're just like a bear.

RALSTON. I know, Betty. I never was very gentle—never gentle enough for you.

BETTY. You're so strong, Jack. Look how red my wrist is.

RALSTON. Let me kiss it.

BETTY (*withdrawing it*). I will not. You were brutal to me.

RALSTON. Yes, I was brutal. (*He sits down. In a sad tone*) And you've reminded me so often of my primitive ways. (*Smiling grimly.*) Nothing of the poet in me, is there?

BETTY (*amiably going behind his chair and caressing him*). You're awfully cross to me. (*Pouting.*) You've been acting strangely the last day or two.

RALSTON. I'm sorry, Betty. I've been out of sorts. Forgive me.

(She smiles and kisses him.)

BETTY. Oh, I don't mind you're being rough.

RALSTON. You used to say that was why you liked me—I was so rough. But that wasn't true, was it? You like tenderness and gentleness. All women do. The more a man resembles a brute with big hands like paws the more repellent he is to women.

BETTY. Oh no, Jack. They like big men, manly men. H'm! *(Spanning a shoulder.)* What a big shoulder you have!

RALSTON *(lugubriously)*. Morley was a big man, wasn't he?

BETTY *(pouting)*. Oh, Jack, let's not talk about him. *(She sits on his knee and caresses him.)* You know I don't love anybody but you. There never was a man so big and lovely as you.

RALSTON. There you go. Just like a woman; appealing to my conceit.

BETTY. Now, Jack! You know I never loved anybody but you.

RALSTON *(musing)*. Funny! women are such frail little things, but it's so hard to see through them!

BETTY *(jesting)*. Even when one is transparent in her candor. Oh, Jack!—And what about men? A woman never seems to be lying more astutely than when she is telling the truth to a man who hasn't faith in her.

RALSTON *(quickly)*. You talk as though you've had a lot of experience. Did you ever tell—

BETTY *(rising)*. Jack! You talk as though you were jealous of a dead man.

RALSTON *(seizing her by the shoulders)*. Are you sure he's dead?

BETTY. Oh, you're hurting me.

RALSTON. He returned from Alaska the day we started up here. I saw a notice of his arrival in the paper. Now you know why I wanted to come.

I wouldn't live in the same town with him. If I ever meet him I'll—I'll—

BETTY. Jack, you wouldn't harm him, would you?

RALSTON. Isn't it enough for me to know what I know? Am I a fool? (*She throws her arms around him. He seizes her and kisses her roughly. Then looking passionately into her eyes*) You beautiful animal!

BETTY. Don't you know I belong to no man but you? Why are you talking so madly?

RALSTON (*embracing her*). Yes, you belong to me, all—all— (*He hesitates.*) But, Betty—that sonnet. I know what that implies, and I can never forget.

(*Just as the wind subsides, a knock is heard at the door in the back wall.*)

BETTY (*startled*). Who's that? (*Frightened, she goes toward door in right wall and stands in the shadow of the doorway.*)

RALSTON. Don't be frightened, dear. (*He goes toward door in back.*) Somebody looking for shelter perhaps.

BETTY. Don't open the door, dear. Ask who's there.

RALSTON (*laughing*). Nothing to be afraid of, dear.

(*He opens the door and a stranger enters as though swept in by the storm. He is a puny individual in a big overcoat covered with snow. He stands just inside the doorway with his back toward Mrs. Ralston, as though he intended to go right out again. He is apparently winded.*)

STRANGER. Beg your pardon, sir; if it wouldn't abuse your hospitality I should like to have just a breath.

RALSTON (*holding the door against the storm which is raging again*). Come in, sir, come in. (*He starts to close the door, but the stranger is in the way.*)

STRANGER. Just a minute, sir. I was—I was—afraid the storm might blow me down the grade—

and just wanted to catch a breath. I'll—I'll be off in a moment.

RALSTON (*gently pushing him into the room with one hand while he closes the door with the other*). Not at all. Sit down a little while.

STRANGER. I think I've lost my way. I'm on the road to the Summit House where I intend to do some sketching.

RALSTON (*laughing*). Sketching? In this weather? What kind of sketching?

STRANGER (*apologetically*). I'm an artist, sir. It wasn't even raining when I started up from the station.

RALSTON (*helping to remove the stranger's overcoat*). Well, it's a mile climb to the Summit House. You better stay right here tonight.

(*The stranger rubs his hands as though cold.*)

RALSTON. You need something to warm you. Sit down by the fire there, and I'll make you a hot punch. Just a minute.

STRANGER (*going toward fire*). Oh, please sir; don't trouble yourself. This fire will warm me up.

RALSTON (*bustling toward door*). Not a bit of trouble. (*To Mrs. Ralston who is standing in the shadow of the doorway on the right.*) Oh, dear, would you mind telling the maid to boil a little water. (*He turns to stranger.*) Just got up here today, and it occurs to me I left a bottle of bourbon out in the car. (*Betty goes out. Ralston puts on his coat and hat.*) It's just a step over to the garage. I'll be back in a moment.

STRANGER. But you'll get all wet.

RALSTON. Not at all, the rain appears to be over.

(*Ralston goes out at back. Betty reappears and when the stranger sees her he stands transfixed.*)

STRANGER. Betty!

BETTY. Fred!

MORLEY (*formerly the stranger*). How beautiful you have grown! (*He goes toward her.*)

BETTY (*retreating*). Psh!

MORLEY (*tenderly*). All these years I—

BETTY (*looking fearfully at the door*). My husband—

MORLEY (*amazed*). Your husband? . Oh— (*He calms himself.*) Just my luck (*Sadly.*) Married!

BETTY. Yes, I'm married, Fred.

MORLEY. And you said you'd wait till I came back!

BETTY. I did wait, Fred.

MORLEY. But not—not till I came back.

BETTY. No, you never wrote to me.

MORLEY (*reflecting sadly*). Found a gold mine up there and lost it. Come home, get caught in a snow storm, almost frozen to death and find my old sweetheart—married. Well, I'm glad to see you. But, on the level, I thought you'd wait. Conceited chaps, eh, little fellows? You always said you liked 'em big. Did you forget all about me?

BETTY. I heard you were dead.

MORLEY. So I was—broke. But you did think of me, eh?

BETTY. Yes, I thought of you growing into a big, strong man.

MORLEY. Well, then, anyway you'd have been disappointed.

BETTY. You didn't grow very big, did you?

(*Ralston returns.*)

RALSTON (*entering suddenly and finding Betty and Morley standing close together as though exchanging confidences*). Well! you folks seem to be getting pretty well acquainted.

BETTY (*in confusion*). We—we—are well acquainted.

RALSTON (*amazed*). Oh!

MORLEY (*embarrassed*). Oh, yes.

BETTY (*to Morley*). This is my husband, Mr. Ralston.

MORLEY (*very affably*). Glad to meet you, sir. Mrs. Ralston and I are old friends.

RALSTON (*to Betty*). I'm afraid I didn't quite get the gentleman's name. You said—

(*Betty is swallowing hard.*)

MORLEY. Morley, sir. I'm afraid Mrs. Ralston didn't—

RALSTON (*roaring*). Morley! Fred Morley?

MORLEY (*smiling as though delighted to learn that his name was not unknown in the Ralston household*). Yes, that's it, Fred—Fred Morley.

(*Ralston puts the bottle he had been handling nervously on the table with a bang, and starts as though about to assault his visitor.*)

RALSTON (*roaring*). So! You're—

BETTY (*hastening to her husband's side and in a tone of warning*). Jack!

RALSTON (*sneering*). The poet, eh? (*He pushes his wife aside and glares at Morley.*)

MORLEY (*shrinking visibly*). Poet?

RALSTON (*still thundering*). That's what I said. (*Again he makes a threatening move and Betty interposes and rubs her husband soothingly.*)

MORLEY (*to Betty in bewilderment*). Did he say poet?

RALSTON (*towering above Betty in a rage and looking down on Morley who had shrunk below Ralston's waistline*). You said you were an artist when you blew in here.

MORLEY. Yes, sir.

RALSTON (*fiercely*). What did you lie for?

(*Morley is speechless.*)

BETTY. Oh, Jack!

MORLEY. Well, I—I didn't say I was a very good artist.

RALSTON. I say what did you lie for?

MORLEY (*shocked*). I—I beg your pardon, sir.

RALSTON. I said what did you lie for?

MORLEY. But I didn't lie, sir.

BETTY. Now, Jack, I must insist. Let me explain. This is all a horrible mistake. (*To Morley.*) You must excuse my husband; it's all my fault. (*She sobs.*)

RALSTON (*tenderly*). Now, Betty, calm yourself.

BETTY. Oh, Jack, it's you that should calm yourself. When you know all, you'll be ashamed of yourself. (*Sobbing.*) And it's all my fault.

RALSTON (*caressing his wife and leading her to the sofa where she sits down and sobs, he addresses Morley*). Now let me ask you—

MORLEY (*still mystified, but eager to have the mystery cleared up*). Ask me anything, sir.

RALSTON. You knew Mrs. Ralston before she was married, didn't you?

MORLEY. Oh yes, sir.

RALSTON. How well did you know her?

MORLEY (*hesitating*). Well, pretty well, sir.

RALSTON. I believe you kissed her. (*Morley hesitates.*) I say, you kissed her.

MORLEY (*glancing at Betty*). Yes, I believe I did.

RALSTON. What were you then—a poet or a painter?

MORLEY. I was a student, sir, at the art school.

RALSTON. You wrote verses, didn't you?

MORLEY (*raising his right hand*). Never in my life, sir.

RALSTON. Wha—at?

MORLEY. It's all I can do to write a plain letter in prose.

RALSTON. You never wrote a sonnet on my wife's—

BETTY (*in confusion*). Oh, Jack!

RALSTON. On a—a mole?

MORLEY. A mole?

RALSTON. Yes, a mole.

MORLEY. What kind of a mole? (*A pause.*)

RALSTON. Well, I'll be damned if I don't think you're telling the truth.

MORLEY (*reassured*). I don't see why I should lie about a—a—do you mean one of those little things that burrow in—

RALSTON. Betty, do you know of any reason why I shouldn't take him by the hand and beg his pardon?

BETTY. No, Jack. It's all my fault.

(*Ralston extends his hand to Morley and they shake.*)

RALSTON. By Jove, I didn't give you any liquor. (*He opens the bottle and pours out two drinks. They clink glasses.*) Here's begging your pardon.

MORLEY. Don't mention it. Here's happy days. *They drink.*

MORLEY. Now if you don't mind I'd like to know something about that mole.

RALSTON (*laughing*). That mole is a secret. (*Soberly.*) A secret between—between my wife and myself. (*Again extending his hand.*) Now, sir, you're fagged. Forgive me for keeping you up. You'll stay here tonight. Come, I'll show you your room.

(*Morley bids Mrs. Ralston good night and then Ralston escorts him to door on right.*)

RALSTON (*to Betty*). Now, Bet, I'd like to know who wrote that poem.

BETTY (*smiling*). I did.

RALSTON. You?

BETTY. Just to tease you.

LOVELY DAMES

By W. H. DAVIES

Few are my books, but my small few have told
Of many a lovely dame that lived of old;
And they have made me see those fatal charms
Of Helen, which brought Troy so many harms;
And lovely Venus, when she stood so white
Close to her husband's forge in its red light.
I have seen Dian's beauty in my dreams,
When she had trained her looks in all the streams
She crossed to Latmos and Endymion;
And Cleopatra's eyes, that hour they shone
The brighter for a pearl she drank to prove
How poor it was compared to her rich love:
But when I look on thee, love, thou dost give
Substance to those fine ghosts, and make them live.

HEARTS IN BALSAM

By EDWARD F. O'DAY

I had been thinking very deeply of hearts and the mysteries of hearts, a subject which is well nigh inexhaustible and to which, sooner or later, every man must give a great deal of attention, unless he is content to deserve the charge of heartlessness. It occurred to me that some of the mysteries of hearts are paradoxes. Thus, a man does not realize that he possesses a heart until he has given it away. He finds his heart by losing it. And although he may make over his heart to some holy cause like liberty or the succor of the poor, surrendering it absolutely and without conditions, it still remains his own until he has given it to a woman. Again, it is paradoxical but quite true that only the strongest hearts are broken. But on this branch of the subject I did not dwell. It occurred to me also that while a heart "worn upon the sleeve," as the saying is, might seem to be exposed to many dangers, such a heart never suffered hurt. Some men wear their hearts that way to invite attack, but they are in no jeopardy. Unlike children hearts should be heard, not seen. It occurred to me further that no man can set a value on his own heart. He may offer his heart, but must believe that it is a gift not worth taking. Indeed, the heart is a gift by which the giver should set no store until his gift has been accepted, and then he should continue very humble. If he be not truly surprised that his gift of a heart is acceptable, there is something wrong with the giver and the gift. Only when he has learned by the vigilant observation of many years that his gift of a heart is treasured may he dare indulge a feeling of exultation; even then the emotion is fraught with peril. It is proper to give the heart and think no more of it; think only of what has been received in reciprocal gift, and never cease thinking of that. Usually the reciprocal gift is far

beyond the man's deserts, for in this exchange of hearts there is no calculated weighing of *quid cum quo*. Hearts are not for barter. The soul may be sold, the heart never. Many other things I thought of concerning this entrancing subject of hearts: as for instance, that a man may save his soul by giving away his heart; and that a beating heart is the most exquisite of all music, which may explain why the child smiles at his mother's breast.

Suddenly, into the midst of these thoughts there came to me out of the past a visionary procession of hearts. I found myself in a pleasant by-path of history along which great hearts went on strange adventure. When I say *great hearts* I am no longer speaking in metaphor. The hearts of my vision were *hearts in balsam*. They were hearts that won adventurous careers when estopped of beating. They were stilled hearts plucked from the breasts which they had warmed, to continue in the midst of life long after those breasts had been sealed in the tomb. Some of these hearts in balsam were sent on pilgrimage and suffered wondrous mishaps by the way; others adventured forth by command of a sportive destiny. In life these hearts had beat high to the harmonies and discords of many passions. They had been warm hearts, tender, stormy hearts, impulsive, courageous hearts, hearts of gold. Death did not bring them rest; they wandered over the world like uneasy ghosts.

In this visionary procession of hearts in balsam I saw the great heart of King Robert the Bruce of Scotland, the lion-heart of Richard Yea and Nay of England, the pure heart of Saint Louis of France, the warm Scottish heart of Graham of Montrose, the eager heart of the poet Shelley, and many others. All these hearts have histories which begin where the histories of their owners cease. My favorite among them all is the heart of Bruce. Let Sir John Froissart tell its splendid story:

It fortunèd that king Robert of Scotland was right sore aged and feeble: for he was greatly charged with the great sickness, so that there was no way with him but death. And when he felt that his end drew near, he sent for such barons and lords of his realm as he trusted best, and shewed them how there was no remedy with him, but he must needs leave this transitory life, commanding them on the faith and trust that they owed him, truly to keep the realm and the young prince David his son. Then he called to him the gentle knight Sir James Douglas, and said before all the lords, 'Sir James, my dear friend, ye know well that I have had much ado in my days to uphold and sustain the right of this realm; and when I had most ado, I made a solemn vow, the which as yet I have not accomplished, whereof I am right sorry: the which was, if I might achieve and make an end of all my wars, so that I might once have brought this realm in rest and peace, then I promised in my mind to have gone and warred on Christ's enemies, adversaries to our holy Christian faith. To this purpose mine heart hath ever intended, but our Lord would not consent thereto; for I have had so much ado in my days, and now in my last enterprise I have taken such a malady that I cannot escape. And sith it is so, that my body cannot go nor achieve that my heart desireth, I will send the heart instead of the body to accomplish mine avow. And because I know not in all my realm no knight more valiant than ye be, nor of body so well furnished to accomplish mine avow instead of myself, therefore I require you, mine own dear especial friend, that ye will take on you this voyage, for the love of me, and to acquit my soul against my Lord God. For I trust so much in your nobleness and truth, that an ye will take on you, I doubt not but that ye shall achieve it, and declare then shall I die in more ease and quiet, so that it be done in such manner as I shall declare unto you. I will that as soon as I am trespassed out of this world, that ye take my heart out of my body and embalm it, and take of my treasure, as ye shall think sufficient for that enterprise, both for yourself and such company as ye will take with you, and present my heart to the Holy Sepulchre, whereas our Lord lay, seeing my body cannot come there. And wheresoever ye come, let it be

known how ye carry with you the heart of king Robert of Scotland at his instance and desire, to be presented to the Holy Sepulchre.'

Then all the lords that heard these words wept for pity: and when this knight Sir James Douglas might speak for weeping, he said: 'Ah, gentle and noble king, a hundred times I thank your grace of the great honor that ye do to me, sith of so noble and great treasure you give in my charge; and, sir, I shall do with a glad heart all that ye have commanded me, to the best of my true power, howbeit I am not worthy nor sufficient to achieve such a noble enterprise.' Then the king said, 'Ah, gentle knight, I thank you, so that ye will promise to do it.' 'Sir,' said the knight, 'I shall do it undoubtedly by the faith that I owe to God and to the order of knighthood.' 'Then I thank you,' said the king, 'for now shall I die in more ease of mind, sith that I know that the most worthy and sufficient knight of my realm shall achieve that which I could never attain unto.'

Thus died the great liberator of Scotland in June of 1329, the "great sickness" which carried him off being leprosy. His heart was taken from his body, preserved in balsam, enclosed in a silver casket and committed to the care of the Black Douglas who hung it around his neck for safe keeping. "When the springing-time began" the Black Douglas with Bruce's heart hanging next his own, sailed from Scotland to Flanders, attended by a knight-banneret, seven knights and twenty-six squires. At Sluys in Flanders he kept great state aboard his ship until he chanced to hear that King Alfonso of Spain was at war with the Saracen king of Granada. He determined to take part in this fight before proceeding to Jerusalem, "thinking he could not bestow his time more nobly than to war against God's enemies," so he sailed to Spain and repaired with his followers to the field of battle. Let Froissart continue the story:

On a day the king issued out into the field to approach near to his enemies. And the king of Granade issued out in like wise on his part, so that each king might see other with all his banners displayed. Then they

arranged their battles each against other. Then Sir James Douglas drew out on the one side with all his company, to the intent to shew his prowess the better. And when he saw these battle thus ranged on both parties, and saw that the battle of the king of Spain began somewhat to advance toward their enemies, he thought then verily that they should soon assemble together to get at hand strokes; and then he thought rather to be with the foremost than with the hindermost, and strake his horse with the spurs, and all his company also, and dashed into the battle of the king of Granade, crying, 'Douglas! Douglas!' weening to him the king of Spain and his host had followed, but they did not; wherefore he was deceived, for the Spanish host stood still. And so this gentle knight was enclosed, and all his company, with the Saracens, whereas he did marvels in arms, but finally he could not endure, so that he and all his company were slain.

There is a detail which Froissart does not give, but Andrew Lang believed it, and so do I. It is that before charging the Saracens the Black Douglas took the precious casket containing the heart of Bruce from his neck and hurled it among the infidel host, exclaiming: "Now pass thou forth before, as thou were ever wont to be in the field, and I shall follow thee or die." It was like the Black Douglas to do that. Despite the statement of Froissart, not all his company were slain. Sir William Keith survived that fatal day, and brought the heart of Bruce and the body of Douglas back to Scotland. The heart was interred at Melrose. So the holy vow of the great king was never fulfilled. I hope nobody doubts this beautiful story of the pilgrim heart; all historians accept it. And when the body of Robert the Bruce was disinterred in 1821 the breast bone was found severed, obviously to admit of the removal of the heart.

Not so fine, but stranger is the true story of the heart of that dashing soldier-poet James Graham, Marquis of Montrose. The adventurous career of this royalist hero of Scotland came to an end in

1650 when he was foully betrayed to the Covenanters and died on the scaffold in Edinburgh. His body was dismembered, and the limbs exposed in various market places, an ignominy which he had proudly anticipated:

Then nail my head on yonder tower—
Give every town a limb—
And God who made shall gather them:
I go from you to Him!

In his last brave speech from the scaffold Montrose did not make disposition of his heart. It was not in his keeping. He had given it years before to his wife, beautiful Magdalene Carnegie, to whom he had written in a lyric that is immortal:

My dear and only love, I pray
This noble world of thee
Be governed by no other sway
But purest monarchy:
For if confusion have a part,
(Which virtuous souls abhor),
And hold a synod in thy heart,
I'll never love thee more.

Like Alexander I will reign,
And I will reign alone;
My thoughts did evermore disdain
A rival on my throne.
He either fears his fate too much
Or his deserts are small,
That puts it not unto the touch
To win, or lose, it all.

But if thou wilt be constant then,
And fruitful of thy word;
I'll make thee glorious by my pen,
And famous by my sword.
I'll serve thee in such noble ways
Were never heard before!
I'll crown and deck thee all with bays,
And love thee evermore.

The insulted trunk of Montrose was buried by the roadside near Edinburgh. A few nights later his kinswoman Lady Napier went there by stealth, exhumed the body and took the heart from his poor hacked breast. She embalmed the heart and placed it in a little egg-shaped case of steel made from the blade of his sword. This case was enclosed in a gold filigree box which had been given to her husband's grandfather by a Doge of Venice. Lady Napier sent the precious heart to the Duke of Montrose who was in exile. On its Continental journey it was lost, to be recovered years afterwards in a curiosity shop in Flanders. It was long treasured by the Montroses in Scotland, and when one of the family married an official of the East India Company named Johnston she took it with her on her voyage to India. The ship fell in with a French squadron off the Cape Verde Islands, and in the battle which followed the filigree box was shattered by a shot. But the heart in its steel case reached Madura safely. The natives regarded it as a talisman and came often to the Johnston house to reverence it. Finally it was stolen. After some time it came to light and was bought by the Nabob of Arcot who placed it in his famous collection. This prince's life was saved during a hunting trip by one of the Johnstons. He showed his gratitude by restoring the heart of Montrose to the family. It was brought back to Europe in 1792. But the custodian passed through France on the way to Scotland, and as the revolutionary government was confiscating all heirlooms and precious things, the heart was entrusted to the care of an Englishwoman living at Boulogne. This woman lost it, and it has never been recovered to this day.

At Bournemouth in England is preserved the heart of Percy Bysshe Shelley. How it happens to be there makes a remarkable story. This story is told by Edward J. Trelawny in his fascinating book *Recollections of the Last Days of Shelley and Byron*.

It was Trelawny who found the drowned bodies of Shelley and his friend Williams on the shore of the Gulf of Spezzia. Trelawny and Lord Byron obtained permission from the Italian authorities to cremate the bodies, and as nearly as possible they carried out these ceremonies in the Greek fashion. The bodies had been buried temporarily on the beach. Williams' body was exhumed and cremated first. Wine and oil were poured over the body; frankincense and salt were thrown into the flames. Trelawny then tells the remarkable story of Shelley's heart:

Byron and Leigh Hunt arrived in the carriage, attended by soldiers, and the Health Officer, as before. The lonely and grand scenery that surrounded us so exactly harmonized with Shelley's genius, that I could imagine his spirit soaring over us. The sea, with the islands of Gorgona, Capraji, and Elba, was before us; old battle-mented watch-towers stretched along the coast, backed by the marble-crested Apennines glistening in the sun, picturesque from their diversified outlines, and not a human dwelling was in sight. As I thought of the delight Shelley felt in such scenes of loneliness and grandeur whilst living, I felt we were no better than a herd of wolves or a pack of wild dogs, in tearing out his battered and naked body from the pure yellow sand that lay so lightly over it, to drag him back to the light of day; but the dead have no voice, nor had I power to check the sacrilege—the work went on silently in the deep and unresisting sand, not a word was spoken, for the Italians have a touch of sentiment, and their feelings are easily excited into sympathy. Even Byron was silent and thoughtful. We were startled and drawn together by a dull hollow sound that followed the blow of a mattock; the iron had struck a skull, and the body was soon uncovered. Lime had been strewn on it; this, or decomposition, had the effect of staining it of a dark and ghastly indigo colour. Byron asked me to preserve the skull for him; but remembering that he had formerly used one as a drinking-cup, I was determined Shelley's should not be so profaned. The limbs did not separate from the trunk, as in the case of William's body, so that the corpse was removed entire into the

furnace. I had taken the precaution of having more and larger pieces of timber, in consequence of my experience of the day before of the difficulty of consuming a corpse in the open air with our apparatus. After the fire was well kindled we repeated the ceremony of the previous day; and more wine was poured over Shelley's dead body than he had consumed during his life. This with the oil and salt made the yellow flames glisten and quiver. The heat from the sun and fire was so intense that the atmosphere was tremulous and wavy. The corpse fell open and the heart was laid bare. The frontal bone of the skull, where it had been struck with the mattock, fell off; and, as the back of the head rested on the red-hot bottom bars of the furnace, the brains literally seethed, bubbled, and boiled as in a cauldron, for a very long time. Byron could not face this scene, he withdrew to the beach and swam off to the Bolivar. Leigh Hunt remained in the carriage. The fire was so fierce as to produce a white heat on the iron, and to reduce its contents to grey ashes. The only portions that were not consumed were some fragments of bones, the jaws, and the skull, but what surprised us all, was that the heart remained entire. In snatching this relic from the fiery furnace, my hand was severely burnt.

History tells of many other hearts in balsam, for it was not unusual to take the heart from the body of a great man, embalm it and honor it with separate sepulture. The privilege was sometimes abused, and a Pope of the Middle Ages forbade the practice, but a later pontiff removed the ban. The body of Richard of the Lion-Heart was buried, by his own request, at the feet of his father Henry II who rested at Fontevrault near the Loire. But the lion heart of the great crusader, poet and king was interred at Rouen. The heart of Henry III of England found rest in Normandy, far from his body. The chroniclers called it contemptuously a "heart of wax." The heart of Edward I was taken to Jerusalem, and this may have suggested to Robert the Bruce the idea of sending his own heart thither in care of the Black Douglas, for Edward who was called "the Hammer

of the Scots" was Bruce's dearest foe. The heart of Edward's queen, the beautiful Eleanor, had separate burial at Lincoln. Louis IX, France's crusading king, died of the plague at Carthage on his way to the Holy Land, but his heart was carried back to Paris. The annalists say that Louis was taller by a head than any of his knights and every inch a king. His heart was revered for centuries, not only because it was the heart of the ideal monarch of the Middle Ages but more especially because it was the stainless heart of a canonized saint. The heart of his son, King Philip the Bold, was also embalmed and treasured at Paris. There too were preserved the hearts of Louis XIII and Louis XIV, kings not to be mentioned in the same breath with the ninth of their name. But the heart of Louis XVII found sepulture at Venice. Concerning one of these Hilaire Belloc has written: "The heart of Louis XIV was eaten by an English clergyman, or, according to another version of the tale, ground up for mummy-paint which is a pigment made from the tissues of the dead." The heart of James II of England was embalmed and enshrined in the church of the Convent of the Visitation at Chaillot near Paris. And the heart of Daniel O'Connell, as all Irishmen know, was taken to Rome at his own request though his body rests in Glasnevin Cemetery, Dublin. The heart of Kosciusko is in the Polish Museum on the Lake of Zurich at Switzerland. As late as 1900 the heart of the English Marquess of Bute was embalmed and deposited in Jerusalem.

Gentle reader, forgive me for recounting these things that came to me with that vision of great hearts. But perhaps I have not bored you. You too may love to dream of the glorious days when a Black Douglas wept by the deathbed of a leper king, and sallied forth toward the Holy Sepulchre with a royal human heart hanging from his neck. You may not think it folly, as some historians have, that

the great knight should cast his precious burden into the embattled ranks of the Saracens and follow it to death. You too may thrill at the devotion of the brave woman who cut the heart of Montrose from his breast, and may have pity for that heart on its unquiet wanderings down the centuries. You too may feel a deep emotion as Trelawny plucks the heart of Shelley from the flames of the funeral pyre; and may rejoice that nature's fiercest element was defeated by the heart of a poet. For you are a gentle reader, and concerning all this great subject of hearts, whether they be hearts in balsam or hearts still beating, I am sure that you and I agree. But about your own heart, gentle reader, I shall not ask you; for it may be that, having given it away, it is no longer yours to talk about.

A WOMAN'S LOVE

By JOHN HAY

A sentinel angel sitting high in glory
Heard this shrill wail ring out from Purgatory:
"Have mercy, mighty angel, hear my story!

"I loved,—and, blind with passionate love, I fell.
Love brought me down to death, and death to Hell.
For God is just, and death for sin is well.

"I do not rage against his high decree,
Nor for myself do ask that grace shall be;
But for my love on earth who mourns for me.

"Great Spirit! Let me see my love again
And comfort him one hour, and I were fain
To pay a thousand years of fire and pain."

Then said the pitying angel, "Nay, repent
That wild vow! Look, the dial-finger's bent
Down to the last hour of thy punishment!"

But still she wailed, "I pray thee, let me go!
I cannot rise to peace and leave him so.
O, let me soothe him in his bitter woe!"

The brazen gates ground sullenly ajar,
And upward, joyous, like a rising star,
She rose and vanished in the ether far.

But soon adown the dying sunset sailing,
And like a wounded bird her pinions trailing,
She fluttered back, with broken-hearted wailing.

She sobbed, "I found him by the summer sea
Reclined, his head upon a maiden's knee,—
She curled his hair and kissed him. Woe is me!"

She wept, "Now let my punishment begin!
I have been fond and foolish. Let me in
To expiate my sorrow and my sin."

The angel answered, "Nay, sad soul, go higher!
To be deceived in your true heart's desire
Was bitterer than a thousand years of fire!"

ROME

By LORD DUNSANY

There is a road in Rome that runs through an ancient temple that once the gods had loved: it runs along the top of a great wall, and the floor of the temple lies far down beneath it, of marble, pink and white.

Upon the temple floor I counted hungry cats to the number of thirteen.

"Sometimes," they said among themselves, "it was the gods that lived here, sometimes it was men, and now it's cats. So let us enjoy the sun on the hot marble before another people comes."

For it was at that hour of a warm afternoon when my fancy is able to hear the silent voices.

And the fearful leanness of all those thirteen cats moved me to go into a neighboring fish-shop and there to buy a quantity of fishes. Then I returned and threw them all over the railing at the top of the great wall, and they fell for thirty feet and hit the sacred marble with a smack.

Now in any other town but Rome, or in the minds of any other cats, the sight of fishes falling out of heaven had surely excited wonder. They rose slowly and all stretched themselves, then they came leisurely towards the fishes.

"It is only a miracle," they said.

THE GOLDEN GOAT

By BERNARD CAPES

They were from the Bouche du Rhône, these two friends, young in years but old in intimacy, and latterly comrades-in-arms; and one of them, when he was coming to die in the Base Hospital, told the story of the other, who was already dead. It was a tale of the Golden Goat—that mystic apparition of Languedoc and the older Provence, which represents to the romantic heart of these people the quest of the Grael, the pursuit of the unattainable, the eternal hope, which, for ever lacking achievement and because it misses it, is the lure to all lofty ideals. There, in that old, old land, sanctified by the dust of chivalry—a thing sweet and fair, however rudely applied—one, if he is pure of heart, may happen by chance on the vision of the Golden Goat, browsing on a high ledge among the wild rocks, say, of les Beaux, or nosing some grassy bent on the steep ridges of the Cevennes. But the wonder is this, that however toilsomely one may climb, and again climb, to reach the shining apparition—always it appears, the spot at last attained, on a higher shelf, and still a higher, until, driven to the summit of all, behold! one finds only the empty hill-top and the fathomless sky.

They believe in it, those of Provence—some of them most religiously. The finer spirits among them—of whom there are many—crave the vision, because, like the Stigmata, it is a sign of especial grace. Rudel was of these would-be visionaries. The longing to happen on the golden wonder was always very strong in him; but his great desire, it seemed, was never to be fulfilled. He was a shy, big, solitary fellow, possessed of immense bodily strength, but with the heart of a simple child. That might be said to explain him: the simple are so much nearer the mystery of things than the clever: their knowl-

edge reaches in the opposite direction, penetrates the past instead of the future. In the nature of things one would have expected Rudel, so gentle and pure was he, to become a priest; but he never did. Perhaps, like the little St. Francis, he was satisfied with being a priest of the open air. Besides, in that case, he could not have believed in the Golden Goat, since such superstitions are banned by the Catechism. And he could not part with his quest. It would have been impossible for him to explain what it meant to him; but it meant everything.

Prosaically, Rudel was a mining engineer, plodding, uninspired, but useful to the firm which employed him in prospecting for aluminium deposits. His duties took him much and far afield; but it was never his privilege to be granted the vision of the Golden Goat. In all ordinary matters he was a commonplace enough being, undistinguished, rather a good-humored butt to his fellow-workers. They made a joke of his dreaminess; they egged him on to physical displays, in which his strength was not always master of his awkwardness. It was long remembered of him how he won a dishonorable scar on the occasion of a bull-baiting in the arena at Arles. You know those performances? Fights, they call them; but they are no more fights than blind-man's buff. A bull—commonly one of those little black bulls of the Camargue—is driven in, with a rosette pinned to his forehead. The prize goes to him who can snatch the rosette, and the feat requires agility and a certain daring. Barriers extend all around the arena, over which players, when too hotly charged, can vault to safety. Accidents are rare, but at this event Rudel scored one. The bull caught him in time to help him over the fence. He was hurt, but not so much that he could not join in the merriment when, with roars of laughter, they pinned a rosette on his coat-tail. And so it always was with him—as it is, I suppose, with many dream-

ers. His scars in the battle of life were generally where they should not have been—behind. He was for ever being taken unawares.

When the war broke out, Rudel had to leave Provence, and with it his visions. There are no golden goats in Aisne Department, and it was there, in the trenches about Soissons, that he made his first and last acquaintance with the very physical realities of war. But still, if anything hit him, it was always in the wrong place; and never dangerously, whether it were shell, fragment or bullet—just a contemptuous kick, as it were. Poor Rudel! If he ever *had* encountered the Golden Goat—well, you know, goats can butt as well as bulls. Now, listen to this:

“The German first trench was not fifty yards away; and we faced it in our own, Rudel and I, fast comrades as ever. It was a desolate prospect, with a shattered farm-house on our right; and suddenly, from God knows where, there came bleating across the intervening space a goat. It was a tough ginger-colored old buck, its hide like a mangy rug, and it cried very pitifully, as if deserted. There was a roar of laughter—and then Rudel was out of the trench. We held our hands and our breath; and, my God, I screeched to him to return. He did, but not until he had the goat in his powerful arms. And then the Boches concentrated on him. One, two, three—we counted nine holes in his back—all in the back as ever, you see. But he saved the goat. What do you think? Yes, it is even as myself. That the animal was old, uncouth—there was the chivalry. I think Rudel’s quest is rewarded.”

DOLLS

A comprehensive exhibition of the dolls of the world, from the little figures that are to be found in Egyptian tombs to the painted images that are treasured in the nurseries of today, would be a microcosm of religious and social history. It has often been said that our modern games are merely the relics of the serious pursuits of our ancestors. Our ancestors had to go hunting for their dinner, and now we hunt for fun. They wrote satires on their political enemies, and we treasure them as nursery rhymes. Dolls in the beginning, it is likely, were no more a subject of play than churches are now. They had a solemn religious purpose. They were taken as seriously as a crucifix. Little girls who play with them are playing with their mothers' gods. One sees how easily a religious instrument degenerates into a toy in the way in which English soldiers some years ago brought home praying-wheels from Tibet as curiosities. And dolls once served as religious an end. "Men changed the glory of the incorruptible God," said the Apostle Paul, "into the likeness of the image of a corruptible man, and of birds, and of four-footed beasts, and of creeping things." In other words, they took to their hearts an image, a doll, instead of a spirit. The doll is in many cases the god of the savage in visible form. The spiritual life of the human being flickers so feebly that it demands even a god that it can see with its eyes. At first this may have been as innocent a desire as the desire for a photograph of a friend. It was a reminder, rather than an object holy in itself. But gradually the image gets some of the reverence intended for what it represents. Even civilized persons could not endure an insult offered to the photograph of someone to whom they are passionately devoted. They identify unconsciously the photograph with whoever sat for it. In the same way, we can imagine, the stocks and stones—and afterwards the images—of the savage became

to him more and more sacred things. This, in the view of some authoritative writers, accounts for the origin of idolatry. We read in an old book how "a father being afflicted by bitter grief, made to himself the image of his son, who was quickly taken away; and him who then had died, as a man, he began now to worship as a god." There you have at least one example of the evolution of idol-worship.

The doll is in simple communities the result of the passion for reality, or rather of the passion for realization. Men are by nature doubting Thomases. They will believe only what they can see. And apparently they will believe anything they can see, even if they know it is a pretence. More than this, they expect the gods to be as easily deceived by dolls and images as they are themselves. Dolls have been used to deceive either the gods or the spirits of the dead. These are the oldest dolls that are known. The earliest of them that survive are the Ushabti or "Answerers"—little figures in human form which have been recovered from the tombs of great personages in Egypt. These were buried instead of the slaves who used to be sacrificed as attendants on their masters in the next world. That a doll will "do just as well" is a part of the simple faith of primitive man. Again and again we find examples of the substitution of a doll for a living victim. Dolls were once buried as offerings to the Earth-god under the foundations of new buildings. Similarly, in the present day, when the Nile does not appear to be rising sufficiently, a doll—representing the living virgin or boy of former days—is thrown into the waters to propitiate the Nile god. It will be seen that dolls have played their part in the humanizing of the race. Elsewhere the use of dolls as substitutes is apparently intended merely to provide the spirit of the dead with a recognizable shape so that it shall not wander about unhoused. In Scotland, Brittany and many other places, when a fisherman or seaman was lost at

sea, and his body irrecoverable, a doll was placed in a small coffin and the funeral rites and ceremonies performed over them, after which the coffin and its contents were placed in a vault or grave. Truly, men were deceivers ever.

It is of course possible to overestimate the religious importance of dolls. There is in existence a doll which is said to be as old as Moses. It may be that Moses played with dolls in Pharaoh's nursery—dolls made not for gods but for the merry hands of children. And man may have learnt to play before he learnt to worship. When we remember the magical powers that are attributed to images in primitive society, however, it seems improbable that children would have been permitted such dangerous playthings. To possess the image of a child would have been to possess power over the child, and one would have been suspected of witchcraft for making such a thing save for religious ends. Even in European countries today there survives the ancient superstition that if one makes a waxen image of an enemy and sticks pins in it or melts it by the fire, one's enemy will suffer excruciating pains and waste away. It was this superstition which Rosetti used with such effect in his ballad *Sister Helen*. Probably most who know of the custom today know it rather through Rosetti than through any contact with people who still practice it. But it does still linger amongst the peasantries of the Continent and possibly even in corners of the British Isles.

As for children's dolls there is little record of the existence of dolls in Great Britain earlier than the Tudor period, and evidences of that time are very rare. Montezuma and his court were found playing with dolls by Cortez, and Mohammed is reported to have amused himself with the toys of his child-wife Ayesha. It is not easy to imagine that the English child of the Middle Ages was less fortunate. As a matter of fact, the *Oxford Dictionary* does give a

reference to dolls as early as 1413 in the sentence: "Children maken popetis to pleyen with whyle they ben yonge." The French word *poupée* is said to be as old as the thirteenth century. One suspects that the child of those days was sufficient of a heathen, like the modern child, to make images for itself. The modern slum-child, unable to buy reasonable dolls, makes dolls for itself by dressing up an old boot or a bone or a piece of wood. The child is a young pretender, and, in a world that was full of babies to a degree that the modern world is not, we may be sure that it lulled "pretending" babies to sleep in its arms. Even today the child, with all manner of waxen counterfeits of humanity at its hand, often prefers a ragged nothing for a doll, as though the harder it had to pretend the more it liked it. Like the savage, it enters into its makebelieve as into the most serious business in the world. And as soon almost as it has left the cradle, it is heretically setting up its own puppet creation in defiant comparison with the works of God and the works of man.

BALLAD OF THE GIBBET

Translated by ANDREW LANG

An epitaph in the form of a ballad that Francois Villon
wrote of his himself and his company, they
expecting shortly to be hanged

Brothers and men that shall after us be,
Let not your hearts be hard to us:
For pitying this our misery
Ye shall find God the more piteous.
Look on us six that are hanging thus,
And for the flesh that so much we cherished
How it is eaten of birds and perished,
And ashes and dust fill our bones' place,
Mock not at us that so feeble be,
But pray God pardon us out of His grace.

Listen, we pray you, and look not in scorn,
Though justly, in sooth, we are cast to die;
Ye wot no man so wise is born
That keeps his wisdom constantly.
Be ye then merciful, and cry
To Mary's Son that is piteous,
That His mercy take no stain from us,
Saving us out of the fiery place.
We are but dead, let no soul deny
To pray God succour us of His grace.

The rain out of heaven has washed us clean,
The sun has scorched us black and bare,
Ravens and rooks have pecked at our eyne.

And feathered their nests with our beards and hair.

Round are we tossed, and here and there,
This way and that, at the wind's will,
Never a moment my body is still;

Birds they are busy about my face.

Live not as we, nor fare as we fare;

Pray God pardon us out of His grace.

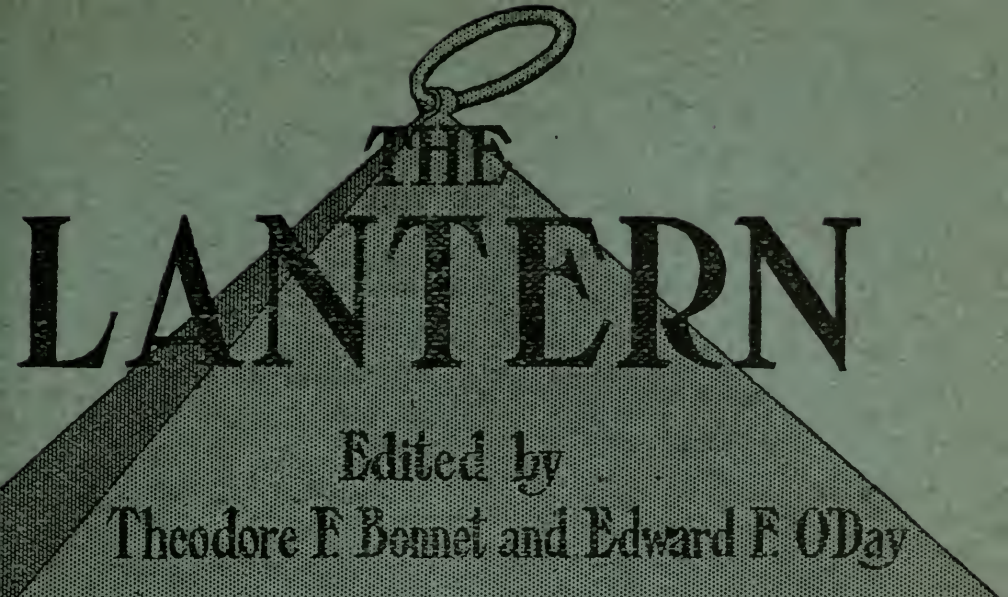
L'ENVOY

Prince Jesus, Master of all, to thee
We pray Hell gain no mastery,

That we come never anear that place;

And ye men, make no mockery,

Pray God pardon us out of His grace.



THE LANTERN

Edited by
Theodore F. Bonnet and Edward F. O'Day

*It is better to search for the truth of what
concerns us than to hunt for an honest man*

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THE LANTERN

Vol. 2

December, 1916

No. 9

Forward Looking Men

By EDWARD F. O'DAY

PROLOGUE.

"It may be that I hold in my hand—I do not say that I do—but perhaps it is not entirely unlikely that I hold in my hand, the Great American Novel."

These amazing words were uttered by Puffy Fitz-Blurb, and their effect upon the person addressed was exactly what might have been expected. They left him entirely unmoved.

Puffy's portentous pronouncement was addressed to the head, front and shoulders of the greatest publishing house in these United States, bar one or two if not more. The gentle reader will remain gentle only on condition that I reveal this great man's name; wherefore, to encourage ferocity in the gentle reader, I refuse to divulge it. Let us call him simply the Great Publisher, for every publisher answers to this modest designation.

It is no wonder the Great Publisher refrained from getting excited over Puffy FitzBlurb's startling words. It was Puffy's duty in the publishing house to read manuscripts (whenever decipherable), to prepare critiques for literary critics who are too busy to read, and to write the impartial estimates of new novels which are printed on those paper jackets without which books have no selling value whatsoever. Puffy, therefore, was a master of strong language, and when he spoke (as in this instance) like the cautious villain of a Henry James cryptogram, it was

excusable for the Great Publisher to maintain his well bred calm.

"I am quite disinterested," remarked the Great Publisher as Puffy FitzBlurb laid on his desk the manuscript of that which might perhaps be the Great American Novel. Need I say that he used the word *disinterested* in its correct sense, and not in the misleading sense affected by story writers who love "the punch" and therefore hate grammar? And to prove that he was impartial as well as lacking in interest he picked up the manuscript less than seven months after Puffy FitzBlurb so dramatically laid it down. It was entitled

FORWARD LOOKING MEN

and it began with these entrancing words:

CHAPTER I.

If you will turn to the sixth volume of McGuffey's Fifth Reader you will find in the table of contents (do not look in the appendix, for the appendix has been taken out, and has been found, as usual, to contain nothing) under the heading "Acknowledged Works of Anonymous" the title "Research." Further investigation will disabuse your mind of the existence of this splendid poem, for Anonymous wrote the title only, and it was placed in the table of contents by a friend of his while Mr. McGuffey was not looking. It is time therefore to write this poem, for otherwise it might interfere seriously with the remarkable series of events which may develop if this romance continues. Had it been written it would skip somewhat in this gait:

RESEARCH

Far amid the solitudes, out beyond the gloom,
Ghostly silence haunted chaos' empty tomb.
Echo heard the stillness, and awestruck gave the air
A full report of nothing, for there was nothing there.

CHAPTER II.

Pushing their way through a tangled lack of undergrowth the doughty explorers found, as indeed they had been told by the dying drummer, that there was no cabin in sight. Entering boldly they discovered an entire absence of table, and the non-existence of two chairs completed the lack of dining accommodations. Used to such privations they held a hurried council of war in which nothing of importance was said, and heroically determined to dine off of and onto the floor. Percival was inclined to hesitate at this breach of the conventions, but Gustavus pointed out that it could make little difference since there was nothing to eat. Whereupon, exhausted by ennui, they sank heavily upon the ground and were soon talking in their sleep.

CHAPTER III.

"Here's where I shine!"

Peering cautiously through the thickest part of the thicket Percival sought the author of these strange words, but as he had neglected to bring his *Bartlett's Quotations* his research was all in vain. With a suppressed oath he looked onward and upward. The orb of day was just disappearing behind a cloud. Percival understood, and a mocking smile suffused his Apollo-like lineaments. It was the sun that had uttered those words!

"Here's where you shine!"

This time it was Gustavus who sought for the speaker. A most extraordinary mirage greeted his vision. The aristocratic master of the house was speaking to the new butler. And as he spoke he pointed with a graceful gesture to a magnificent array of silver displayed on the antique sideboard. To Gustavus' trained eye it was quite evident that the silver had not been polished for at least a month.

The butler saw this too, and without a word he slew the master of the house. That night he departed, taking the silver with him, and the nursemaid as well; so it was never known for certain which had tempted him.

"Here's where he shines!"

As might have been expected, Percival and Gustavus both looked up at this dreadful exclamation. The perspiration was standing on their brows, they knew not why. Sure enough, they beheld what they had not dreamed of. He was soliloquizing, and his boots were muddy, but the bootblack stand was quite deserted. Little did he think as he stood there that Nick Popacopolis, the champion bootblack, was drinking chicory in a nearby cafe, and smiling as was his wont at the Greek maiden who served it through a strainer, for of course there was no percolator.

It was too much for our hero and his father-in-law. Percival shrieked, and Gustavus wept bitterly. And then with grim determination they noted that the clocks had been set forward and it was indeed evening. So they stepped blindly out into the night.

(To be continued during a lucid interval)

A PLAY

By ANTON TCHEHOV

(Translated by Constance Garnett)

"Pavel Vassilevitch, there's a lady here, asking for you," Luka announced. "She's been waiting a good hour. . . ."

Pavel Vassilevitch had only just finished lunch. Hearing of the lady he frowned, and said: "Oh, damn her! Tell her I'm busy."

"She has been here five times already, Pavel Vassilevitch. She says she really must see you. . . . She's almost crying."

"H'm. . . . very well, then, ask her into the study."

Without haste Pavel Vassilevitch put on his coat, took a pen in one hand and a book in the other, and, trying to look as though he were very busy, he went into the study. There the visitor was awaiting—a large, stout lady with a red beefy face and spectacles. She looked very respectable, and her dress was more than fashionable (she had on a crinolette of four storeys and a high hat with a reddish bird in it). On seeing him she turned up her eyes and folded her hands in supplication.

"You don't remember me, of course," she began in a high masculine tenor, visibly agitated. "I . . . I've had the pleasure of meeting you at the Hrutskys. . . . I am Madame Murashkin. . . ."

"Er . . . er . . . er . . . h'm . . . Sit down! What can I do for you?"

"You . . . you see . . . I . . . I . . ." the lady went on, sitting down and becoming still more agitated. "You don't remember me. . . . I'm Madame Murashkin. . . . You see I'm a great admirer of your talent and always read your articles with great enjoyment. . . . Don't imagine I'm flattering you—God forbid—I'm only giving honor where honor is due. . . . I am always reading you

. . . always! To some extent I am myself not a stranger to literature, that is, of course, . . . I will not venture to call myself an authoress, but . . . still I have added my little quota. . . I have published at different times three stories for children. . . You have not read them, of course . . . I have translated a good deal, and . . . and my late brother used to write for *The Cause*."

"To be sure . . . er—er—er—What can I do for you?"

"You see . . ." (the lady cast down her eyes and turned redder) "I know your talents . . . your views, Pavel Vassilevitch, and I have been longing to learn your opinion, or more exactly . . . to ask your advice. I must tell you I have perpetrated a play—my first-born, *pardon pour l'expression*—and before sending it to the Censor I should like above all things to have your opinion on it."

Nervously, with the flutter of a captured bird, the lady fumbled in her skirt and drew out a fat manuscript.

Pavel Vassilevitch liked no articles but his own. When threatened with the necessity of reading other people's, or listening to them, he felt as though he were facing the cannon's mouth. Seeing the manuscript he took fright and hastened to say:

"Very good, . . . leave it, . . . I'll read it."

"Pavel Vassilevitch," the lady said languishingly, clasping her hands and raising them in supplication, "I know you're busy . . . Your every minute is precious, and I know you're inwardly cursing me at this moment, but . . . Be kind, allow me to read you my play. . . . Do be so very sweet!"

"I should be delighted . . ." faltered Pavel Vassilevitch, "but, madam, I'm . . . I'm very busy . . . I'm, I'm obliged to set off this minute."

"Pavel Vassilevitch," moaned the lady, and her eyes filled with tears, "I'm asking a sacrifice! I'm insolent, I'm intrusive, but be magnanimous. To-

tomorrow I'm leaving Kazan and I should like to know your opinion today. Grant me half an hour of your attention . . . only one half-hour. . . I implore you!"

Pavel Vassilevitch was cotton wool at core, and he could not refuse. When it seemed to him the lady was about to burst into sobs and fall on her knees, he was overcome with confusion and muttered helplessly, "Very well; certainly . . . I will listen. . . I will give you half an hour."

The lady uttered a shriek of joy, took off her hat and, settling herself, began to read. At first she read a scene in which a footman and a housemaid, tidying up a sumptuous drawing-room, talked at length about their mistress, Anna Sergyevna, who was building a school and a hospital in the village. When the footman had left the room the maid-servant pronounced a monologue to the effect that education is light and ignorance darkness; then Madame Murashkin brought the footman back into the drawing-room and set him uttering a long monologue concerning his master, the General, who disliked his daughter's views, intended to marry her to a rich *kammer junker*, and held that the salvation of the people lay in unadulterated ignorance. Then, when the servants had left the stage, the young lady herself appeared and informed the audience that she had not slept all night, but had been thinking of Valentine Ivanovitch, who was the son of a poor teacher and assisted his sick father gratuitously. Valentine had studied all the sciences, but had no faith in friendship or in love; he had no object in life, and longed for death, and therefore she, the young lady, must save him.

Pavel Vassilevitch listened and thought with yearning anguish of his sofa. He scanned the lady viciously, felt her masculine tenor thumping on his ear-drums, understood nothing, and thought:

"The devil sent you . . . as though I wanted to

listen to your tosh! It's not my fault you've written a play, is it? My God! what a thick manuscript! What an affliction!"

Pavel Vassilevitch glanced at the wall where the portrait of his wife was hanging and remembered that his wife had asked him to buy and bring to their summer cottage five yards of tape, a pound of cheese, and some tooth powder.

"I hope I've not lost the pattern of that tape," he thought; "where did I put it? I believe it's in my blue reefer jacket . . . Those wretched flies have covered her portrait with spots already. I must tell Olga to wash the glass . . . She's reading the twelfth scene, so we must soon be at the end of the first act. As though inspiration were possible in this heat and with such a mountain of flesh, too! Instead of writing plays she'd much better eat cold vinegar hash and sleep in a cellar. . . ."

"You don't think that monologue's a little too long?" the lady asked suddenly, raising her eyes.

Pavel Vassilevitch had not heard the monologue, and said in a voice as guilty as though not the lady but he had written that monologue:

"No, no, not at all. It's very nice. . . ."

The lady beamed with happiness and continued reading:

Anna: You are devoured by analysis. Too early you have ceased to live in the heart and have put your faith in the intellect.

Valentine: What do you mean by the heart? That is a concept of anatomy. As a conventional term for what are called the feelings I do not admit it.

Anna (confused): And love? Surely that, too, is a product of the association of ideas. Tell me frankly, have you ever loved?

Valentine (bitterly): Let us not touch on old wounds not yet healed. (A pause.) What are you thinking of?

Anna: I believe you are unhappy.

During the sixteenth scene Pavel Vassilevitch yawned, and accidentally made with his teeth the

sound dogs make when they catch a fly. He was dismayed at this unseemly sound, and to cover it assumed an expression of rapt attention.

"Scene seventeen! When will it end?" he thought. "Oh, my God! If this torture is prolonged another ten minutes I shall shout for the police. It's insufferable."

But at last the lady began reading more loudly and more rapidly, and finally raising her voice she read "*Curtain.*"

Pavel Vassilevitch uttered a faint sigh and was about to get up, but the lady promptly turned the page and went on reading.

"Act II.—Scene, a village street. On right, school. On left, hospital. Villagers, male and female, sitting on the hospital steps."

"Excuse me," Pavel Vassilevitch broke in, "how many acts are there?"

"Five," answered the lady, and at once, as though fearing her audience might escape her, she went on rapidly,

"Valentine is looking out of the schoolhouse window. In the background villagers can be seen taking their goods to the inn."

Like a man condemned to be executed and convinced of the impossibility of a reprieve, Pavel Vassilevitch gave up expecting the end, gave up all hope, and simply tried to prevent his eyes from closing and to retain an expression of attention on his face. . . The future, when the lady would finish her play and depart, seemed to him so remote that he did not even think of it.

"Troo—too—too—too—" the lady's voice sounded in his ears. "Troo—too—too— . . . sh—sh—sh—sh."

"I forgot to take my soda," he thought. "What am I thinking about? Oh—my soda. . . In all probability I shall have a bilious attack. . . It's extraordinary, Smirnovsky swills vodka all day long and yet he never has a bilious attack. . . There's a

bird settled on the window. . . a sparrow. . .”

Pavel Vassilevitch made an effort to unglue his strained and closing eyelids, yawned without opening his mouth and stared at Madame Murashkin. She grew misty and swayed before his eyes, turned into a triangle and her head touched the ceiling.

Valentine: No, let me depart. . . .

Anna (in dismay): Why?

Valentine (aside): She has turned pale! (To her): Do not force me to explain. Sooner would I die than you should know the reason.

Anna (after a pause): You cannot go away. . . .

The lady began to swell, swelled to an immense size, and melted into the dingy atmosphere of the study; only her moving mouth was visible; then she suddenly dwindled to the size of a bottle and swayed from side to side.

Valentine (holding Anna in his arms): You have given me new life. You have shown me an object to live for! You have renewed me as the spring rain renews the awakened earth! But . . . it is too late, too late! The ill that gnaws at my heart is beyond cure. . . .

Pavel Vassilevitch started and with dim and smarting eyes stared at the reading lady; for a minute he gazed fixedly as though understanding nothing. .

Scene XI.—The same. The Baron and the Police Inspector with assistants.

Valentine: Take me.

Anna: I am his! Take me, too! Yes, take me too! I love him, I love him more than life.

Baron: Anna Sergyevna, you forget you are ruining your father. . . .

The lady began swelling again. . . . Looking round him wildly Pavel Vassilevitch got up, yelled in a deep unnatural voice, snatched from the table a heavy paper-weight, and, beside himself, brought it down with all his force on the authoress's head. .

“Give me in charge, I've killed her!” he said to the maid-servant who ran in a minute later.

The jury acquitted him.

ANTHONY CRUNDLE

By JOHN DRINKWATER

*Here lies the body of
Anthony Crundle,
Farmer, of this Parish,
Who died in 1849 at the age of 82.
'He delighted in music.'
R.I.P.
And of
Susan,
For fifty-three years his wife,
Who died in 1860, aged 86.*

Anthony Crundle of Dorrington Wood
Played on a piccolo. Lord was he,
For seventy years, of sheaves that stood
Under the perry and cider tree;
Anthony Crundle, R.I.P.

And because he prospered with sickle and scythe,
With cattle afield and laboring ewe,
Anthony was uncommonly blithe,
And played of a night to himself and Sue;
Anthony Crundle, eighty-two.

The earth to till, and a tune to play,
And Susan for fifty years and three,
And Dorrington Wood at the end of day . . .
May Providence do no worse by me;
Anthony Crundle, R.I.P.

WRITERS WHO ARE LOVED

By THEODORE BONNET

The other day I read that your favorite writer is not always safe to meet in the flesh. Now, with my favorite writer (perhaps I should say writers) I am always willing to take a chance. Some writers evoke a human sympathy and are loved, not so much for what they have written as for themselves. Are we mistaken about them? I think not. Flaubert has never convinced me that "every work deserves condemnation in which the author can be divined." Surely Dickens revealed himself in his novels. Anyway it was in the lifetime of Dickens that the story was told that after writing of the death of Paul Dombey his own emotions were so affected that he walked the streets of the city all night. If in Dickens' own day the story was accepted as quite plausible surely the creator of David Copperfield was divined in his own works.

But—speaking of meeting your favorite writer in the flesh—does it not suffice to meet him in his books? I am speaking of writers whom you love not merely for what they have written. A notable instance of what I mean Robert Louis Stevenson supplies. Other instances are not so easy to recall, they are so rare, and they occur at such long intervals in the Republic of Letters. We think of Stevenson as almost in a class by himself. It is not that he was a great literary giant, for he was not. He was merely a writer of distinction and excellence. Literary men admire him because of that precious style by which he gives us every sentence deftly shaped, but easy as the song of a bird. A very charming story-teller and essayist, in his work the man counts for so much that it is impossible to think of one without thinking of the other. His is a combination of qualities, singularly piquant and unreproducible. His

sunny and sweet heart, his lovable essays draw for us perpetual refreshment from the vicissitudes of life.

Stevenson was gifted with a freedom of soul and a geniality of manner that characterized the immortals of old. Not often do we meet these writers whose attraction lies in the glimpses they afford of their own charming personality. Yet I know two who are now living. It is of them I would write, for I would have others enjoy their acquaintance. Is it not worth while to become acquainted with authors who win one's love? It is easy enough to find authors who enlarge the intellect and broaden the vision. Books that tell us all we ought to know are not hard to find, nor books that divert the mind from the routine of daily life, but after all the Scotts and Darwins and Shelleys are not the sweetest companions. Better than mere literature are some makers thereof at whose feet we may sit and listen; the writers who, though we meet them not in the flesh, take us into their confidence and charm us with a certain discursiveness in which we are struck by their good taste, their noble aims, their manliness, urbanity, transparent sympathy, above all by their innate culture. These writers have a certain magnetism that is indefinable. It reaches us through the printed page. It is a characteristic only of the very greatest minds in literature. Lamb has it. Hazlitt is utterly devoid of it. It is most striking in the works of such men as Montaigne and Sir Thomas Browne. It is to be found in Shakespeare. The most devoted worshipper of Shakespeare would gladly forego his knowledge of Hamlet to enjoy an hour of Shakespeare himself at his best. It is felt that the man himself whom Ben Jonson loved must have been supremely interesting. That he wrote great plays was immaterial.

The absolute lack of this rare quality, which sometimes reaches us by means of an exquisite and charming grace, is the cause of so much of the tastelessness

of so-called modern literature. Sometimes it is found in the works of men who write in the vein of the sympathetic outsider. The two moderns I have in mind, who have it are Maurice Baring, author of *The Mainsprings of Russia*, and R. B. Cunninghame Graham. A sketch by Cunninghame Graham is printed elsewhere in this number. It is not a perfect specimen of his characteristic work, but it is printed because it is new to this country. Cunninghame Graham is now an old man. Recently he brought out a farewell book called *Brought Forward*. In his preface, after speaking of a custom of the Indians in South America, he says:

"'Tis meet and fitting to let loose the horse or pen before death overtakes you, or before the gentle public turns its thumbs down and yells out: 'Away with him.' So I shall write no more of these short stories, tales, sketches, or what you like to call them, for I perceive that in the writing of them I have written my life's story, and it can never be recalled. Charles Lamb when someone asked him something of his works answered that they were to be found in the South Sea House and that they numbered forty volumes, for he had labored many years, making his bricks with the least possible modicum of straw, just like the rest of us.

"Mine, if you ask me, are to be found but in the hoof-marks I have left in all the years I galloped both on the prairies and the pampas of America."

EL TANGO ARGENTINO

By R. B. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM

Motor cars swept up to the covered passage of the front door of the hotel, one of those international caravansaries that pass their clients through a sort of vulgarizing process that blots out every type. It makes the Argentine, the French, the Englishman and the American all alike before the power of wealth.

The cars surged up as silently as snow falls from a fir-tree in a thaw, and with the same soft swishing noise. Tall, liveried porters opened the doors (although, of course, each car was duly furnished with a footman) so nobly that any one of them would have graced any situation in the State.

The ladies stepped down delicately, showing a fleeting vision of a leg in a transparent stocking, just for an instant, through the slashing of their skirts. They knew that every man, their footman, driver, the giant watchers at the gate, and all who at the time were going into the hotel, saw and were moved by what they saw just for a moment; but the fact did not trouble them at all. It rather pleased them, for the most virtuous feel a pleasurable emotion when they know that they excite. So it will be for ever, for thus and not by votes alone they show that they are to the full men's equals, let the law do its worst.

Inside the hotel, heated by steam, and with an atmosphere of scent and flesh that went straight to the head just as the fumes of whisky set a drinker's nerves agog, were seated all the finest flowers of the cosmopolitan society of the French capital.

Lesbos had sent its legions, and women looked at one another appreciatively, scanning each item of their neighbor's clothes, and with their color heightening when by chance their eyes met those of another priestess of their sect.

Rich rastaquoueres, their hats too shiny, and their boots too tight, their coats fitting too closely, their

sticks mounted with great gold knobs, walked about or sat at little tables, all talking strange varieties of French.

Americans, the men apparently all run out of the same mold, the women apt as monkeys to imitate all that they saw in dress, in fashion and in style, and more adaptable than any other women in the world from lack of all traditions, conversed in their high nasal tones. Spanish-Americans from every one of the Republics were well represented, all talking about money: of how Dona Fulana Perez had given fifteen hundred francs for her new hat, or Don Fulano had just scored a million on the Bourse.

After the "five-o'clock," turned to a heavy meal of toast and buns, of Hugel loaf, of sandwiches, and of hot cake, the scented throng, restored by the refectation after the day's hard work of shopping, of driving here and there like souls in purgatory to call on people that they detested, and other labors of a like nature, slowly adjourned to a great hall in which a band was playing. As they walked through the passages, men pressed close up to women and murmured in their ears, telling them anecdotes that made them flush and giggle as they protested in an unprotesting style. Those were the days of the first advent of the Tango Argentino, the dance that since has circled the whole world, as it were, in a movement of the hips. Ladies pronounced it charming as they half closed their eyes and let a little shiver run across their lips. Men said it was the only dance that was worth dancing. It was so Spanish, so unconventional, and combined all the esthetic movements of the figures on an Etruscan vase with the strange grace of the Hungarian gipsies . . . it was so, as one may so, so . . . as you may say . . . you know.

When all were seated, the band, Hungarians, of course,—oh, those dear gipsies!—struck out into a rhythm, half rag-time, half habanera, canaille, but

sensuous, and hands involuntarily, even the most aristocratic hands—of ladies whose immediate progenitors had been pork-packers in Chicago, or gambusinos who had struck it rich in Zacatecas,—tapped delicately, but usually a little out of tune, upon the backs of chairs.

A tall young man, looking as if he had got a holiday from a tailor's fashion plate, his hair sleek, black, and stuck down to his head with a cosmetic, his trousers so immaculately creased they seemed cut out of cardboard, led out a girl dressed in a skirt so tight that she could not have moved in it had it not been cut open to the knee.

Standing so close that one well-creased trouser leg disappeared in the tight skirt, he clasped her round the waist, holding her hand almost before her face. They twirled about, now bending low, now throwing out a leg, and then again revolving, all with a movement of the hips that seemed to blend the well-creased trouser and the half-open skirt into one inharmonious whole. The music grew more furious and the steps multiplied, till with a bound the girl threw herself for an instant into the male dancer's arms, who put her back again upon the ground with as much care as if she had been a new-laid egg, and the pair bowed and disappeared.

Discreet applause broke forth, and exclamations such as "wonderful," "what grace," "Vivent les Espagnoles," for the discriminating audience took no heed of independence days, of mere political changes and the like, and seemed to think that Buenos Aires was a part of Spain, never having heard of San Martin, Bolivar, Paez, and their fellow-liberators.

Paris, London and New York were to that fashionable crowd the world, and anything outside—except, of course, the Hungarian gipsies and the Tango dancers—barbarous and beyond the pale.

After the Tango came "La Maxixe Brésilienne," rather more languorous and more befitting to the

dwellers in the tropics than was its cousin from the plains. Again the discreet applause broke out, the audience murmuring "charming," that universal adjective that gives an air of being in a perpetual pastrycook's when ladies signify delight. Smiles and sly glances at their friends showed that the dancers' efforts at indecency had been appreciated.

Slowly the hall and tea-rooms of the great hotel emptied themselves, and in the corridors and passages the smell of scent still lingered, just as stale incense lingers in a church.

Motor cars took away the ladies and their friends, and drivers, who had shivered in the cold whilst the crowd inside sweated in the central heating, exchanged the time of day with the liveried doorkeepers, one of them asking anxiously, "Dis, Anatole, astu vu mes vaches?"

With the soft closing of a well-hung door the last car took its perfumed freight away, leaving upon the steps a group of men, who remained talking over, or, as they would say, undressing, all the ladies who had gone.

"Argentine Tango, eh?" I thought, after my friends had left me all alone. Well, well, it has changed devilishly upon its passage overseas, even discounting the difference of the setting of the place where first I saw it danced so many years ago. So, sauntering down, I took a chair far back upon the terrace of the Café de la Paix, so that the sellers of *La Patrie*, and the men who have some strange new toy, or views of Paris in a long album like a broken concertina, should not tread upon my toes.

Over a Porto Blanc and a Brazilian cigarette, lulled by the noise of Paris and the raucous cries of the street vendors, I fell into a doze.

Gradually the smell of petrol and of horse-dung, the two most potent perfumes in our modern life, seemed to be blown away. Dyed heads and faces scraped till they looked blue as a baboon's; young

men who looked like girls, with painted faces and with mincing airs; the raddled women, ragged men, and hags huddled in knitted shawls, lame horses, and taxicab drivers sitting nodding on their boxes—all faded into space, and from the nothing that is the past arose another scene.

I saw myself with Witham and his brother, whose name I have forgotten, Eduardo Pena, Congreve, and Eustaquio Medina, on a small rancho in an elbow of the great River Yi. The rancho stood upon a little hill. A quarter of a mile or so away the dense and thorny *monté* of hard-wood trees that fringed the river seemed to roll up towards it like a sea. The house was built of yellow pine sent from the United States. The roof was shingled, and the rancho stood planked down upon the plain, looking exactly like a box. Some fifty yards away stood a thatched hut that served as kitchen, and on its floor the cattle herders used to sleep upon their horse-gear with their feet towards the fire.

The corrals for horses and for sheep were just a little farther off, and underneath a shed a horse stood saddled day in, day out, and perhaps does so yet, if the old rancho still resists the winds.

Four or five horses, saddled and bridled, stood tied to a great post, for we were just about to mount to ride a league or two to a Baile, at the house of Frutos Barragán. Just after sunset we set out, as the sweet scent that the grasses of the plains send forth after a long day of heat perfumed the evening air.

The night was clear and starry, and above our heads was hung the Southern Cross. So bright the stars shone out that one could see almost a mile away; but yet all the perspective of the plains and woods was altered. Hillocks were sometimes undistinguishable, at other times loomed up like houses. Woods seemed to sway and heave, and by the sides of streams bunches of Pampa grass stood stark as sen-

tinels, their feathery tufts looking like plumes upon an Indian's lance.

The horses shook their bridles with a clear, ringing sound as they stepped double, and their riders, swaying lightly in their seats, seemed to form part and parcel of the animals they rode.

Now and then little owls flew noiselessly beside us, circling above our heads, and then dropped noiselessly upon a bush. Eustaquio Medina, who knew the district as a sailor knows the seas where he was born, rode in the front of us. As his horse shied at a shadow on the grass or at the bones of some dead animal, he swung his whip round ceaselessly, until the moonlight playing on the silver-mounted stock seemed to transform it to an aureole that flickered about his head. Now and then somebody dismounted to tighten up his girth, his horse twisting and turning round uneasily the while, and, when he raised his foot towards the stirrup, starting off with a bound.

Time seemed to disappear and space be swallowed in the intoxicating gallop, so that when Eustaquio Medina paused for an instant to strike the crossing of a stream, we felt annoyed with him, although no hound that follows a hot scent could have gone truer on his line.

Dogs barking close at hand warned us our ride was almost over, and as we galloped up a rise Eustaquio Medina pulled up and turned to us.

"There is the house," he said, "just at the bottom of the hollow, only five squares away," and as we saw the flicker of the lights, he struck his palm upon his mouth after the Indian fashion, and raised a piercing cry. Easing his hand, he drove his spurs into his horse, who started with a bound into full speed, and as he galloped down the hill we followed him, all yelling furiously.

Just at the hitching-post we drew up with a jerk, our horses snorting as they edged off sideways from

the black shadow that it cast upon the ground. Horses stood about everywhere, some tied and others hobbled, and from the house there came the strains of an accordion and the tinkling of guitars.

Asking permission to dismount, we hailed the owner of the house, a tall, old Gaucho, Frutos Barragán, as he stood waiting by the door, holding a maté in his hand. He bade us welcome, telling us to tie our horses up, not too far out of sight, for, as he said, "It is not good to give facilities to rogues, if they should chance to be about."

In the low, straw-thatched rancho, with its eaves blackened by the smoke, three or four iron bowls, filled with mare's fat, and with a cotton wick that needed constant trimming, stuck upon iron cattle-brands, were burning fitfully.

They cast deep shadows in the corners of the room, and when they flickered up occasionally the light fell on the dark and sun-tanned faces of the tall, wiry Gauchos and the light cotton dresses of the women as they sat with their chairs tilted up against the wall. Some thick-set Basques, an Englishman or two in riding breeches, and one or two Italians made up the company. The floor was earth, stamped hard till it shone like cement, and as the Gauchos walked upon it, their heavy spurs clinked with a noise like fetters as they trailed them on the ground.

An old, blind Paraguayan played on the guitar, and a huge negro accompanied him on an accordion. Their united efforts produced a music which certainly was vigorous enough, and now and then, one or the other of them broke into a song, high-pitched and melancholy, which, if you listened to it long enough, forced you to try to imitate its wailing melody and its strange intervals.

Fumes of tobacco and rum hung in the air, and of a strong and heady wine from Catalonia, much favored by the ladies, which they drank from a

tumbler, passing it to one another, after the fashion of a grace-cup at a city dinner, with great gravity. At last the singing ceased, and the orchestra struck up a Tango, slow, marked, and rhythmical.

Men rose, and, taking off their spurs, walked gravely to the corner of the room where sat the women huddled together as if they sought protection from each other, and with a compliment led them out upon the floor. The flowing poncho and the loose chiripá, which served as trousers, swung about just as the tartans of a Highlander swing as he dances, giving an air of ease to all the movements of the Gauchos as they revolved, their partners' heads peeping above their shoulders, and their hips moving to and fro.

At times they parted, and set to one another gravely, and then the man, advancing, clasped his partner round the waist and seemed to push her backwards, with her eyes half-closed and an expression of beatitude. Gravity was the keynote of the scene, and though the movements of the dance were as significant as it was possible for the dancers to achieve, the effect was graceful, and the soft, gliding motion and the waving of the parti-colored clothes, wild and original, in the dim, flickering light.

Rum flowed during the intervals. The dancers wiped the perspiration from their brows, the men with the silk handkerchiefs they wore about their necks, the women with their sleeves. Tangos, cielitos and pericones succeeded one another, and still the atmosphere grew thicker, and the lights seemed to flicker through a haze, as the dust rose from the mud floor. Still the old Paraguayan and the negro kept on playing with the sweat running down their faces, smoking and drinking rum in their brief intervals of rest, and when the music ceased for a moment, the wild neighing of a horse tied in the moonlight to a post, sounded as if he called his master to come out and gallop home again.

The night wore on, and still the negro and the

Paraguayan stuck at their instruments. Skirts swung and ponchos waved, whilst maté circulated amongst the older men as they stood grouped about the door.

Then came a lull, and as men whispered in their partners' ears, telling them, after the fashion of the Gauchos, that they were lovely, their hair like jet, their eyes bright as "las tres Marias," and all the compliments which in their case were stereotyped and handed down for generations, loud voices rose, and in an instant two Gauchos bounded out upon the floor.

Long silver-handled knives were in their hands, their ponchos wrapped round their left arms served them as bucklers, and as they crouched, like cats about to spring, they poured our blasphemies.

"Stop this!" cried Frutos Barragán; but even as he spoke, a knife-thrust planted in the stomach stretched one upon the floor. Blood gushed out from his mouth, his belly fell like a pricked bladder, and a dark stream of blood trickled upon the ground as he lay writhing in his death agony.

The iron bowls were overturned, and in the dark girls screamed and the men crowded to the door. When they emerged into the moonlight, leaving the dying man upon the floor, the murderer was gone; and as they looked at one another there came a voice shouting out, "Adios, Barragán! Thus does Vicente Castro pay his debts when a man tries to steal his girl," and the faint footfalls of an unshod horse galloping far out upon the plain.

I started, and the waiter standing by my side said, "Eighty centimes;" and down the boulevard echoed the harsh cry, "*La Patrie*, achetez *La Patrie*," and the rolling of the cabs.

THE OLD MASTER

By DESMOND MACCARTHY

"The Master's Study" was half a museum and half a library. On the black oak writing table, gleaming in the wintry light from the windows, stood an antique bronze statuette, about six inches high: an engaging little naked Venus. At her feet lay his ink-pot, a lump of hollowed jade, its natural bosses and depressions smoothly moulded into a vague conglomeration of flowers and human forms. On a renaissance cabinet near the wide stone fireplace (itself removed from the retiring room of an ancient castle and carved with roses and myrtle) stood another Venus represented with a beard, and male organs of generation, with a sceptre in her hand and the body and dress of a female; on the pedestal was cut in faint red letters the words "Duplex Amathusia." On one side of it were a number of turquoise-blue Egyptian gods with animals' heads; on the other a Spanish saint, carved in wood, the swirl of whose gilded garments expressed his ecstasy. Two queer Thibetan masks frowned and grinned above the door, and the wrinkled head of Homer stared blankly from the top of a bookcase running the whole length of the room. The serried rows of sleek books, some thick, some thin, rose one upon the other from unwieldy folios to many tiny volumes at the top, which looked as precious to the eye, and felt as pleasant to the touch, as enamelled boxes. The receptacle which once held the face powder of Ninon de Lenclos now held the Master's cigarettes, and his biggest arm-chair was upholstered with the vestments of an Abyssinian bishop. The pictures were all small and old. Of two of the most noticeable, one represented a sweet-faced, exquisitely clean old monk on his knees, gazing up into the still vault of heaven, and the other a Holy Family with St. Anne hanging out the underclothes to dry. The library was composed of only two kinds of books:

well-attested masterpieces in all languages and of all ages, and a choice collection of the most extravagant examples of human enthusiasm and aberration.

The Master came in, and sitting down heavily by the fire, he threw on a faggot to make a blaze. It crackled upwards, brightening his worn, plump face, and, leaning back, he held out towards the blaze his large clean hand. It made him feel happier. But when the golden twigs crumbled to red and white ashes depression rolled over him again. He sighed and looked helplessly over his shoulder at his writing table. He could only think of two things now, his childhood and the war. All day long he thought of nothing else. Except for the miserable people lugging, that very moment, their children and bundles along frozen roads, with pictures behind their staring eyes of charred homes, of faces, once responsive, last remembered as yellow objects, dirty, mauled, like turnips sheep have left half-eaten, or as terrible masks with lifted lip and goggling eyes, expressing violently, nothing—except for those wretched ones, instinctively flying to preserve lives they no longer wanted, he was perhaps as miserable a man as any. Not that the war had touched him nearly. He had no sons; he mourned no friends; his contemporaries were all old men; his life went on as usual. One or two of the young men who used to come to see him, to listen to him and laugh with flattering alacrity, would never come again: that was all. He remembered one in particular; how he had, while on leave, come up with an introduction to this very room, glowing and clean as though he had just come out of a kind of moral bath; and how they had talked together about Theocritus. Soldiers were the only people he could be sure now of talking to as though nothing in particular was going forward. He had never written or said a word that could help them or could even occur to their minds in these days. Yet they seemed to treat him as though

he were quite a sensible man. Indeed, the tendency, in so far as it had any bearing that way, of all that he had written had been distinctly to belittle the profession of arms; yet of all kinds of people soldiers seemed the least inclined of any, if they had been at the front, to suspect him of being "unpatriotic." The majority at home treated him as a pernicious fool, and he was constantly coming across passages in papers and magazines in which his "literary extinction" was mentioned gleefully as one of the signs of the times. The tone of these references implied that he would feel this acutely. He did mind; but so little in the way the writers apprehended that they made him smile. He minded in a much more dreadful way than the loss of any vogue could cause. It was not the eclipse of his importance at the moment he cared about. Something else had happened; his own feelings had shown up his work. All his life he had spoken as a wise man, in the lightest passages in his books, in the lowliest, his own wisdom had always been implicit. He had only had one thing to say. No writer had touched on more subjects; but none had repeated himself more often. His message was that man was a little creature, and if he would only be humble enough to know that pleasure was good enough for him, and learn that his trouble came from turning up his nose at the gifts of that good Goddess, mother of the arts, all would go well. She bestows them lavishly; so lavishly that no one need ever be very eager to grasp one particular pleasure or to snatch it away from some one else. Miss pleasure here, you will find it there: if only you understand it is that you want, and that is good for you. It will make you kind, pleasure too. You will throw no stones at your neighbor and you will live on easy terms with yourself. True, pleasures do not satisfy; but if they do not, is there not "sweetness and youth" in desire? And if Nature has made you that anomalous creature

a thinking man, why, what an inexhaustible spectacle lies spread before you: the strange paths men are impelled along by motives they do not understand; the extravagant distortions of natural beings into which they puff and pinch themselves! It needed only a little detachment and the folly of the world became a spectacle hardly painful, even subtly flattering, to one who looks on. This had been the drift of all he had ever written in history, fiction, criticism, and verse. But his wisdom did not work with him now. He had never chuckled savagely over the welter of the world, like Swift or Voltaire; he had preferred to smile and to pity. His detachment had charmed. It had persuaded a whole generation that nothing was quite so wise as to see folly everywhere and forgive it. He could see men's folly clearly enough now, in all conscience; but it no longer seemed his part, or anyone's, to forgive it—individuals perhaps, but not *it*. Yet when he had heaved himself up and gone to his table, the words, when they came, fell into their places with the accustomed suavity, and pity and indignation took on the old detachment. He could not bear what he had written.

"So this is how I used to write about the struggles and catastrophes of the past," he thought. "My God, how much I have left out."

HISTORIC SAYINGS

By THE BOOKWORM

Striking phrases used by great men on famous occasions, or significant utterances of ordinary men when brought face to face with death, have an attraction for most people. The war has added to the world's store of such sayings. Bethmann-Hollweg's description of the Belgian treaty as "a scrap of paper" is as sure of the immortality of quotation in future historical manuals as Metternich's reference to the Italy of 1815 as only "a geographical expression."

In order that a *mot* should become historical, it is not enough for it to be spontaneous, emotional, or even brave. It must also have some element of wit or epigram, some special fitness to the time and place, which seizes and holds the imagination. This does not mean that the speaker should have a conscious literary purpose. If he has, he runs a risk of spoiling the utterance. "Don't be flowery, Jacob!" was Mr. Scrooge's entreaty to Marley's Ghost when that apparition was in the middle of a rhetorical address, and the advice is suited to mortals as well as spirits. Wellington wrote like a log-book. The utterances of Nelson and Collingwood at the Battle of Trafalgar are among the finest in English history. "See," said Nelson, "how that noble fellow, Collingwood, carries his ship into action." And Collingwood turned to his captain and exclaimed: "What would Nelson give to be here?"

"Spontaneous thought and labored expression" is an eighteenth-century definition of good writing. If many famous historical sayings have both, it is because their authenticity is doubtful. We can never be certain whether, at Waterloo, Wellington said "Up, Guards, and at 'em!" or "Now, gentlemen, if you please," or simply gave his orders through an aide-de-camp. In other cases we have undoubted evidence that the saying was not spoken by its re-

puted author. Men have insisted on repeating historical sayings which they know to be unauthentic. Such are Cambronne's "La garde meurt et ne se rend pas," the Abbé Edgeworth's "Fils de Saint-Louis, montez au Ciel," Siéyès' verdict at Louis XVI's trial, "La mort—sans phrase," and Charles X's address at the Restoration, "Rien n'est changé, si ce n'est qu'il y a un Français de plus"—all of them inventions of journalists. These and others like them have a survival value. They light up memorable scenes and crystallize striking situations in our minds. Dr. Johnson, indeed, denied the value of such inventions even as illustrations of human nature. "The value of every story," he said, "depends on its being true." Yet Chatham's famous speech, beginning, "The atrocious crime of being a young man," is Johnson's composition, and Johnson was not even present at the debate when the real reply was spoken. Small wonder that Sir Robert Walpole, on being asked what he would have read to him, answered: "Not history, for that I know to be false."

Historical sayings are hard to classify. Dying words and speeches form a notable section, though it is more than usually difficult to establish their authenticity. "There is nothing," wrote Montaigne, "of which I am so inquisitive, and delight to inform myself, as the manner of men's deaths, their words, looks, and bearing. If I were a writer of books, I would compile a register, with a comment, of the various deaths of men." Often the recorded sayings are so characteristic as to awaken scepticism. Goethe's "Mehr Licht" sums up his philosophy. It calls to mind O. Henry's dying remark to his nurse: "Turn up the light; I'm afraid to go home in the dark." Chesterfield's "Give Dayrolles a chair" is the reflection of his habitual politeness. These have the air of being invented by somebody with a sense of the fitness of the occasion. Nelson's "Thank God, I have done my duty," and Pitt's "Oh, my country!

How I leave my country" rest on indisputable evidence. Addison's invitation to the Earl of Warwick to see "how a Christian could die" is credited by Macaulay, and is in keeping with what we know of Addison. It is related that at Talleyrand's death-bed, when the Abbé Dupanloup repeated to the dying man the words of the Archbishop of Paris: "For M. de Talleyrand I would give my life," Talleyrand replied, "He might make a better use of it," and expired.

Talleyrand has been credited with more than his share of historical sayings. One, which is also associated with his death-bed, and which is an example of Louis Philippe's heartless wit, is told by Louis Blanc:

Shortly afterwards the King appeared, and it is said that the expiring nobleman, moved by such a visit, expressed his satisfaction in these terms: "This is the greatest honor ever conferred on my house." It is also stated—and it is by priests that the fact, improbable as it is, has been whispered about—that the King having asked M. de Talleyrand if he was in pain, and the latter having replied, "Ay, like one of the damned," Louis Philippe murmured the word "Already?"

There is an echo of this in the story that during Labouchere's last illness, the nurse having accidentally upset a lamp, "Labby" opened his eyes and said: "Flames! A little premature, I believe." "We shall soon meet again," were Louis XIV's last words to Madame de Maintenon. She is reported to have murmured: "A pleasant rendezvous he is giving me! That man never loved anyone but himself." Another of these eschatological utterances that deserves quotation is Wilkes's rejoinder to Thurlow's exclamation, "When I forget my king, may my God forget me!" "He'll see you damned first," was Wilkes's immediate answer.

Some historical sayings owe their good fortune to the fact that only part of them is usually quoted. One of the most famous of all is Francis I's, after the

battle of Pavia, "All is lost but honor." It occurs in a letter to his mother, and it is disconcerting to read the remainder of the sentence, which runs, "and my life, which is safe." William III's harangue on his landing at Brixham, began with the words: "We have come for your good;" but his defective knowledge of the English language led him to make the suggestive addition, "for all your goods." It is regrettable that investigation proves that the really good saying is so often too good to be true. We can only take refuge in the belief that it possesses other qualities, and that not only historical sayings, but historical actions and historical characters do not bear too close a scrutiny. In these matters we are necessarily and hopelessly traditionalist. We have to be content if they fit into the general frame, and we ought to be pleased if they set off the beauty of the picture. "A falsehood once received from a famed writer," says Dryden, "becomes traditional to posterity."

SIGNS AND WONDERS

By LAURENCE HOUSMAN

If, of my love, you seek a sign,
That, meeting, you her face may know,
Oh, learn in other schools, not mine,
The marks by which to go.

So fair is she, so fair is she,
That every eye at set of sun,
For fear lest they shall parted be,
His color to her face doth run.

So sweet is she, so sweet is she,
That every air which round her blows,
Hangs laden like a honey-bee
As in her breast he comes and goes.

So fond is she, so fond is she,
That, every time we kiss and part,
More freely she bestows on me
The deep possessions of her heart.

So blind is she, so blind is she,
That when beneath her looks I dwell,
A starlike gaze she bends on me,
And without measure, loves me well!

If, of that love, you seek a sign
That, mounting, you her heart may know,
Oh, ask of angels' lips, not mine,
The way by which to go!

IN THE RAIN

By JAMES STEPHENS

The ass stood quietly where he had been left.

Rain was pouring from him as though he were the father of rivers and supplied the world with running water. It dashed off his flanks; it leaped down his tail; it foamed across his forehead to his nose and hit the ground from there with a thump.

"I'm very wet," said the ass to himself, "and I wish I wasn't."

His eyes were fixed on a brown stone that had a knob on its back. Every drop of rain that hit the stone jumped twice and then splattered to the ground. After a moment he spoke to himself again—

"I don't care now whether it stops raining or not, for I can't be any wetter than I am, however it goes."

Having said this he dismissed the weather and settled himself to think. He hung his head slightly and fixed his eyes afar off, and he stared distantly like that without seeing anything while he gathered and revolved his thoughts.

The first thing he thought about was carrots.

He thought of their shape, their color, and the way they looked in a bucket. Some would have the thick end stuck up, and some would have the other end stuck up, and there were always bits of clay sticking to one end or the other. Some would be lying on their sides as though they had slipped quietly to sleep, and some would be standing in a slanting way as though they were leaning their backs against a wall and couldn't make up their minds what to do next. But however they looked in the bucket, they all tasted alike and they all tasted well. They are a companionable food; they make a pleasant, crunching noise when they are bitten, and so, when one is eating carrots, one can listen to the sound of one's eating and make a story from it.

Thistles make a swishing noise when they are bitten; they have their taste.

Grass does not make any noise at all; it slips dumbly to the sepulchre, and gives no sign.

Bread makes no sound when it is eaten by an ass; it has an interesting taste, and it clings about one's teeth for a long time.

Apples have a good smell and a joyful crunch; but the taste of sugar lasts longer in the mouth, and can be remembered for longer than anything else: it has a short, sharp crunch that is like a curse, and instantly it blesses you with the taste of it.

Hay can be eaten in great mouthfuls. It has a chip and a crack at the first bite, and then it says no more. It sticks out of one's mouth like whiskers, and you can watch it with your eye while it moves to and fro, according as your mouth moves. It is a friendly food, and very good for the hungry.

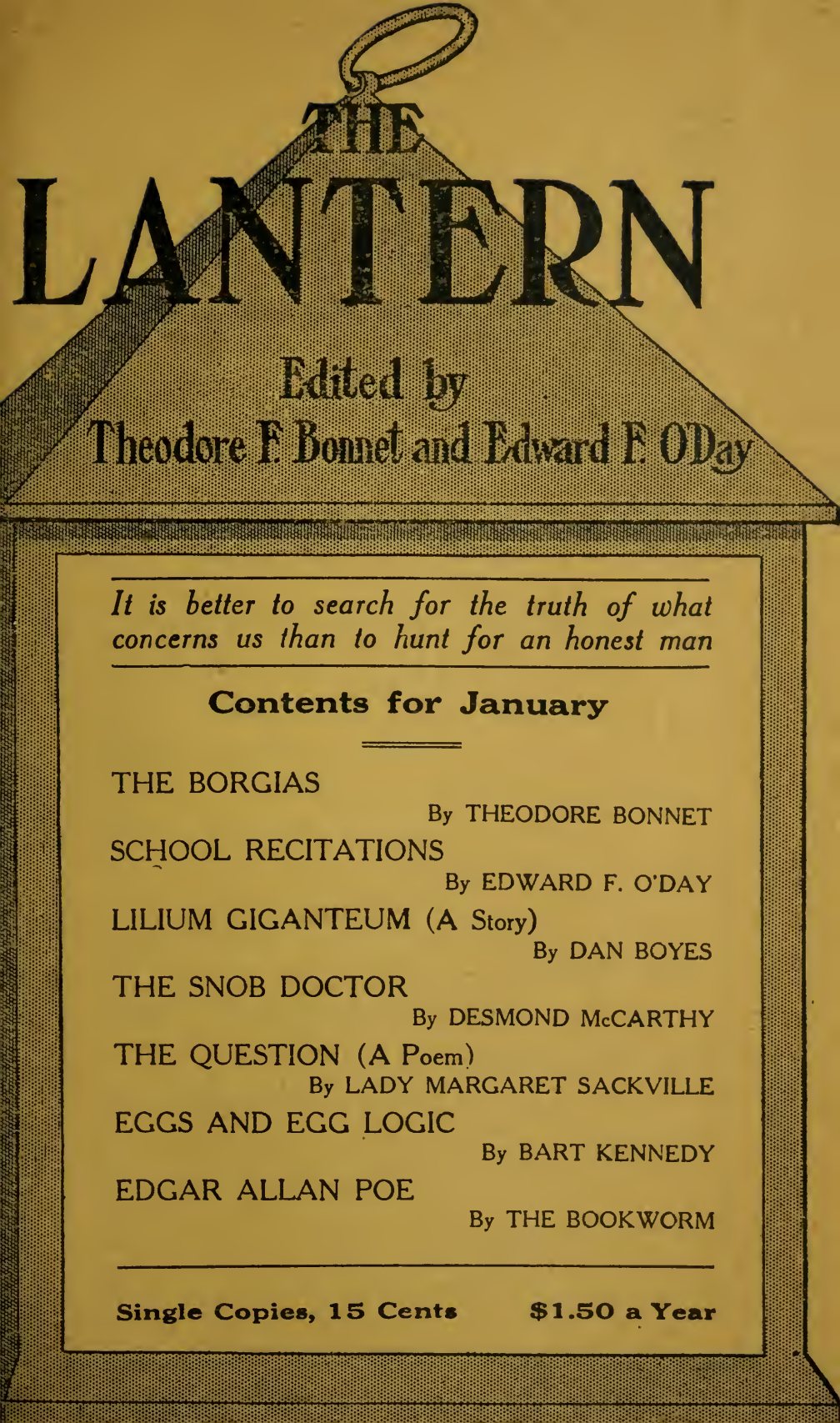
Oats are not a food; they are a great blessing; they are a debauch; they make you proud, so that you want to kick the front out of a cart, and climb a tree, and bite a cow, and chase chickens.

Mary came running and unyoked him from the cart. She embraced him on the streaming nose. "You poor thing, you!" said she, and she took a large paper bag from the cart and held it to his muzzle. There was soft sugar in the bag, and half a pound of it clove to his tongue at the first lick.

As she went back to the house with the bundle of food, the ass regarded her.

"You are a good girl," said the ass.

He shook himself and dissipated his thoughts; then he trotted briskly here and there on the path to see if there was anything worth looking for.



THE LANTERN

Edited by
Theodore F Bonnet and Edward F O'Day

*It is better to search for the truth of what
concerns us than to hunt for an honest man*

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THE LANTERN

Vol. 2

January, 1917

No. 10

The Borgias

By THEODORE F. BONNET

"Bring me my liar!" said Frederick the Great speaking of his favorite work on history. Having made considerable history himself, and knowing something of the eyes through which it was seen, he regarded history as Napoleon and other illustrious makers thereof regarded it—largely as a matter of "fable agreed upon." The history of the times I am writing about wasn't even that: it was principally romance written for the credulous. Much of it was sheer gossip, more unreliable than the gossip of our day, for it was more elusive, and reputation was not so sensitive. Slander that would now blast a reputation was merely annoying in the days, let us say, of Cicero, who was better than a raw hand himself at tossing atrocious libels from the bema; and on through the years of purple pomp in Rome none but inventors of new forms of vice were worth talking about. It was the same in the Medieval period and later in the Italian Renaissance, an age that lapsed into ultra credulity consequent upon exaggerated skepticism. History became the work of heated imaginations skilled in coining extravagant legends. It is mostly slapdash history that we get from the centuries ago, generally written with a view to fillip jaded appetites and impart new thrills. Indeed only in the nineteenth century did scientific historians, eager only for the truth, begin to remove the foulness of inference, of surmise, of deliberate and cold-blooded malice, with

which centuries of scribblers, sensational or venal, coated the substance of ascertainable facts. Hence the conception of the Borgias that long prevailed, the conception made current by Hugo and Dumas.

Now far be it from me to attempt the whitewashing of the whole Borgia family. It is too big a task, even for one who is something of a slapdash historian himself. Besides it would be impossible. The Borgias flourished when Paganism was becoming popular again. The prosperous lived almost wholly for the pleasures of life, to gratify their senses to the full, and they were impatient of reform and virtue. That was the time when Savonarola tried to introduce a kind of Puritanism. He gave people a prelibation of the reaction that came later, and the people, that is to say, the people at the helm of things, didn't like the taste of it. It soured a stomach that required delicate fare. Among these people the Borgias were preëminent. In all the crimes for which the period was peculiar they were reputed to be experts. Hence their reputation as poisoners.

Nothing was so common in the Italian Renaissance as political assassination, and in the fine art of murder Cesare Borgia ranks with Bluebeard. But murder wasn't such a terrible crime in the days of the Borgias. Even to this day there are men who will tell you that murder, however much we may lament it, is an instinct of morbid natures, repressed by law and religion. When Cesare Borgia was intriguing for power there were casuists who justified murder. The whole duty of a man of sense was summed up in the following maxim: If you see your enemy in the water up to his waist, give him your hand and help him out; but if you see him up to his neck, put your foot upon his head and press him under." A common sentiment of those days was thus delicately expressed: "Dead men don't bite."

Very learned men formulated theories in justification of political assassination in medieval Rome and

in all Italian cities of the Renaissance. They believed they were placing in the hands of princes a weapon which would permanently enrich the armory of States. It is not hard to imagine a prince of the period putting down a tract which justified murder and sending a hundred ducats to the writer. For there was many a prince who having got rid of a rival when stimulated by the morbid lust of cruelty, was glad to ease his conscience by discovering a motive of beneficent utility. Intensely practical was the Italian mind, and it was impatient of solutions of perplexing problems that hung on doubtful or ideal considerations.

However, I am not for swallowing all that I have read about the Borgias. I am not averse to believing that Cesare Borgia was a cruel pervert, a sort of Frankenstein monster to his father, the bad Pope. And I don't pretend to be able to furnish Roderigo Borgia with a clean bill of health; but surely the whole Borgia family was not addicted to poisoning. It requires more credulity than I am capable of to convict father, sons and daughters of the crimes imputed to them. Some of the stories told are far from convincing. Indeed many of the stories of political assassination in the Middle Ages and later are obviously untrue. Like some of the best authenticated biographies of the period that are now known to have been forged, stories of political assassination were manufactured by wholesale. The fact is that no insinuation was more common than that which attributed the death of prominent persons to poison. Doubtless many a case of appendicitis was believed to be a case of poisoning. Many of the professional poisoners were astrologers who failed to "make good," probably for the reason that was surmised in 1514 when Venice suffered the dire misfortune of fire. The poison cupboard and its contents were destroyed and Vilandrino of Padua was called in to make good the loss, but his best recipe failed to do the slightest harm to one Mustafa, on whom it was tried twice,

and so Vilandrino was discharged. Such was the result when the greatest power in Italy, the State itself, needed poison and tried to get it in what was doubtless the best market in the known world. That was within ten years of the death of the Borgias.

While I have no desire to whitewash the whole Borgia family, I would record a mild protest in the case of Lucrezia Borgia interest in whom is intrigued by the Pintorricchio portrait. Though you might never guess it my only interest in the Borgia family is the interest the fair Lucrezia inspires. Lucrezia is said to have been begrimed with evil, and presumably she was reared in circumstances favorable to an agreeable attitude toward vice. But she wasn't vicious. She was a genuine daughter of the Renaissance. In the Pintorricchio portrait one sees reflected the soul of a most adorable girl, a child exquisitely plaintive, exhaling sweet tenderness and a sunny nature. We know that she was a lovable woman, and that she won the love of men who had preconceived notions of her character formed in harmony with the gossip and scandal of her day. As a wife she was beloved and as a daughter-in-law; yet by reason of the reputation of her family she had inspired dread and horror and frightful misgivings.

We have one piece of literature from the hand of Lucrezia Borgia, and as it deals with herself on her deathbed it is illuminating. A delicate, frail creature, she had given birth to a dead child, and the case was at once hopeless. She knew she was dying, but her characteristic serenity remained to the end. Two days before her death she wrote this letter to Pope Leo X:

"Most Holy Father and Worshipful Lord,

"With all reverence I kiss your Holiness's feet, and humbly commend myself to your good will. Having been in great pain for more than two months, early on the morning of the 14th day of the present month,

according to the will of God, I gave birth to a little daughter. I hoped then to get alleviation from my sufferings, but the contrary took place, and I have to pay my debt to nature. And through the grace of God I am conscious that the end of my life is near, and that in a few hours, having received the holy sacraments of the church, I shall have passed away. And having come to this state as a Christian, although a sinner, I beseech your Holiness in your goodness to give me from the heavenly treasures spiritual consolation and your holy benediction for my soul. This I most devoutly pray for, and to your great mercy I commit my husband and my children, who are all faithful servants of your Holiness.

"In Ferrara, the 2nd of June, 1519, at the fourteenth hour.

"Your Holiness's humble servant,

"LUCREZIA DA ESTE."

A letter of such sweet and pious resignation could hardly have been written by a very great sinner. It is the letter of a God-fearing woman, of a good wife and tender mother. Assuredly Lucrezia Borgia's moral training was not wholly neglected.

SCHOOL RECITATIONS

By EDWARD F. O'DAY

Reading, not so long ago, Shakespeare's *Comedy of Errors*, I found my mind queerly affected by the following dialogue in the second scene of the first act:

First Merchant. Therefore give out you are of

Epidamnum,

Lest that your goods too soon be confiscate.

This very day a Syracusian merchant

Is apprehended for arrival here;

And, not being able to buy out his life,

According to the statute of the town,

Dies ere the weary sun set in the west.

There is your money that I had to keep.

Antipholus. What, will you walk with me about the town,

And then go to my inn, and dine with me?

First Merchant. I am invited, sir, to certain merchants,

Of whom I hope to make much benefit;

I crave your pardon. Soon at five o'clock,

Please you, I'll meet with you upon the mart,

And afterward consort you till bed-time:

My present business calls me from you now.

Antipholus. Farewell till then: I will go lose myself,

And wander up and down to view the city.

First Merchant. Sir, I commend you to your own content.

It is an indifferent bit of dialogue, as colorless as it is unimportant. Intrinsically it possesses no power to stir emotion or induce the mood reflective. Yet I found myself pausing on the words, then rereading them. Doing so I was conscious of a faint ripple of feeling, vague and teasingly pleasant. The lines were tugging at some reluctant memory. What was it? That curious sensation of living over an old experience took hold of me. I was quite sure that the lines were connected with some incident or other in my past. But what incident? I examined them again.

Suddenly it came over me that I had once known the lines of the *First Merchant* by heart. Then the cloud lifted from the mystery.

I closed the book and indulged in the luxury of retrospection. My mind sped back to certain school days, to the time when the elocutionists of the school were fluttered by the announcement that there was to be a public performance of the *Comedy of Errors* by school talent.

No wonder the elocutionists were fluttered. Your elocutionist always chafes at the cooping up of his talent. The private exhibition in the school hall on Friday afternoon allows but small range of flight for his soaring genius. He longs for a greater audience, and thunders, not zephyrs, of applause. Ours was a large school, so a Shakespearian production was certain to attract a big crowd of proud parents, curious friends and those indiscriminating lovers of the Bard who will suffer any acting, how atrocious soever, provided it be in a play of Shakespeare's. The elocutionists foresaw a public triumph.

Me, I was not fluttered. I was not what you would call an elocutionist. I did my elocutionary bit with the rest, but declamation was an ordeal only a little less distasteful than binomials. I never could make my hands behave in gesture, and I had a considerable timidity in the matter of the lifted voice. The announcement of a public play left me cold.

My indifference died the death when I was handed a part. A novel glow suffused me when I was told to report for preliminary rehearsal on such and such a day. The unexpected compliment—for I did not question that it was a compliment—tickled a vanity I had not known I cherished, brought to maturity a conceit I had not dreamed was growing within me.

After all, I told myself, there must be something about my declamatory style that makes it meritorious, something which my modesty has overlooked. It is true, said I to myself, that my elocution is not showy,

but has it not the impressiveness that goes with restraint? It lacks body perhaps, but ah, it possesses soul! You see, a button had been touched, and my histrionic ambition was turned on full force.

The part in the *Comedy of Errors* which had been handed me was that of the *First Merchant*. It consisted of the fifteen lines which I have quoted, nothing more. I did not deceive myself that it was the most important part in the play, but neither did I admit that it was the least outstanding. Careful reading of the *Comedy of Errors* convinced me (who was wide open to conviction) that those fifteen lines spoken by the *First Merchant* were pivotal lines, indispensable to the action of the piece, and that upon their proper interpretation depended a great deal of its success. This was far from daunting me. I was young, and not averse to shouldering responsibility.

To learn my lines was the pleasant task of a few minutes, for I was a *quick study*, as we actors say. But to deliver them for all their meaning, obvious and hidden—that was another matter. In the privacy of my locked room I recited them over and over, ringing the changes on inflection, experimenting with every method of elocution at my command. I tried them in what I fondly imagined was the histrionic manner of Robert Mantell, but rejected that as lacking in forcefulness. For the first (but not the last) time in my life I regretted that I had never seen Edwin Booth, so that I might test the merit of his Shakespearian style as applied to those fifteen lines. Unwearied exertion finally gave me what I considered the most effective method of rendering them.

Then I applied myself to the knottier problem of gesticulation. I sawed the unresisting atmosphere with a thousand eccentric arm-movements. Now I favored the right hand, now the left, anon I used them both. I was as active as a semaphore or a shadow boxer. It was splendid exercise for unused muscles, but I regarded it in the more rarefied light

of an esthetic ritual. At last I evolved what I considered a most appropriate set of gestures.

I was very much taken with the result of my hard work. It was a juvenile imitation of the robustious style of Darrell Vinton combined with the air-shattering method of Frederick Warde. I told myself that the audience would be delighted with the *First Merchant*. In my mind's ear I could already hear the house come down.

I went to the first rehearsal letter and gesture perfect—in my own unbiased opinion. I was a little abashed to find that another besides myself had been given the part of the *First Merchant*. In fact, all the minor roles were to be assigned after a competitive try-out. But on second thought I liked that arrangement. My triumph would be the greater. My competitor for the part of the *First Merchant* had not learned his lines. He exposed himself to my silent contempt by reading them from the manuscript. I thought his reading spiritless, his interpretation unintelligent, his technique nil. He used no gestures, and that, I thought, damned him utterly. Then it was my turn. I do not exaggerate when I say that the *First Merchant* has never been given before or since as I gave him on that memorable day. He created a mild sensation. I see now that he lacked mercantile dignity. I am afraid he was loud-mouthed. He was most extraordinarily gesticulatory. He shot his arms this way and that at every other word. I shall say no more.

"Leave your part here before you go out," said the mild-mannered director, and I forsook the boards forever.

When that *Comedy of Errors* was produced I was on the critical side of the footlights. The *First Merchant* did not please me at all, but I refrained from saying so out loud lest I might expose myself to the preposterous charge of jealousy.

Oh well, we cannot all be actors. I realize now, and

the realization brings no pang, that I was never intended for the boards. To say nothing of basic defects, the facial technique is lacking. The mechanics of my countenance are not responsive to the histrionic urge. Perhaps I do not feel emotion strongly; at any rate, my instinct is to hide its signs, not to heighten them. I am a critic rather than a player. The difference is fundamental; it runs through all of life.

Looking back to the rather remote period of my lessons in elocution I can see that when permitted to choose recitations for myself I favored pieces which were not dramatic. *Spartacus* was not in my repertoire; neither was *Casabianca*. Not for me *Bernardo del Carpio*, or *The Baron's Last Banquet* or *The Execution of Montrose*. I remember once how I surprised, nay startled, Teacher by doing *Faithless Nelly Gray*. No elocutionist worthy the name would select that for a recitation, but I had a depraved leaning toward puns and enjoyed memorizing those nonsense verses of Tom Hood's. Perhaps you recall how the unfortunate Ben Battle returned from the wars minus his underpinning, and how his former sweetheart Nelly Gray made fun of him when he came a-wooing on cork legs. I can still see Teacher biting her crochet shawl to hide laughter when I came to the stanza:

Before you had those timber toes,

Your love I did allow;

But then, you know, you stand upon

Another footing now.

But she was far from pleased when I rendered the realistic lines which described how the miserable Ben hanged himself:

One end he tied around a beam,

And then removed his pegs,

And, as his legs were off—of course

He soon was off his legs.

When it was all over Teacher informed me that *Faithless Nelly Gray* was not an appropriate recitation. Perhaps she resented Tom Hood's unctuous depiction

of feminine fickleness, a feature of the poem to which I was cynically indifferent. However that may be, Teacher herself picked out my next recitation. She gave me *The Psalm of Life*, a poem which always depressed me. I have no doubt that when I recited it I communicated my depression to the entire class room.

Another recitation which filled me with gloom was *The Mariner's Dream* by William Dimond. "In slumbers of midnight the sailor boy lay," and dreamed a happy dream:

He dreamed of his home, of his dear native bowers,
And pleasures that waited on life's merry morn;
While Memory stood sideways half covered with flowers,
And restored every rose but secreted its thorn.

It was an extraordinary posture and an extraordinary occupation for Memory. But I did not resent that so much. What filled me with indignation was the cruel fate visited upon that sailor boy. It was such a happy dream that he awoke exclaiming: "Kind Fate, thou hast blest me—I ask for no more." Fate might have respected that modest contentment. But no. The sailor boy awoke to find a terrible storm raging. The ship was wrecked and the sailor boy was drowned. Just why William Dimond was so relentless, why he couldn't permit the sailor boy to float to safety on a bit of wreckage was something my mind failed to understand. I never recited that poem without feeling like a witness testifying at the inquest of a friend. But I did not know how to turn this sympathy to dramatic account. I had feeling, but I lacked art.

Under a compulsion the justice of which I did not question, I committed to memory and recited the quarrel between Marmion and Douglas, the speech of Marullus from the first act of *Julius Caesar*, *Hohenlinden* and *The Charge of the Light Brigade*. It doesn't speak well for my mentality, but it is true that not until years afterwards did I know what Marmion and Douglas were quarreling about. The poems

of Sir Walter Scott had no circulation in my set, though his novels were our favorites, and we knew long passages from *Ivanhoe* and *The Talisman* by heart, not because we had consciously memorized them but because repeated reading had impressed them on our fresh and interested minds. As for *Hohenlinden*, I hadn't the remotest idea where that battle took place and there was nothing exciting enough in the poem to direct my curiosity toward historical research. The geographical location of "Iser rolling rapidly" was none of my concern. It was to me only an elocutionary barrier, another river to cross. But I did know why Marullus was rebuking the Roman mob, because I never missed an opportunity of seeing *Julius Caesar* played. And I knew the story behind Tennyson's battle poem; I suppose every boy who is worth his salt knows all about the blunder at Balaclava as soon as he begins to read the books he wants to read instead of those he has to study. Another piece which I recited was *Rienzi's Address* beginning "I come not here to talk." I remember how it puzzled me that a rather long harangue should begin with such palpably unveracious words. The tricks of rhetoric were all unknown at that happy period of life. Rienzi interested me a good deal, and to learn more about him I applied myself to Bulwer Lytton's novel. But I could not read it, any more than I could read *The Last Days of Pompeii*, *Harold* and other romances by the same pretentious writer. To this day they remain unknown works to me, and with that bigotry which all bookworms vent on volumes they do not like I wonder why people bother about the novels I have named when they might be enjoying *Night and Morning* or *Kenelm Chillingly* by the same author. There is no disputing about tastes, says the bookworm airily, but without admitting that his own may be at fault.

I am wandering away from my recitations. It is just as well. There is nothing edifying in these

reminiscences. They will not incite the youthful orator. Doubtless, however, he does not need any incitement. The impulse to fill the air with loud words comes from within. The juvenile elocutionist is born, not made. Only tetanus has power to silence him. He lives when he is reciting; at other times he only exists. Let him murder sleep with Macbeth, coin his blood for drachmas with Brutus, ride with Lasca down by the Rio Grande or hang Danny Deever in the morning, and he's unspeakably happy. Let us not disturb the boy in this happiness. But when he grows up—ah, that is different. The adult elocutionist is entitled to no mercy. In the boy this mania for reciting is at worst a weakness; in the man it is vice. Some men drink, some covet their neighbors' wives, some are liars; yet their society is tolerable. This cannot be said of the grown person who arises in company to yell his lungs out at Gunga Dhin or to pistol Dan McGrew.

LILIUM GIGANTEUM

By DAN BOYES

Soames leaned back in his garden chair and closed his eyes. Ten feet above his head the crowded spikes of long white tubular flowers poured out their heavy fragrance. As the sun sank lower and lower it seemed as though the thick, rather coarse, perfume literally dripped from those foot-long, purple-stained trumpets.

Soames inhaled it in great draughts. There was something sensual in his enjoyment which I found decidedly unpleasant. He looked like a man under the influence of a drug.

It struck me that he had altered a great deal during the years that had elapsed since I saw him. He had always been a clever gardener, but at no time—so far as I could remember—a garden maniac. Now he had certainly got gardening on the brain. Our conversation that afternoon had consisted, on his part, of long and—to me—tedious dissertations on plants; and, on mine, of a series of vain attempts to head him off this subject. However, I bore it as well as I could, for my train did not leave until half-past nine, and there was not a soul in the place whom I knew, except Soames.

He went on talking in a curious voice that gradually attained a sort of remoteness: as though he were half asleep or talking to himself.

"It is a significant fact," he said. "that poets, who represent the sensual and sensuous side of our nature in its highest development, are never tired of comparing the beauty of women to that of flowers—and particularly to that of lilies. But they never compare a flower to a woman. To do so would be to rouse laughter. For everyone deep within himself knows that a flower—with, of course, the possible exception of certain crucifers, or the humbler ranunculaceæ—far surpasses in sheer appeal to the senses the cruder

lines and coloring of the human body
Of course, in mere molecular complexity—which goes, as is well known, with the higher developments of conscious matter—man is superior to a lily. But what is the penalty of this complexity? A grossness which is insufferable to anyone with the least pretence to refinement. On the one hand, we see a plant, the product of whose respiration is for the most part pure oxygen or pure water; on the other, we have man, to the by-products of whose organism—let alone the waste products—one shrinks even from referring. . . . And there is another aspect of the question: not only are plants exquisite in themselves, but they are constantly transforming ugliness, often loathsome ugliness, into beauty. All over the world plants in their myriads are engaged in turning the sordid products of human and animal life into form, color, or scent beautiful beyond expression. A shovelful of manure laid at the foot of a rose-bush, or applied during the winter to one of these lily-beds, is changed in a few months, or even weeks, into beauty that defies the skill of the greatest poet. . . . Heavens, what a pity it is that we cannot do this with all the ugliness in the world! Think of the criminals, the drunkards, the insane, the cripples, and all the rest of the deformities, mental and physical, which make our social system hideous. What a pity we cannot turn them all into lilies, into roses; or even into humbler botanical families, such as, say, the primulacæ or some of the smaller monocotyledons. For it is the duty of every man to extirpate ugliness wherever one finds it, and, if possible, to add to the world's stock of beauty." He paused. I thought he had gone to sleep and was glad of it, for his maunderings bored me inexpressibly.

It was growing dusk and the heavy silence of a summer evening was settling down gradually upon the garden. A long way off one could hear the

grinding of a country cart upon the road that led to the town, or the whistle of a railway engine; but that was all. And stronger and stronger grew the drug-store scent of those enormous lilies.

"There was Ginnis," mumbled that dreamy voice in the dusk, "he was a lawyer down there in the town. Head of an old-established firm of solicitors, who in a quiet unostentatious way have ruled this district for a couple of generations. I had no grudge against him: I did not hate him, or anything of that sort. And he liked me, I believe, extremely. But he was an offense. Fat, gross, horrible—an eyesore. Gradually he got on my nerves. He grew insupportable to me. I could not bear to sit in the same room as that abominable travesty of the human form. And so, one October evening, I buried him. . . . He came up here to see me about something or other when I was remaking the bed for my giganteums—this very lot—and the temptation was irresistible. I gave him to them. . . . His hat, coat, and umbrella were found near a bridge over our local river. Nobody knew why he should have committed suicide. His affairs were in order—flourishing, in fact, as the affairs of solicitors do. . . . They never found his body. . . ." Soames chuckled softly to himself.

"Then there was Thwaites. His offense against good taste was a matter of ethics rather than æsthetics. Personally I detested the man, but for all that he was very popular. He was, in fact, what is known as a Good Sort. However, like many another, he had a shady side to his character: a side which, in my opinion, rendered him unfit to be a member of society; his deformity, though mental, being no less gross than Ginnis' physical deformity. . . . And so I buried him, too. . . . They found his hat and coat where they found Ginnis'. . . . I gave him to my bed of Szovitzianum—they are coarse feeders and send down strong roots from

the base of the bulb. They did well this year; one stem had twenty-four flowers and was nearly six feet high. Dozens of people came to see them. . . . Fine, they were. Really very fine. . . ." His voice died away.

I looked at him. He was asleep. Very, very carefully I rose from my chair.

But it was a basketchair, and being relieved of my weight at once commenced to give out a series of small squeaks and crackling sounds, after the manner of its kind.

Soames awoke.

"Hello, what are you doing?" he asked sharply. "Have I been asleep?"

No doubt my face gave me away. He leapt from his chair. There was a spade stuck in the border near him. He seized it. I ran for my life.

He was almost within reach of me when I arrived at the garden wall. I turned to the right and heard the spade go smash against the brickwork. Then I dodged round a clump of rhododendrons and stood listening.

It was still as death in the garden. On the far side spire after spire of those loathsome lilies shone bright white in the gloom, and the air was poisonous with their beastly perfume. I shuddered as I looked at them.

Soames was evidently waiting for me to move. But where was he? I could see nothing distinctly—nothing save the silvery whiteness of those ghastly flowers.

Suddenly there was a faint rustle on my left. I turned, like lightning; and like lightning he was upon me from the other side. The cunning devil had pitched a stone to distract my attention.

The next instant his hands were at my throat. And

the instant after that I caught him fair in the wind with my knee.

He went down like a log.

God knows how I got home. I spent nearly the whole night and the greater part of the next day in trying to come to some decision as to what I ought to do. But I could decide nothing: my nerves had given out, absolutely.

However, it was not necessary for me to decide anything. Within twenty-four hours of my adventure there were thick headlines in the evening papers. "Fatal Bridge. Third Mysterious Suicide!" they shrieked.

THE SNOB-DOCTOR

By DESMOND MCCARTHY

Perhaps some of my readers also received a copy of the prospectus, which I found enclosed in a large envelope of superfine quality on my breakfast table the other morning. The drift of it was unusual. In this document, Mr. Ponde, J.P.M.A., of Harley street, announced that his consulting hours were 10 to 1 and 3 to 5, and that between those hours he was at the service of any one who wished to consult him about any uneasiness they might have felt with regard to their social position. "It is not uncommon," the prospectus goes on, "for those whose accomplishments, education, incomes and good sense might be expected to render them immune from such uneasiness, to suffer intermittently, or even chronically, from distressing doubts as to their own claims to gentility, especially in the company of those who set store by such distinctions. Their trouble has been, in most cases, much aggravated by reserve, such matters being regarded as too delicate and invidious to be touched upon in conversation. For although the claims of the absent to be lady or gentleman, as the case may be, are often brightly discussed among their friends, the person concerned derives little benefit from these discussions; on his or her appearance the conversation is too often turned into other channels. On the other hand, free communication on the part of the patient about his own sufferings and symptoms—the open mind cure—wide experience has convinced Mr. Ponde to be the first step towards healthy recovery; he therefore holds himself prepared to examine into and advise all upon such cases between the hours mentioned above. The strictest confidence is, of course, guaranteed."

Enclosed were a number of testimonials announcing complete recovery from fear of flunkies, un-

intentional condescension, unwilling humility, chronic oblivion of unsuccessful relations and cases of the most virulent compound snobbishness. One well known novelist writes: "Since undergoing three weeks' treatment at the hands of Mr. Ponde, dining out in fashionable houses has been an *unmixed* pleasure to me. . . I no longer experience a painful acuity of delight on such occasions, nor on returning home to my wife and flat do I suffer from any wistful sense of depression. . . The scenes of social life in my books have gained, too, in verisimilitude. Such phrases as 'undefinable charm,' 'easy breadth of manner,' 'gracious frankness' no longer come with undue frequency from my pen; nor have I lately let slip such sentences as, 'Certainly,' he replied, 'wiping the duchess's cream from his mustache.'"

A business man of great resources and wide influence also writes: "Thanks to Mr. Ponde, I am a richer man than I should otherwise have been. I have not only refused a peerage, but I am much harder to get round. It is almost impossible now to persuade me to employ idle young men of good connections to the detriment of my own business. The bracing effect of the Ponde treatment upon my own deportment may be illustrated by an extract from a letter written by my youngest daughter to her brother at Oxford. 'Papa,' she writes, 'is changed. He no longer fusses about like a little dog that has been scratched behind the ears when Lady X drives over here in the afternoon.'"

Although Mr. Ponde's fee was high, two guineas for a first consultation, my curiosity was so strong that I felt that I must visit this interesting specialist. I flattered myself that I stood in no need of his professional advice; but a half-an-hour later, on ringing his bell in Harley street, I confess I felt the qualms of a patient. As the man-servant opened the door my nervousness was increased by having to step aside for an elegant lady hurrying out in a

state of unmistakeable agitation. She was adjusting her veil, on the meshes of which a tear trembled, and I noticed in the palm of her little gloved hand, squeezed into a tight ball, a tiny, damp, cobwebby handkerchief. I began to conceive a distinctly alarming idea of Mr. Ponde.

In the waiting-room, decorated with the usual massive bronze ornaments and large, inexpensive oil paintings, sat two other patients, one of whom lowered his paper for a moment to throw a penetrating glance at me as I entered. After a few minutes, this one—an elderly, grizzled man, with pince-nez and perfectly dressed—was silently summoned from the door. He got up with prompt determination, crossed the room with a quick military step, and left me alone with a pair of legs and the broad sheet of the opened *Times* facing me in the chair opposite. The boots conveyed nothing; the trousers were black. Could he be a clergyman? I gave a barking cough, but the large, clean hands only shifted their grasp upon the crackling paper, and raised it a little higher, displaying a well-filled waistcoat and a watch-chain. However, I thought, he must reveal himself presently, and I relapsed into wondering vaguely what could be the matter with him. At last the front door shut again and the man-servant appeared; but to my great disappointment my companion did not move. "I have a definite appointment at a definite hour," said a sonorous voice behind the paper. "I prefer to wait."

The consulting room was large with dark corners. Mr. Ponde, a pale, beardless man of forty, was standing before the fire with his coat-tails up. Without shaking hands, but with a reassuring, almost humorous smile, he motioned me to a great chair, on which the full light from the long garden window fell, while he sat down himself at a large writing-table. Taking from a drawer a heavy indexed volume, he asked my name and address, the amount of my income, my

father's profession, my own, if I was married, who my grandfather was, my maternal grandfather, whether I was richer or poorer than my parents; and while I was answering these questions he looked at me narrowly yet not unpleasantly. I was just explaining that my wife's father imported bananas when he said quickly: "You should be more careful about your dress; but I will give a few practical hints presently." After having jotted down my replies in the ledger, he got up and stood again before the fire, this time warming his hands and with his back to me. "Well," he said heartily, "I have seen very little of you, but I can tell you one thing positively: you need not change your address. You can stand Pimlico. Now tell me your symptoms."

Oddly enough, I was not prepared for this. Quite a long pause followed.

"I know," he began in a steady, kind voice, "these things are difficult to tell, but you must treat me with the same confidence as you would your medical man or I can do nothing for you."

As I could not collect my wits and remained silent, he went on: "However strange and delicately humiliating your own case may seem to you, let me assure you it is not an exceptional one. My experience enables me to tell you confidently that others whom you would not suspect have felt the same. Come, I will ask you some questions. Do you, for instance, feel more embarrassed—excited, shall we say—when actually in the company of your social superiors or afterwards on the way home? An important temperamental difference is involved, and I must be quite clear as to the category to which you belong, if I am to diagnose your case and prescribe for you."

At this point, I could not help telling him that it was no uneasiness whether I was, or was not, a gentleman that had brought me to him, but merely curiosity to hear what he would say. He smiled.

"Do you know thirty per cent of my patients tell me that?" This, I confess, staggered me, and a dreadful misgiving crept into my mind. "Could I all the time have felt unconsciously that. . . ?" But his scepticism nettled me, and I told him rather tartly that a man of my descent, with a pedigree going back to a Giant Mog who lived 202 A. D., could not possibly doubt his gentility or suspect himself of being a snob.

"There you make a great mistake," he said quickly. "Some of the most difficult cases of diffident snobbishness that come under my notice are precisely those in which a lively sense of lineage is combined with either poverty or a position to which no dignity is attached. Oh, in private, such people think themselves equals of anybody and do not worry their heads about such matters, but in the company of important personages they are apt to be as uneasy about themselves as the most conventional parvenu, and, on the opposite sort of occasion, as insufferably condescending. My usual method of treating such patients is to make them fetch their pedigree and to point out that as a matter of creeping fact they are as much descended from women as from men. In forty-nine cases out of fifty pride of birth collapses under this test. I have had hundreds of letters from patients, thanking me in glowing terms, for having removed secretly nourished pretensions which prevented them from behaving to everybody in a natural straightforward sort of way. But, of course, when the descent is unimpeachable on both sides, the case requires more delicate handling. The most difficult case of diffident snobbishness I think I ever treated, was that of a great-nephew of a duke who happened also to be a dentist: he died. Indeed, the poor relations of great houses are, alas, almost incurable. And when they have intermarried, I usually say quite frankly 'Dear Madam or Sir, as the case may be, you are wasting your money, I can do noth-

ing for you.' You know these people, how rude and disagreeable they often are to the people they meet staying at the great house on their annual visit there, and how they work the head of the family for all he is worth the rest of the year, till his name becomes a perfect bugbear to their neighbors at home.

"Your case, however, is happily different, but your mention just now of Mog (do not wince at my flippancy) suggests that you might find it salutary to follow up some of the female branches of your pedigree. Anyhow, try it, try it by all means. But look here, I must give you a warning. It is, indeed, part of the prescription. Don't, in consequence of your investigations, pull yourself together like a man who looks facts in the face and proclaim yourself heartily 'middle-class.' If you catch yourself doing that, believe me, you are not cured. *Plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose.* And a word of counsel with regard to criticizing other people. Don't think that snobbishness in all its forms is a disease peculiar to any one class; it is sporadic. Let me disabuse you of the dangerous idea that it is a middle-class ailment. Only the other day a man of the people, as the phrase goes, a Labor leader, mark you, came to me literally pale with distress, having experienced a peculiar and delicious glow while driving with a marchioness. He concluded he was tainted with snobbishness, a thing he abhorred and despised; and having marked it down in himself he now sees it sticking out not only of determined Radicals, but even out of some of his colleagues. He has put himself entirely in my hands, and at the present stage of his ailment the principal mischief against which I am contending is the subtlety and persistence of his penetration. He goes about snuffing for the tainted breeze, damning and swearing with tears in his eyes, and whiffing it everywhere. When he comes here, I say to him, 'Old chap' (he likes being called

old chap), 'old chap, you have missed your vocation, you're another Thackeray.' I am trying, you see, a little chaff-treatment.

"Again, at the other end of the scale, one of the saddest cases of snobbishness taking the form of Chronic Condescension, is a young countess, a sweet, charming creature with a heart of gold. She comes to me week after week, always with the same lamentable story: 'Oh, Mr. Ponde, it's too dreadful. I *can't* help feeling, whenever I do anything kind, even when it's a little ordinary thing, that it is quite specially kind as coming from *me*. It's too, too awful. I can't even hand a cup of tea to an author or an artist whom I admire *intensely* without feeling somehow that he ought to respond as though it were a great favor. Dear, dear Mr. Ponde, tell me what I ought to do.' Well, I always try to spare my patients all the pain I can, but this morning, in her case, I was driven to touch a nerve. I simply told her. 'My dear young lady, they all notice it and grin about it behind your back.' It quite broke her down, but I think it may do her good."

Mr. Ponde paused, and smiled at me: "I have talked to you chiefly about my other patients, but that is part of my method. In one sense, you are an unsatisfactory patient. I mean," he added kindly, seeing, no doubt, a look of consternation on my face, "from my point of view. For I am conscientiously compelled to prescribe for you that for the present you do not visit me again. On these topics you give your mind a good rest. You have told me you are a journalist, and it will do you no harm, nor me either, to give a certain publicity to our interview, but after that let the subject drop." We parted, and I never found it so little embarrassing to give a professional man his fee. On leaving the house, owing no doubt to some miscalculation on his part, I found myself confronted with the person who had sat behind *The Times* in the waiting room. I recog-

nized his imposing features in a moment, having myself heard him lash Society from the pulpit. I sat under him last Sunday; the congregation was thinner. His denunciations lacked something of their old romantic gusto. "The Ponde treatment is working," I thought; "I really believe he is better, but it will spoil his congregation."

THE QUESTION

By LADY MARGARET SACKVILLE

Thy stricken face,
Thy piteous, tender, white, uplifted brow,
Daphne, and sudden answered prayer!—
How seems in this green place,
The glory and strange anguish now
To thee whom no god ever shall draw near?

And Syrinx—deep
In the slow river coldly set,
Through silent years to bloom and fade—
To thee in thy half sleep,
Oh! comes there not, comes there not now regret
For that wild summons disobeyed?

I ask:—Will none
Make answer?—Ye who fled
The flaming god-head, lying now at rest;
Thou who didst fear the sun,
And thou who chocest the chill river's bed,
Rather than god, Which choice was best?

EGGS AND EGG-LOGIC

By BART KENNEDY

The egg of the guillemot is one of the wonders of nature. It is laid on the bare rock, but it is so shaped that when a gust of wind sweeps the rock the egg is not carried away. It simply turns in a circle described by itself. The centre of this circle is the smaller end of the egg. The most furious storm may come from the ocean, but the egg is still there—at once moving and immovable.

This device whereby the egg is kept in safety, though in a most exposed place, is at least as remarkable as any mechanical or engineering device invented by man. It is as wonderful as the bridging of Niagara or the making of the aeroplane. And an attempt to explain away its wonder—after the manner of asserting that only such and such things survive—would not be convincing.

The cuckoo lays a very small egg. In fact, reckoning it in proportion to the size of the bird, the egg should be four times as big as it is. This laying of a small egg is an artful trick on the part of the cuckoo. It is done to deceive the confiding hedge-sparrow and the other birds upon whom the cuckoo bestows the privilege of rearing its—the cuckoo's—young. The cuckoo is a fraud and an exploiter. It lays its villainous, speckled eggs, for example, in the midst of the beautiful pale blue eggs of the innocent hedge-sparrow. One is tempted to think that bird innocence is as perilous a virtue as human innocence.

Eggs, in a way, suggest the character of the birds to whom they belong. The egg of the kestrel is most sinister in appearance. One would not need a great deal of imagination to get the impression that such an egg could only belong to some ferociously destructive bird. If I may so put it, it speaks for itself. Its mottled coloring suggests the coloring of certain

snakes. It has a look malign and terrible. You feel that it contains a threat of death.

The appearance of the egg of a sparrow-hawk has a like effect, though not so marked.

The egg of the golden eagle is colored in much the same way as the egg of a kestrel. But the effect of it is not so sinister, though the order of bird that the golden eagle belongs to is as ferocious as that of the kestrel. Still, there is a difference, and a marked one. You would see it were both eggs put side by side.

I am convinced that the suggestion that eggs give out the character of the birds to whom they belong does not depend upon association of ideas. Even if you knew nothing as to the birds who laid the eggs, you could still sense the difference between those of the birds of destruction and other birds. Of this I feel sure.

The egg of the wren is very beautiful. It is white with dark spots and spots of dim red gold. It is very small, weighing about a sixteenth of an ounce. It certainly suggests the lovable little bird who sings when the summer sun is shining, and sings again when the snow is on the ground.

The egg of the common or garden fowl possesses as little individuality as the bird itself. At a glance it would be obvious that this egg belonged to no daring pirate of the air. It would look singularly out of place in the flat nest of a sparrow-hawk. It would be as a naked babe in the lair of a wolf. The egg of the farmyard fowl is the most commonplace egg of all—though the most useful.

The egg of a duck is also undistinguished in appearance. But it looks solid and sterling, even as looks the toothsome bird itself. There is an air of comfortableness about the egg of a duck.

A goose egg is as stately in appearance as the bird itself. Whenever I see it, the picture of a stout alderman comes to my mind. It is at once rotund

and respectable and imposing. I once had the hardihood to eat one, and I was filled with a deep and profound contrition afterwards. I had taken a liberty that I ought not to take.

Goose eggs in an advanced state of maturity would make most effective arguments at election meetings. Indeed eggs generally are the most potent of all convincers on these auspicious occasions. They resolve into a nothing the most logical and unassailable statements. And the impact of a well-aimed and highly matured egg will fatally squelch the loftiest oratorical flight. Eggs and oratory do not mix.

I was once, I may say, at a political meeting where egg-logic came well to the fore. A certain speaker, who was afflicted with the infirmity of always orating in an intensely earnest manner, was trying to tell a rowdy audience what it did not want to hear. He was a friend of mine, and I was trying to help him get into office so that he could do his country a bit of good. I had spoken just before him, and the reason I had managed to get through safely was not because I was related in talent to the classic Demosthenes. It was because I cracked rude jokes in a simple manner. If you can make an audience laugh you are always safe.

As I was sitting, listening with a pained and strained interest to what my earnest friend was saying, I saw something of a beautiful whiteness describing an arc through the air. It was an egg. A coming egg! And, alas! it seemed to be badly aimed, for it was coming toward myself—the party who was guiltless. On and on it came. I ducked, and some person behind me—who was even less guilty than I was—got it. Two eggs now came together, and I am pleased to say that this time they found the guilty party—the earnest orator.

The meeting dissolved. Egg-logic was not to be withstood.

One might call the egg the natural enemy of the

orator. And I have often wondered what political orators really think of it. Does the sight of one ever conjure up unhappy moments that possibly may come again? It surely must be so. It surely must be that there are political orators who shudder whenever they see an egg, however fresh. I'll wager a pound to a penny that there are orators who cannot summon up sufficient courage to eat one—even when it is hard-boiled!

I remember once having a discussion concerning this painful subject with an orator who in the end became an office-holder. He confided to me the fact that he feared an egg, when he was making a speech, much more than he feared a brickbat.

He was a man of real courage, however. For he liked them when they were fresh and fried lightly on one side.

EDGAR ALLAN POE

By THE BOOKWORM

"An enthusiasm for Poe is the mark of a decidedly primitive stage of reflection." This was Henry James's verdict. And in his book on Hawthorne he declared that Poe's critical writing "is probably the most complete specimen of *provincialism* ever prepared for the edification of men," though he admitted "here and there, sometimes at frequent intervals, we find a phrase of happy insight embedded in a patch of the most fatuous pedantry." Now let us take the opinion of another specialist. I have heard and read many criticisms on Mr. Bernard Shaw, but to the best of my belief he has never been described as primitive or provincial, or charged with an admiration of pedantry. And this is what Mr. Shaw wrote at the time of the centenary of Poe's birth:

"He was the greatest journalistic critic of his time, placing good European work at sight when the European critics were waiting for somebody to tell them what to say. His poetry is so exquisitely refined that posterity will refuse to believe that it belongs to the same civilization as the glory of Mrs. Julia Ward Howe's lilies or the honest doggerel of Whittier. Tennyson, who was nothing if not a virtuoso, never produced a success that will bear reading after Poe's failures. . . . In his stories of mystery and imagination Poe created a world record for the English language: perhaps for all the languages. The story of the Lady Ligeia is not merely one of the wonders of literature: it is unparalleled and unapproached."

When opinions so different and so dogmatic come from such distinguished pens, how are those of us who are just plain "ordinary readers" to escape bewilderment? I see nothing for it but to fall back upon the unusual and desperate course of reading Poe and making up our minds for ourselves. A first impression of Poe's writings justifies Henry James's

description that they are provincial. Nobody now will be bothered to read about Fitz-Greene Halleck, or Anna Cora Mowatt, or Mary Gove, or Rufus Dawes, or a score of other writers who flourished in the eighteen-thirties and forties. Even when he writes of authors whose names are familiar it is easy to pick out a number of judgments that are far removed from what Matthew Arnold called criticism of the centre. In the essay on Charles Lever, for example, he makes the amazing pronouncement that "for one Fouqué there are fifty Molières, for one Dickens there are five million Smolletts and Fieldings."

On the other hand, it does not need much searching to find some justification for Mr. Shaw's panegyric. Poe wrote at a time when, as he himself said, "Macaulay and Dilke and one or two others excepted, there was not in Great Britain a critic who could fairly be considered worthy of the name." But, in spite of his disadvantages, many of his judgments show real insight. He pronounced Tennyson to be a true poet, when his English contemporaries were charging him with obscurity. He welcomed Dickens as a great humorist, and pointed out that his weakness was in construction. He was one of the first to recognize Mrs. Browning, and he declared that the obscure Hawthorne was a man of finer genius than the popular Longfellow. His criticism of Bulwer-Lytton, then a popular idol, reminds one of Thackeray's verdict—"he excels in the *genre* of Paul de Kock, and is always striving after the style of Plato." He denied Macaulay's claim to be a profound thinker, while acknowledging that he was "a terse, forcible, and logical writer." Finally, he had the courage to admit Moore's merits, a courage not often to be found in critics of our own day. "Moore has vivacity," he wrote; a "verbal and constructive dexterity; a musical ear not sufficiently cultivated; a vivid fancy; an epigrammatic spirit; and a fine taste—as far as it goes."

A re-reading of Poe's tales inclines me to side with Mr. Shaw and against Henry James. What writer of short stories is his superior in craftsmanship? He undoubtedly fixed the structure of the short story, gave it a concision and a unity which it did not possess, and set the standard by which every detail of setting or of style should point in one direction and produce a single effect. All this is seen in such a tale as *The Fall of the House of Usher*, where the atmosphere of lurid and disintegrating gloom is felt from the first sentence to the last. And Poe has another merit. Before he wrote, the tale of imagination was concerned with either the moonshine and mysticism of Mrs. Radcliffe and Lewis, or the ramshackle Gothic of Horace Walpole. He revived not only its form but its substance. What Sainte-Beuve said to Baudelaire is even truer of Poe: "Vous avez doté l'humanité avec un autre frisson."

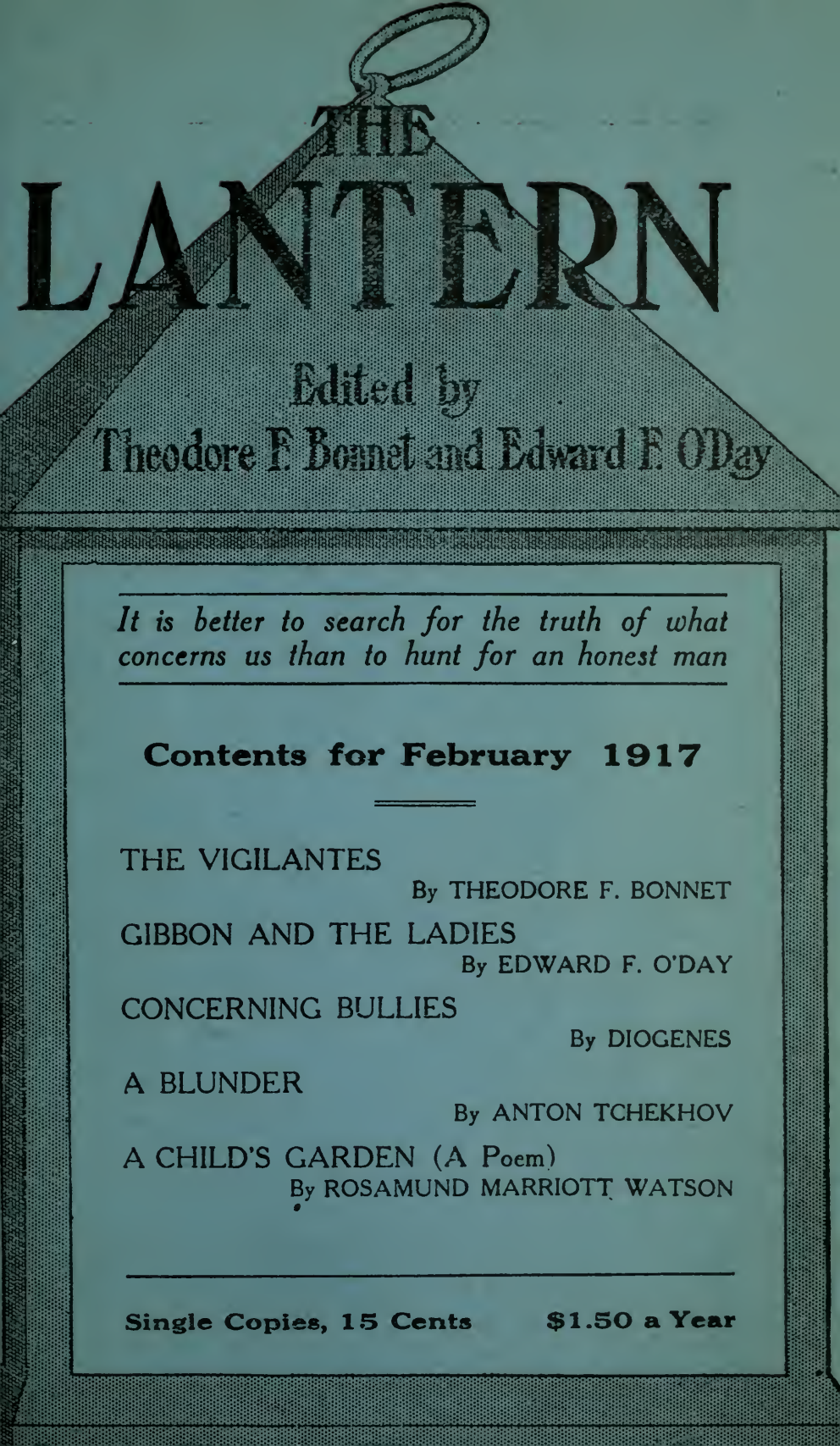
The detective story and the murder mystery are not forms of any great literary value, but I must confess to predilection for stories about crime, and there is some authority for the view that "murder is the most gentlemanly crime that anybody can commit." Those who share my taste for homicide in fiction—and I find it fairly widespread—have reason to be grateful to Poe. His Dupin is a prince of detectives and the father of an illustrious progeny; while such contemners of the law of the land as Raffles and Arsène Lupin are Poe's illegitimate children. Indeed, Poe's influence in France has been greater than among the English-speaking peoples. Every student of French literature knows that but for Poe, Baudelaire, Mallarmé, and Villiers de l'Isle-Adam would have been something very different from what they were, and M. Remy de Gourmont says in one of his penetrating essays that "Eugène Sue, Gaboriau, and Dostoïevsky, in 'Crime and Punishment,' have all taken lessons from Poe." It would be interesting to study the way in which his technique of the short

story was adopted and modified by Guy de Maupassant, and how, after having filtered through Maupassant's mind, it has returned to English literature through the medium of Mr. Kipling.

Poe's prose style both attracts and repels. He had in a high degree the feeling for the evocative power of words, and he once said that a man's grammar must be, like Caesar's wife, above suspicion. Yet, with all his care for detail, even of punctuation, one continually meets with lapses and crudities, especially in his critical writings, that pull one up with a jerk. One of his critics describes his style as glowing with prismatic colors which seem to be reflected from ice. He is so coldly intellectual that, though we are forced to admire him, we do not like him. There is certainly something non-human in Poe's style as well as in his personality. Mr. J. M. Robertson has defended Poe against his detractors in an excellent essay. One of his sentences is so neat an example of defense by means of attack that I cannot forbear from quoting it:

"The ferocity and fanaticism of Dante, the grossness of Chaucer, the hard material selfishness of Milton, the brutality of Luther, the boorishness of Johnson, the ripe self-love of Wordsworth, the malice of Pope, the egoism of Goethe, the murky and selfish spleen of Carlyle, the bigotry of Southey—all these are repellent and anti-social qualities which cannot be charged against Edgar Poe."

So much black is not needed to make Poe appear white!



THE LANTERN

Edited by
Theodore F. Bonnet and Edward F. O'Day

*It is better to search for the truth of what
concerns us than to hunt for an honest man*

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THE LANTERN

Vol. 2

February, 1917

No. 11

The Vigilantes

By THEODORE F. BONNET

There is a curious irony in the circumstance that reformers are usually admired in respect of the things for which they ought to be despised. This is one of the ironies of history that make it valuable as a study in philosophy teaching by example. Go back as far as you like and you will find reformers performing works of deformation the while they are celebrated by their contemporaries. By example they teach us to beware. Robespierre, who sent his friend Danton to the guillotine, was but a typical reformer, a prototype, as it were, of some of the heroes of our late Graft Prosecution. Search the history of our Vigilance Committee of 1856 and you will find history repeating itself as a profound philosophical study.

The days of the Vigilantes! An inexhaustible theme of interest this; a period that writers of fiction have found, and are still finding, rich in the material of romance, while writers of sketches purporting to embody the truth of happenings in Vigilance Committee days in San Francisco have done much romancing in historical vein. Mine is not the popular impression of the period or its personalities; and having drawn on books, journals, pamphlets and the testimony of some of the Vigilantes' contemporaries I could exhaust the leisure of the most patient reader with a study of the thrilling drama that was enacted here in 1856. But I purpose dealing in this little monograph only with certain salient, prominent events

about which there has been much loose writing and more loose thinking. I am writing not in the spirit of a wanton iconoclast but in the hope that I may persuade some people of the folly of a disposition that has been too often and too ardently cultivated in this country. I would point out in a fragmentary and rambling sort of way that even from the history of the Vigilantes may be drawn a lesson of the danger of giving reformers their head to the extent of letting them suspend the processes of an institutional government.

According to latter-day writers, the Vigilantes were courageous civic patriots who, responding to the urgent call of the times, employed summary methods for the suppression of a lawless element in a city at the mercy of corrupt politicians. Let us examine some of the performances of the patriots, and see whether it may not be doubted that their tragic performances were motivated in the public good. Assuredly they were guilty of much cruelty and savagery and much injustice. Let us see whether their crimes may be attributed merely to excess of a holy zeal. Let us then begin at what appears to be the beginning—the seizure and hanging of Casey and Cora. We are told it was the crimes for which these men were arrested that so excited the populace as to make the organization of the Vigilance Committee seem justifiable—nay, of urgent necessity. By way of justification we have been given to understand that crimes generally in the young city had been regularly going unpunished; also that something of a convulsion had to occur in order to shock the courts into a sense of duty, the lawless into fear of justice. This is hard to believe, since we know that justice was being administered by eminent jurists of some distinction in the subsequent history of the city. Judge Hager presided over the Fourth District Court and Judge Freelon was serving the city as county judge. As to the police magistrates there was no complaint

though there had been election frauds, but only such as have been occurring ever since. Also, we are told, juries were packed in those days. But the packing of juries is not a lost art even at this enlightened period. Were our fathers and grandfathers of early San Francisco especially sensitive to wrongdoing? Assuredly they were either exasperated by lawlessness or made impatient by the exhortations of earnest reformers. The truth appears to be that the killing of James King of William, the editor of *The Bulletin*, by James P. Casey, was the metaphorical last straw.

At any rate, like the shooting of Heney in the Graft Prosecution days, it was made the *motif* of a popular uprising. Maybe it was made in the same way. When Heney was shot the civic patriots of the Graft Prosecution got together and tried very hard to sweep the excited community off its feet. Through a partisan press they shrieked for a mass-meeting. They mustered the meeting, and they harangued it after the style of the subtle Marc Antony in his address to the Romans on the memorable occasion when he was consumed with a passion for vengeance on Brutus. Bitterly the graft prosecutors deplored the helplessness of the courts and the breaking down of justice. The populace thus inflamed might easily have been misled, and as it had been frequently reminded of the Vigilantes of old there might have occurred an outbreak of lawlessness and an effort at what might have been regarded as summary justice. Fortunately the desired convulsion was averted by the suicide of the poor unfortunate prisoner. He had done the shooting in a frenzy of rage provoked by Heney, and as some people surmised as much the community was not to be theatrically convulsed. When James King of William was shot nothing occurred to produce a psychological effect on the community. The Vigilantes had the benefit of preparedness, as may be inferred from the fact that they were fully organized immediately

after the shooting and had an army behind them in a very little while.

In this connection I must continue my digression a little further. The Vigilantes are referred to as a committee. As a matter of fact they were an army, no contemptible little army either, considering the size of the city. Behind the Executive Committee were five thousand armed men divided into four regiments of infantry, artillery and cavalry. Their names are a matter of historical record. No wonder the Vigilantes were spoken of deferentially for many years after they disbanded. Some of them I knew as Supervisors in the eighteen eighties. They were leaders of the solid nines in those days, and they were not reformers. They were very practical men.

Cutting short my discursiveness, I consult a little pamphlet that has become a very rare item in Californiana. In this pamphlet is to be found much interesting history of the romantic period of which I am briefly writing. The author's name I am unable to give. He preferred to remain unknown, content merely to style himself "A Pioneer Journalist." Responsibility for the pamphlet, however, was accepted at a time when the Vigilantes were not all dead (it was printed in 1890) by the printer James H. Barry, now a Federal officer, a man who was never likely to publish a work not entitled to serious attention. This Pioneer Journalist brings me back to the killing of James King of William, a martyr to a noble cause, as the apologists of the Vigilantes would have us regard him. According to the Pioneer Journalist King was a very human individual, with weaknesses peculiar to his day and generation, and not at all likely ever to be picked out for canonization. He was certainly a militant editor, for he "toted" a gun, and was proud of it and frequently took occasion to warn his enemies that he was always ready for them. Though the Vigilantes and their sympathizers of later years celebrated King as a hero he was never wor-

shipped as such before he purchased *The Bulletin*. Before becoming an editor he was a banker in San Francisco, and his bank failing he became an object of attack to his creditors. He experienced newspaper denunciation quite as bitter and possibly as unfair as that from which John P. Casey suffered at his hands. And Casey suffered from very mean treatment, King characterizing him among other things as an ex-convict from Sing-Sing. While it is true that he had served a brief term in that prison, his record was far from damning. If the whole story of his arrest and conviction had been told his reputation would not have suffered much. He demanded that the whole story be told, and King ordered him out of *The Bulletin* office, whereupon Casey warned the editor that there would be serious trouble when they met on the street. Nevertheless King, though cognizant of all the facts of the case, refused to make a retraction or publish the whole truth. The Pioneer Journalist tells us that King's animosity to Casey had been stirred by a man who was incensed against him for leaving the Broderick wing of the Democratic party and joining the Gwin wing.

Here is a rather significant statement that should be kept in mind by persons desirous of estimating men and motives of pioneer history. In the days of the Vigilantes David C. Broderick, the stone-cutter's son and former New York fireman, a self-educated man remarkable for the warmth of the loyalty he inspired in his friends was a rising star in California politics. In 1852 he was defeated for the Democratic nomination for United States Senator by John B. Weller, the father of Judge Weller, who was recently recalled from the police bench of this city by a lot of misled and hysterical women. Broderick was defeated by one vote. Five years later, or, to be precise, in the year 1856, when the Vigilantes were organized, Broderick was again seeking the nomination. That

was the year of the famous Broderick-Gwin contest wherein was engendered a great deal of bitterness that was not assuaged until long after the Broderick-Terry duel in 1859. Those were the days when the Democratic party was divided on the slavery question into Northern and Southern wings. Broderick led the former while Southern men generally favored the Southern wing for which Gwin, who was in the Senate at the time of the contest, directed the distribution of Federal patronage in California. Thus we see that the Vigilantes sprang from an atmosphere that was as favorable to the development of strong partisan sentiment in national politics as to hostility to corruption in local politics.

As we go along we shall further see that the lines of cleavage in the San Francisco of '56 were not nicely and exactly drawn between pure civic patriotism and local misgovernment. The fact is that a strong anti-Broderick sentiment animated many of the leaders of the Vigilantes. At the height of their power these men at the instigation of Gwin spared the life of Judge Terry (a Southerner, the man who afterwards killed Broderick), though he had been arrested by the Executive Committee for stabbing one of their own officers. It is not to be denied that it may have been the honest purpose of some of the Vigilantes to solve certain very important problems by a kind of beneficent violence through which the city was to be redeemed from iniquity, but neither is it to be gainsaid that they took pretty good care of their friends. As I have said they hanged Cora along with Casey. When they dragged Cora from jail they left therein a cold-blooded murderer, Backus by name, who had been convicted and who was seeking a new trial. Now, the hanging of Cora was in itself a pretty shocking crime and I have been unable to understand how that crime could be palliated by posterity. For Cora had been tried by the State, and he was far from proved guilty. The man he killed

was a burly, overbearing taxeater of the Federal brigade, a typical politician and a typical Southerner with extremely chivalrous ideas both as to manners and methods. He had picked a quarrel with Cora and he was known to be a dangerous man to quarrel with. But whereas Cora was only a gambler, a gentle, mild-mannered gambler, history tells us, the man he killed was a Gwin politician. The jury that tried Cora was composed of respectable men, some of whom stood high in the esteem of the community of subsequent years, and when he was seized by the Vigilantes he was not a fugitive. He was not trying to evade the processes of the law. On the contrary he was waiting in the county jail to be tried a second time. Yet he was dragged from a cell and put to death.

We have been frequently reminded that Cora was not only a gambler, but that he also lived with a woman. We might be led to infer that even as far back as '56 there was a superior quality of decency in the atmosphere of the old town where now flirtations in cafes are sternly prohibited. Of Casey we are told that he stuffed ballot boxes. According to the Pioneer Journalist ballot box stuffing was quite as common in those days as in many subsequent years preceding the introduction of the Australian ballot. Indeed, according to the Pioneer Journalist, there were ballot-box stuffers even among the members of the Vigilance Executive Committee. Some of them had been associated with Casey, whom they voted to hang. Yet Casey, though an ex-convict, was not known as a ruffian in San Francisco. He had served the people as assistant city treasurer for two years and, says the Pioneer Journalist, "handled a large aggregate of money, and his books squared to a cent when he handed them over to his successor." Also, Casey was twice elected Supervisor, and though it was said he stuffed ballot boxes nobody ever publicly accused him of crime in this city. His worst offense was that of riotous conduct for which he was once

arrested. His offense in this instance being an interesting story from which we are able to judge the manner of man Casey was, let the Pioneer Journalist tell it in his own homely fashion:

"At a very hotly contested democratic primary election in the early fall of 1855 between the Broderick and Gwin wings of the party Casey got into trouble. The polls were on Kearny near Pine. Toward the close nearly all on each side who had participated in the election were in an inflamed condition. Casey had gone to the polling place to ascertain the result. He carried no weapon. Immediately he was set upon by five of the wing to which he was opposed—Bob Cushing, J. W. Bagley and three others—all armed with either knife or pistol, two of them with both. Casey did not know fear; he was game from crown to toe. One ball grazed his forehead on the right side, another the occiput just behind the left ear and shot off his hat. His shiny bald spot made that a conspicuous mark, but the range was too short and the shooters too excited for accurate aim. Casey had been taken by surprise, but the slight creasing of the bullet, abrading the skin and stinging, instantly impelled him to rapid and desperate action. He rushed upon one of his assailants and wrested a knife from his grasp. With this he turned upon Cushing, plunged it into his body just above the lower ribs, and as Cushing was sinking to the ground, he turned the knife and cut upwards with such power as to cleave the rib the blade struck against. One of the five had become so nerveless at the sight that he dropped his pistol. Casey leaped and secured it. He shot at Bagley and the ball entered his breast. As he fell, Casey likewise secured his pistol. The two others were game but confused and shot wildly. The bullets went through Casey's coat and vest, riddling each in a dozen places, but not one of them did so much as graze his skin. The third man had been paralyzed with fright after the first clash. After emptying revolvers ineffectually the two others left the ground. Casey remained the master of it. Not for long, however. A policeman who had watched the affray from a safe distance then rushed up, arrested Casey, took him to the city prison. That evening I met Colonel Baillie Peyton,

Colonel Joseph P. Hoge (afterwards a judge of our Superior Court) and Colonel Ed. Beale on Kearny street. They had been told of the encounter, and expressed the desire to see Casey to compliment him for his bravery and congratulate him on his miraculous escape. Accordingly we visited the prison and saw Casey with his clothes shot to shreds from the left shoulder-pit down to his waist and no wounds other than the slight creases upon his forehead and occiput, neither of these so deep as to draw blood. All of us expressed surprise that the policeman had arrested him—attacked and fighting for his life in clear self-defense, as he had been—and letting his assailants go free. Colonel Hoge and Colonel Peyton volunteered to act as counsel for him in court; and bidding him good night with hearty shake of hands, we all came away. Next morning no one appeared to prosecute him, and Casey was discharged."

Poor Casey! For a brave man what a miserable end was his! Now Casey had but taken King at his word. "God help any one who attacks me," said King many times in *The Bulletin*, thus defying the men whom he had abused. "He had frequently served notice in his paper," says the Pioneer Journalist, "that those whom he had denounced had the privilege of their own mode of recourse." At that time in San Francisco dueling was not a great crime; and to shoot a man after meeting him face to face and giving him a chance to "draw" was regarded as something akin to a duel. This was what occurred when King met Casey, a man, be it remembered, whom he had cruelly abused. Consider that in more civilized cities abusive editors may be attacked without greatly shocking the people. However, Casey shocked the Vigilantes and was given short shrift.

The double hanging took place on the day of King's funeral. Of course it was a great event. The drilled and armed troops of the Executive Committee were on hand to see that there was no disturbance and no interference. This was a precaution not safely to be neglected, for the people were not all sup-

porters of the Vigilantes. A newspaper of the period (the *Town Talk* which was subsequently merged in *The Call*, I believe) in its account of the hanging tells us that "Casey and Cora expiated their lives of infamy at the hands of an outraged people." The truth is that there was a powerful opposition to the Vigilantes, else there would have been no need of a military organization of five thousand men. A Law and Order Committee comprising many prominent citizens was hurriedly formed in opposition to the Vigilance Committee, but it was too late. It was a case of the Vigilantes, as the saying is, "beating them to it," seizing the political works, as it were, and getting possession of the weapons. The Pioneer Journalist tells us that the Vigilantes having made an early start had something of the drawing power of the Regulators of Texas "who directed their energies chiefly against horse-thieves and robbers." As soon as the Regulators were organized "some of the worst thieves hastened to join the band to save themselves," says the pamphleteer. "Likewise," he goes on, "some of the men who joined the Vigilantes in '56, joined for similar reasons—to escape the terrors of the organization, and the Executive Committee was not exempt from these wily characters."

One of the meanest of these characters, by the way, officiated at the hanging of Casey and Cora, as will presently appear. Casey had been promised that he would be allowed to make a speech before the noose was adjusted. The promise was kept. He spoke as follows in a clear, ringing voice:

"Gentlemen, Fellow Citizens: I am not guilty of any crime. When I am dead, when I am laid in my grave, let no one dare traduce my character or asperse my memory. Let no man exult over me, or point to my grave as that of an assassin. I am guilty of no crime. I only acted as I was taught—according to my early education—to avenge an insult. Let not the Alta, the

Chronicle, and the Globe, persecute my memory; let them no more proclaim me a murderer to the world. Let them not insult me after death. I have an aged mother in the Atlantic States, and I hope that she will never hear how I died. I hope she will never know I am executed on a charge of murder. I am not guilty of any such crime."

At this moment the priest in attendance touched Casey, and said: "Pray to God to pardon you for your crime; pray God to save your soul."

Casey, after a moment's hesitation, spoke again:

"Oh, God, pardon and forgive me. Oh, my mother! my mother! I hope she will never hear of this. Oh, God! have mercy on my soul! Oh, my God! my God! I am not guilty of murder—I did not intend to commit murder."

"At the conclusion of Casey's speech," says the pamphleteer, "a white cap was drawn over his head, and as the hangman pulled it down he whispered in his ear something that made the doomed man start as if to break the bonds which held his arms. . . . The hangman was Sterling Hopkins, a notorious character with whom Casey once had a difficulty. "He had begged the Committee," says the author of the pamphlet, "to officiate in the event of Casey's condemnation to death by the rope; and the whispered words he hissed in Casey's ear, as Hopkins afterwards boasted, were of exultation over his opportunity of revenge, and also of brutish import respecting the powerless victim."

(In the next issue will be discussed the story of the arrest of Justice Terry by the Vigilantes and other significant events of the days of '56.—Ed. note.)

GIBBON AND THE LADIES

By EDWARD F. O'DAY

"June, 1757. I saw Mademoiselle Curchod—*Omnia vincit Amor, et nos cedamus Amori.*"

It was thus that Edward Gibbon, immortal author of *The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, noted in his diary the fact of his first decline and fall into love. The month, the year, the simple statement that he had seen Her, and then the sentimental Latin tag which may be translated freely, "Love conquers everything; who am I to resist Love?"—that is all the future historian of Zenobia and Hypatia saw fit to write of this epoch-making incident. The entry must have been a hasty one, for it lacks that meticulous particularization of *when, where, how* and *wherefore* which is the amiable weakness of lovers who keep diaries. Whether this vague and hasty brevity in recording the conquest of his heart was occasioned by the press of what Edward Gibbon considered more important workaday matters, or whether he was too busied with being in love to spare time for writing about it, is a problem which no reader, I hope, will consider too frivolous for study. From what I have learned of Gibbon by reading his *Memoirs* and other books I am inclined to the former hypothesis. Yet I should be sorry to do him an injustice. Let us consider the evidence, if only because this will afford us an excuse to look into Edward Gibbon's relations with the gentle sex.

"Love conquers all things," but love did not quite conquer Mr. Boffin's favorite historian. Gibbon never married. He jilted the young lady who made June of 1757 memorable for him. She was afterwards wooed and won by the great Jacques Necker, became a *grande dame* and presided over a famous Parisian salon where the fat bachelor who had been her youth-

ful lover was graciously received. There was no rekindling of the early spark.

The ladies played an interesting but not a leading part in the polite comedy of Gibbon's life. He never knew the *grande passion*. He thought Mademoiselle Curchod inspired it in him, but he was mistaken. Whatever warmth of enduring affection he felt was for his aunt. Of his mother he speaks with cold, formal politeness.

"The union to which I owe my birth," he wrote in those *Memoirs* of which no student of human nature may plead ignorance and be pardoned, "was a marriage of inclination and esteem." And he enlarges upon this in that deliciously lofty autobiographical manner which would have been lost to the world if he had been cursed with a sense of humor. "My lot," he points out, "might have been that of a slave, a savage, or a peasant; nor can I reflect without pleasure on the bounty of Nature, which cast my birth in a free and civilized country, in an age of science and philosophy, in a family of honourable rank, and decently endowed with the gifts of fortune." It was doubtless another evidence of Nature's bounty that he was born an eldest son. "From my birth," he writes, "I have enjoyed the right of primogeniture." He had five brothers and one sister, but Nature grudged them her bounty; they died in infancy. As their "names may be found in the parish register of Putney," he does not bother inserting them in his *Memoirs*. Neither does he tell us the name of his sister; she is anonymous but not unwept. "From my childhood to the present hour," he writes, "I have deeply and sincerely regretted my sister, whose life was somewhat prolonged, and whom I remember to have seen an amiable infant." The deprivation was not so poignant as to exclude a philosophical reflection, for he continues: "The relation of a brother and a sister, especially if they do not marry, appears

to me of a very singular nature. It is a familiar and tender friendship with a female, much about our own age; an affection perhaps softened by the secret influence of sex, but pure from any mixture of sensual desire, the sole species of Platonic love that can be indulged with truth, and without danger."

It cannot be said that Gibbon lavished much of any kind of love upon his mother, although she lived until he was well into his eleventh year. He was a very sickly boy. "To preserve and to rear so frail a being," he tells us, "the most tender assiduity was scarcely sufficient; and my mother's attention was somewhat diverted by her frequent pregnancies, by an exclusive passion for her husband, and by the dissipation of the world, in which his taste and authority obliged her to mingle." And when she died, "I was too young to feel the importance of my loss; and the image of her person and conversation is faintly imprinted in my memory." And yet at this age, "at the expense of many tears and some blood," he had learned Latin syntax, had read in Latin the *Lives* of Cornelius Nepos and the *Fables* of Phaedrus to say nothing of the *Arabian Nights*, Pope's *Homer*, Dryden's *Virgil* and Ovid's *Metamorphoses*. Ten is an impressionable age, but the future historian had his limitations. Gibbon's mind was quicker than his heart.

The affection which Gibbon withheld from his mother he bestowed upon the aunt who nursed him through his sickly boyhood. It was his conviction that this aunt kept him alive. She was his mother's sister Catherine Porten, "at whose name," he writes, "I feel a tear of gratitude trickling down my cheek." And it is thus that he records his belief that but for her there had been no *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*: "If there be any, as I trust there are, who rejoice that I live, to that dear and excellent woman they must hold themselves indebted." She was "the

true mother of my mind as well as of my health it was her delight and reward to observe the first shoots of my young ideas , to her kind lessons I ascribe my early and invincible love of reading, which I would not exchange for the treasures of India." It would be wrong to depreciate these expressions of affection; Edward Gibbon's aunt Catherine must have been an exceptional woman; and he truly loved her.

At the age of fifteen Gibbon was matriculated at Oxford. About this time, he writes, "Nature displayed in my favor her mysterious energies;" his bodily disorders "most wonderfully vanished." At college he was neither wild nor studious, simply an omnivorous reader. "I was too young and bashful," he says, "to enjoy, like a manly Oxonian, the taverns and bagnios of Covent Garden." His reading took a religious turn, and Bossuet's *History of the Protestant Variations* led him to the Catholic church. "I surely fell by a noble hand," he writes. His conversion caused a scandal, as might have been expected in those "No Popery" days, and at the age of sixteen he was sent by his angry father to Lausanne in Switzerland where environment and suggestion in due time brought him back to the religion of his country. Later studies made him a religious skeptic.

It was in 1753 that Gibbon took up his residence in Lausanne. and it was four years later, when he was twenty years old, that he fell in love. At twenty Gibbon was a "grind," not a lady's man. He is described as "a thin little figure, with a large head he had uncommonly small bones, and was very slightly made." Not much to look at, perhaps, was Edward Gibbon at this period; but he was a good boy with a sweet disposition and a mind of unmistakable power. He himself confessed that he was popular. "Though I am the Englishman here who spends the least money," he wrote to his aunt,

"I am he who is the most generally liked." He endeavored to master the polite accomplishments, but vainly. "In the arts of fencing and dancing, small indeed was my proficiency; and some months were idly wasted in the riding-school." But he was no recluse; he liked the society of the other sex, and he succumbed.

"I hesitate, from the apprehension of ridicule," he writes, "when I approach the delicate subject of my early love. By this word I do not mean the polite attention, the gallantry, without hope or design, which has originated in the spirit of chivalry, and is interwoven with the texture of French manners. I understand by this passion the union of desire, friendship, and tenderness, which is inflamed by a single female, which prefers her to the rest of her sex, and which seeks her possession as the supreme or the sole happiness of our being. I need not blush at recollecting the object of my choice; and although my love was disappointed of success, I am rather proud that I was once capable of feeling such a pure and exalted sentiment." With this preamble, Gibbon proceeds to bare his heart: "The personal attractions of Mademoiselle Susan Curchod were embellished by the virtues and talents of the mind. Her fortune was humble, but her family was respectable. Her mother, a native of France, had preferred her religion to her country. The profession of her father did not extinguish the moderation and philosophy of his temper, and he lived content with a small salary and laborious duty in the obscure lot of minister of Crassy, in the mountains that separate the Pays de Vaud from the county of Burgundy. In the solitude of a sequestered village he bestowed a liberal, and even learned, education on his only daughter. She surpassed his hopes by her proficiency in the sciences and language; and in her short visits to some relations at Lausanne, the wit, the beauty, and erudition

of Mademoiselle Curchod were the theme of universal applause." Having, as usual in his *Memoirs*, carefully prepared the reader for a blunt statement of fact, Gibbon now makes his confession: "The report of such a prodigy awakened my curiosity; I saw and loved."

We look in vain to these *Memoirs* for any description of the prodigy's person, but we are permitted to glimpse her mind as her lover saw it. "I found her learned without pedantry, lively in conversation, pure in sentiment, and elegant in manners; and the first sudden emotion was fortified by the habits and knowledge of a more familiar acquaintance." Now for the courtship: "She permitted me to make her two or three visits in her father's house. I passed some happy days there, in the mountains of Burgundy, and her parents honourably encouraged the connexion. In a calm retirement the gay vanity of youth (this of a girl of seventeen!) no longer fluttered in her bosom; she listened to the voice of truth and passion, and I might presume to hope that I had made some impression on a virtuous heart." And now for the denouement: "At Crassy and Lausanne I indulged my dream of felicity: but on my return to England, I soon discovered that my father would not hear of this strange alliance, and that without his consent I was myself destitute and helpless. After a painful struggle I yielded to my fate: I sighed as a lover, I obeyed as a son; my wound was insensibly healed by time, absence, and the habits of a new life. My cure was accelerated by a faithful report of the tranquillity and cheerfulness of the lady herself, and my love subsided in friendship and esteem."

From June, 1757, when Gibbon first saw Susan and wrote in his journal, a little precipitately, that love conquers all things to August, 1762, when he broke off the engagement at the command of his father, his devotion may have been constant and

strong, but I take leave to doubt it. There is nothing in the *Memoirs* to show that he lived those five years any differently than he would have lived them had not "love conquered all things." In his diary he notes two or three visits to the parsonage at Crassy, but it would seem that his mind was much more absorbed in conic sections and classical literature than his heart was in Susan Curchod. He returned to England in 1758 to become reconciled with his father and to make the acquaintance of a stepmother. "I was disposed to hate the rival of my mother," he writes; "but the injustice was in my own fancy, and the imaginary monster was an amiable and deserving woman." He admits that he liked her the better because she "had neither children nor the hopes of children." The four years which he now spent in England were busy ones in the life of Gibbon. He traveled about the island, he enjoyed the pleasures of London, he completed his *Essay on the Study of Literature*, written and published, ostentatiously enough, in the French language. Doubtless he sent an author's autographed copy to Susan, if he thought of it. The engagement was not yet broken. "My studies were sometimes interrupted by a sigh, which I breathed towards Lausanne." Not, it will be noticed, toward Crassy where Susan waited for him. England was now in the midst of the Seven Years War with France, and for two years and a half (beginning in 1760), Gibbon was a captain of grenadiers in the Hampshire militia. Gibbon never sowed any wild oats, but at this period of his life he did a good deal of soldierly drinking. We find in his diary entries like these: "We kept bumperizing till after roll-calling; Sir Thomas (his colonel) assuring us, every fresh bottle, how infinitely soberer he was grown This proved a very debauched day; we drank a good deal both after dinner and supper . . . He and all his officers supped with us, and made the

evening rather a drunken one." I wonder if he ever drank a toast to Susan Curchod?

After "sighing as a lover" (most fitfully, I suspect), Gibbon "obeyed as a son" in August, 1762. Susan wrote him that she had been constant, that his image had never for a moment been effaced from her heart; but she accepted the rupture with a calmness, real or feigned, which mortified his vanity. He wrote in his diary that "her amusements convict her of the most odious dissimulation, and if infidelity is sometimes a weakness, duplicity is always a vice." In other words, while Edward was weak, Susan was vicious! He added: "This episode, curious throughout, has been of great use to me; it has opened my eyes to the character of women, and will serve me long as preservative against the seductions of love."

In the following year he spent some time in Lausanne, and the account of his enjoyment there which we find in the *Memoirs* indicates that his "wound" had healed, and that while his blighted romance had given him a "preservative against the seductions of love" it did not keep him out of female society. He thus describes his diversions at Lausanne: "My favorite society had assumed, from the age of its members, the proud denomination of the spring (*la société du printemps*). It consisted of fifteen or twenty young unmarried ladies, of genteel, though not of the very first families; the eldest perhaps about twenty, all agreeable, several handsome, and two or three of exquisite beauty. At each other's houses they assembled almost every day, without the control, or even the presence, of a mother or an aunt; they were trusted to their own prudence, among a crowd of young men of every nation in Europe. They laughed, they sung, they danced, they played at cards, they acted comedies; but in the midst of this careless gaiety, they respected themselves, and were respected by the men; the invisible line between liberty and

licentiousness was never transgressed by a gesture, a word, or a look, and their virgin chastity was never sullied by a breath of scandal or suspicion."

Susan Curchod was not one of these fortunate young ladies. What was lovelorn Susan doing in the meantime? For one thing, she was receiving the sympathy of the great Jean Jacques Rousseau. One of his correspondents wrote to Rousseau as follows: "How sorry I am for our poor Mlle. Curchod! Gibbon, whom she loves, and to whom I know she has sacrificed some excellent matches, has come to Lausanne, but cold, insensible, and as entirely cured of his old passion as she is far from cure. She has written me a letter that makes my heart ache." And Rousseau answered: "He who does not appreciate Mlle. Curchod is not worthy of her; he who appreciates her and separates himself from her is a man to be despised. She does not know what she wants. Gibbon serves her better than her own heart. I would rather a hundred times that he left her poor and free among you than that he should take her off to be rich and miserable in England." Of this rather strange effort at consolation Gibbon wrote years afterwards when the letter was published: "That extraordinary man, whom I admire and pity, should have been less precipitate in condemning the moral character and conduct of a stranger." As a matter of fact, Susan found more substantial consolation within a very short time. Within the year she was married to the great Jacques Necker who made her rich but not miserable, and she was inviting Gibbon to her house in Paris!

I have seen no portrait of Susan as a girl, so I can neither indorse nor deny Saint-Beuve's statement that she was "beautiful, with that pure, virginal beauty which is at its best in early youth." He adds that her "long and rather straight face was animated by brilliant coloring, and softened by blue eyes instinct

with candor," and that her "slender figure had as yet only a modest dignity, without stiffness, and without affectation." This description is obliquely complimentary to her appearance in later life. I have seen an engraving made at the period of her highest fame when, as wife of the finance minister of Louis XVI, she presided over one of the brilliant salons of Paris. It shows a too tall forehead, high-arched brows, eyes of no special beauty, a tolerable chin and a mouth that would pass muster did it not open slightly to raise the suspicion of prominent teeth. Nevertheless she was attractive enough to win the fastidious Jacques Necker in a love marriage which lasted with no decrease of affection on either side until death. Certainly her indubitable qualities of mind more than made up for a "refined though somewhat lackadaisical style of beauty." But had she possessed more decided beauty she might have bequeathed some of it to her daughter, and her daughter who was none other than the great Madame de Stael was signally, distressingly plain. The fact is, however, that Susan's charms alienated Necker's affections from the woman he was about to marry. In this same year of 1763 he had fallen in love with Madame de Vermenou, the widow of a French officer. On a visit to Geneva Madame de Vermenou met Susan, and was so taken with her that she brought her to Paris as a companion. It is not recorded that Necker wrote in his diary (if he kept one) that love conquers all things, but he promptly transferred his affections from the widow to the maid, and within a year Susan Curchod had become Madame Necker.

It has been said of Necker that he was the first man in the world to enjoy "popularity" in the modern, journalistic sense of the word. One of his admirers wrote of him: "If the universe and I should hold one opinion, and M. Necker should express a

different one, I should at once be convinced that the universe and I were wrong." His social position, first as a Parisian banker and later as minister of Louis XVI, was ably maintained by his wife who lost no time in overcoming her rustic prejudices and accommodating herself, as far as the dictates of a conscience that always remained pure would permit her, to the tone of that heartless, lax, polite society. "Being obliged," says Saint-Beuve, "by the promiscuous social customs of the period, to open her house to almost everybody who was celebrated in society, for all sorts of reasons, she at all events introduced therein the greatest possible degree of decency and regularity." The Abbe Galiani paid her a high compliment, for he "could not forgive her for being virtuous, and for maintaining the frigid demeanor of modesty." Wrote another who frequented her salon: "The conversation was very well, although somewhat constrained by the rigid morality of Madame Necker, in whose presence many subjects could not be mentioned, and who was especially distressed by liberty of opinion in religious matters."

Gibbon was a visitor at the Necker home shortly after the marriage. The first meeting was not embarrassing, as it might have been had either of the former lovers emerged from the romance with a broken heart. Fortunately we have accounts of this meeting from both of the principals. "The Curchod I saw at Paris," Gibbon wrote airily to a friend. "She was very fond of me, and the husband particularly civil. Could they insult me more cruelly? Ask me every evening to supper; go to bed and leave me alone with his wife—what an impertinent security! It is making an old lover of mighty little consequence. She is as handsome as ever, and much genteeler; seems pleased with her fortune rather than proud of it. I was (perhaps indiscreetly enough) exalting Nanette de Ilion's good luck and the fortune. 'What

fortune?' said she, with an air of contempt, 'not above 20,000 livres a year.' I smiled, and she caught herself immediately. 'What airs I give myself in despising 20,000 livres a year, who a year ago looked upon 800 as the summit of my wishes.'" Susan wrote to a friend of this same incident: "I do not know if I told you that I have seen Gibbon, and it has given me more pleasure than I know how to express. Not indeed that I retain any sentiment for a man who I think does not deserve much; but my feminine vanity could not have had a more complete and honest triumph. He stayed two weeks in Paris, and I had him every day at my house. He has become soft, yielding, humble, decorous to a fault. He was a constant witness of my husband's kindness, wit, and gaiety, and made me remark for the first time, by his admiration for wealth, the opulence with which I am surrounded, and which up to this moment had only produced a disagreeable impression on me."

Gibbon was once more settled in Lausanne when the exiled Neckers went there in 1790. That he did what he could to assuage the pain of their political downfall is apparent from the terms in which Susan writes to him: "You have always been dear to me, but the friendship you have shown to M. Necker adds to that you inspire me with on so many grounds, and I love you at present with a double affection." And again: "Come to us when you are restored to health and to yourself; that moment should always belong to your first and your last friend, and I do not know which of those titles is the sweetest and dearest to my heart." And still again: "Near you, the recollections you recalled were pleasant to me, and you connected them easily with present impressions; the chain of years seemed linked all together with electrical rapidity; you were at once twenty and fifty years old for me. Away from you the different places which I have inhabited are only

the milestones of my life telling me of the distance I have come."

As Susan was fifty and Edward fifty-three at this time, the language of these letters must not be misunderstood. Both were growing old, and distance had lent enchantment to the early romance. Both were now famous authors, for Susan had written her book against divorce and Edward had given the world the *Decline and Fall*. Doubtless, both felt it due to themselves to magnify the importance of those far-off days when love almost conquered everything.

The melancholy truth is that at this declining time of life, Gibbon was not only famous but fat and foolish. Three years before Madame Necker described herself so soulfully as his "first and last friend," a famous incident linked his name in all the tittering gossip of London and Paris with the name of that famous Duchess of Devonshire who immortalized a hat and was immortalized by Reynolds. The story is usually told of Gibbon and Madame de Montolieu, another charmer from whom Gibbon admitted that he was "in some danger." The de Montolieu indignantly repudiated any connection with the incident; but the Duchess of Devonshire who was a party to it, gleefully admitted her participation. To appreciate the story we must remember that in his later years the voluminous historian was of voluminous adipose. He was so uncommonly fat, indeed, that we read unkind references to his "protuberant eccentricity of appearance," to his "grotesque ugliness." It is said that a Swiss gentleman, on being asked how he exercised himself, replied: "By taking two or three turns round M. Gibbon." We are told that his corpulent body rested on slender legs, that his small face was almost lost between his high forehead and his double chin, and that his little nose scarcely emerged from between his bloated cheeks. The actor George Colman supplies another detail: "His mouth, mellifluous as Plato's, was a round hole, nearly in

the centre of his visage." "Still he tapp'd his snuff-box, still he smirk'd and smiled," adds Colman, while Boswell writes: "Gibbon is an ugly, affected, disgusting fellow, and poisons our literary club to me."

The famous episode occurred in the summer-house of the garden at Lausanne where Gibbon had only recently written the last lines of the last page of the great history. The duchess and the historian were admiring the view, the scent of acacias was in the air. It was an occasion for romance, and Gibbon rose to the occasion by falling suddenly on his knees and giving utterance to an impassioned profession of love. The duchess in great surprise stepped back from his outstretched arms, and begged him to get up. Gibbon at length endeavored to do so, but so weighty and unwieldy was he that he found it impossible to lift himself. The duchess offered her arm, but how could a duchess's arm do a derrick's work? Besides, the duchess was quite helpless from laughter. Finally she found sober breath enough to call two servants who eased Gibbon into his arm chair. I hope this story never reached the ears of Susan.

The youth had fallen in love and out of love with equanimity and calmness; the old gentleman was, in consequence, very lonely. "Should you be very much surprised to hear of my being married?" he wrote to Lady Sheffield when he was forty-seven years old. "Amazing as it may seem, I do assure you that the event is less improbable than it would have appeared to myself a twelvemonth ago. . . . Not that I am in love with any particular person. I have discovered about half a dozen wives who would please me in different ways, and by various merits: one as a mistress; a second, a lively entertaining acquaintance; a third, a sincere good-natured friend; a fourth, who would preside with grace and dignity at the head of my table and family; a fifth, an excellent economist and housekeeper; and a sixth, a very useful nurse. Could I find all these qualities united in a single

person, I should dare to make my addresses, and should deserve to be refused." This is the language of middle-aged conceit for which no woman is quite good enough.

At fifty he is a little more sincere, a little less exacting. "Since the loss of poor Deyverdun (his most intimate friend), I am quite alone," he writes to Lord Sheffield; "and even in Paradise, solitude is painful to a social mind. When I was a dozen years younger, I scarcely felt the weight of a single existence amidst the crowds of London, of parliament, of clubs; but it will press more heavily upon me in this tranquil land, in the decline of life, and with the increase of infirmities. Some expedient, even the most desperate, must be embraced, to secure the domestic society of a male or female companion." Lord Sheffield, evidently, was alarmed at this, suspecting that the solitary might take a mistress. Gibbon reassured his lordship: "I give you my word, that, before I take the slightest step which can bind me either in law, conscience, or honour, I will faithfully communicate . . . I am not in love with any of the hyenas of Lausanne, though there are some who keep their claws tolerably well pared . . . If at dinner-time, or at my return home in the evening, I sometimes sigh for a companion, there are many hours, and many occasions, in which I enjoy the superior blessing of being sole master of my own house."

It has been said of Gibbon's literary style at its most grandiloquent that "if the Roman Empire had written about itself, this is how it would have done it." But in these lonely sighings we hear the language of the true man. Pride is gone. Years before he had surrendered Susan, and now Susan was revenged, none the less completely because she had sought no revenge. Within three years Gibbon was dead. His last words were, "Why do you leave me?" They were addressed to his *valet de chambre*.

CONCERNING BULLIES

By DIOGENES

Bullying is a vice with which the self-respecting cannot afford to have any traffic. It is itself the resultant of the two most corrupting vices—meanness and cruelty. Compared with meanness and cruelty, murder and adultery are the vices of gentlemen.

I do not deny that there is often something to be said for the bully. There are two sorts of bullies. There is the man who bullies for the sake of bullying, and there is the man who bullies (or pretends he does) out of indignation. The former is, by the admission of all decent men, a beast. One has been brought up to hate him like the devil. Literature is full of his filthy shadow—especially school-literature. He is a recurring villain in fiction which deals with the lives of schoolboys.

Practically all the school stories have scenes in which a bully is thrashed to the joy of every decent reader's heart. It is as if a dragon had been slain or an end put to some dark pestilence. How keenly one delights—almost excessively perhaps—in the bullying of the bullies in *Stalky and Co.*! Sentimental people like to think that bullying no longer exists in schools. It is certainly rare compared to what it used to be. But to imagine that so natural a vice has entirely disappeared is to imagine a vain thing. Mr. Kipling, I fancy, wrote of what he knew when he enumerated the various cruelties practiced by the bullies in his story. Head knuckles, Brush drill, the Key, Ag Ags and Corkscrews were among the tortures by which the strong reduced the weak to tears. As *Stalky* liked to repeat, "the bleatin' of the kid excites the tiger." That is the excitement for which the bully lives. "But there isn't any of it now," Mc-Turk had said when he heard rumors that bullying was going on in the school. But there nearly always is.

Dickens frequently portrays schoolmasters as well as schoolboys as fiends with a passion for bullying. We have Squeers in *Nicholas Nickleby* and Mr. Creakle in *David Copperfield*. One remembers Mr. Creakle like an evil creature out of a myth. He is comic as well as hateful as he comes up to the unoffending David in the classroom to inaugurate his term of bullying:

"Mr. Creakle came to where I sat, and told me that if I were famous for biting, he was famous for biting, too. He then showed me the cane, and asked me what I thought of that for a tooth? Was it a sharp tooth, hey? Was it a double tooth, hey? Had it a deep prong, hey? Did it bite, hey? Did it bite? At every question he gave me a fleshy cut with it that made me writhe; so I was very soon made free of Salem House (as Steerforth said), and very soon in tears also . . .

"He had a delight in cutting at the boys which was like the satisfaction of a craving appetite. I am confident that he couldn't resist a chubby boy, especially; that there was a fascination in such a subject which made him restless in his mind, until he had scored and marked him for the day."

Both Dickens and Mr. Kipling seem to accept the old theory that the bully is also a coward. In *David Copperfield* Mr. Creakle is afraid ever to raise his cane to Steerforth, and Mr. Kipling's bullies, when punished with a cricket-stump, burst into tears. This theory has become second nature with many people, so that, if they see a man ill-treating a woman, they are as likely to call him a coward as a brute. One would like to think that there were no bullies but cowards. But it is to be feared that history does not support this belief. There have been many bullying judges and lawyers who were among the least timid of men. Charles Lamb included the belief that a bully is always a coward among his *Popular Fallacies*. And yet it is a popular fallacy with some justification.

Obviously, bullying is a characteristic of persons who are content with small enterprises rather than

ambitious of great ones. It is in some cases an exhibition of the fighting instinct—but in a fight in which the other man cannot hit back. It is a sham fight on the part of someone who has not the stomach for a real fight. If he cannot subdue a lion, he will at least subdue a mouse. He must get in his blow somewhere. One has heard of a man's being bullied by an employer whom he dared not answer, and then going home and bullying his wife who dared not answer *him*. Man must have his triumphs, and the coward can only enjoy the sense of triumph over those whom he knows to be weaker than himself. That, we should think, is the explanation of at least some bullying. It is simply the will to power in a state of perversion.

But there is a second sort of bullying which cannot be explained away as merely the heroics of cowardice. This is the bullying, not of men whom one believes to be weak, but of men who offend one's religious, or moral, or civic, or esthetic, or common, sense. It is here that moral indignation comes to our aid. We do not bully without provocation. The people we bully are, we assure ourselves, the enemies of God or man. The history of persecution is a history of this sort of bullying. It is the history of men who made the punishment of their enemies an end in itself. They learned to punish not only as a duty but as a pleasure.

Parents, we are told, used to explain to their children as they thrashed them: "It hurts me more than it hurts you." And, if it did not, the whipping was all either bad temper or voluptuousness. Judge Jeffreys, one imagines, hanged people out of voluptuousness. To be able to combine moral indignation with cruelty is one of the most refined pleasures of which the darker side of human nature is capable. It is a form of intoxication, the results of which are seen in lynchings and pogroms and massacres all through history. And the worst of it is that moral indignation

tion, even when it does not incite us to be cruel ourselves, often leads us to give a free hand to those who are cruel without much regard for morality.

For every person who takes part in a lynching or a pogrom there are a hundred who say: "Well, you know, after all ——." This attitude might be described as bullying by acquiescence. Those who adopt it are always readier to find excuses for the bullies than for the bullied. They have a weak spot, a tenderness, for the bully who is on their side. The truth is, the bully who is on our side is only doing what most of us at one moment or another are tempted to do. The natural man wants not only to render his enemy powerless but to hurt him. It is only a long course of civilization that has taught us that the ill-treatment even of the enemies of society is an abominable thing. Civilization is a state of society in which the power of the bully is progressively limited. He may be an emperor or an employer, or a school-master or a policeman. To each of them civilization has said in turn: "Thou shalt not bully." It may be necessary to punish the weak, but the weak must not be punished as a form of self-indulgence.

A BLUNDER

By ANTON TCHEKHOV

(Translated by Mrs. Constance Garnett)

Ilya Sergeitch Peplov and his wife Kleopatra Petrovna were standing at the door, listening greedily. On the other side in the little drawing room a love scene was apparently taking place between two persons: their daughter Natashenka and a teacher of the district school, called Shchupkin.

"He's rising!" whispered Peplov, quivering with impatience and rubbing his hands. "Now, Kleopatra, mind; as soon as they begin talking of their feelings, take down the ikon from the wall and we'll go in and bless them We'll catch them at the moment. . . . A blessing with an ikon is sacred and binding He couldn't get out of it if he brought it into court."

On the other side of the door this was the conversation:

"Don't go on like that!" said Shchupkin, striking a match against his checked trousers. "I never wrote you any letters!"

"I like that! As though I didn't know your writing!" giggled the girl with an affected shriek, continually peeping at herself in the glass. "I knew it at once! And what a queer man you are! You are a writing master, and you write like a spider! How can you teach writing if you write so badly yourself?"

"Hm! . . . That means nothing. The great thing in writing lessons is not the hand one writes, but keeping the boys in order. You hit one on the head with a ruler, stand another in the corner . . Besides, there's nothing in handwriting! Nekrassov was an author, but his handwriting's a disgrace, there's a specimen of it in his collected works."

"You are not Nekrassov" (A sigh.) "I

should love to marry an author. He'd always be writing poems to me."

"I can write you a poem, too, if you like."

"What can you write about?"

"Love—passion—your eyes. You'll be crazy when you read it. It would draw a tear from a stone. And if I write you a real poem, will you let me kiss your hand?"

"That's nothing much! You can kiss it now if you like."

Shchupkin jumped up, and making sheepish eyes, bent over the fat little hand that smelt of egg soap.

"Take down the ikon," Peplov whispered in a fluster, pale with excitement, and buttoning his coat as he prodded his wife with his elbow. "Come along, now!"

And without a second's delay Peplov flung open the door.

"Children," he muttered, lifting up his arms and blinking tearfully, "the Lord bless you, my children. May you live—be fruitful—and multiply."

"And—I bless you, too," the mamma brought out, crying with happiness. "May you be happy, my dear ones! Oh, you are taking from me my only treasure!" she said to Shchupkin. "Love my girl, be good to her"

Shchupkin's mouth fell open with amazement and alarm. The parents' attack was so bold and unexpected that he could not utter a single word.

"I'm in for it! I'm spliced!" he thought, going limp with horror "It's all over with me! There's no escape!"

And he bowed his head submissively as though to say, "Take me, I'm vanquished."

"Ble—blessings on you," the papa went on, and he shed tears "Natashenka, my daughter, stand by his side. Kleopatra, give me the ikon."

But at this point the father suddenly left off weeping, and his face was contorted with anger.

"You ninny!" he said angrily to his wife. "You are an idiot! Is that the ikon?"

"Ach, saints alive!"

What had happened? The writing master raised himself and saw that he was saved; in her flutter the mamma had snatched from the wall the portrait of Lazhetchnikov, the author, in mistake for the ikon. Old Peplov and his wife stood disconcerted in the middle of the room, holding the portrait aloft, not knowing what to do or what to say. The writing master took advantage of the general confusion and slipped away.

A CHILD'S GARDEN

By ROSAMUND MARRIOTT WATSON

The garden wastes: the little child is grown;
Rank with high weeds and blossoms overblown,
His tiny territory boasts no more
The dainty many-colored mien it wore
In the old time,
When the stout toiler of the summer's prime
Wrought in his glory, sun-flushed and bemired,
With spade and water-can, nor ever tired,
Yet found the bedward stair so steep to climb.

Pink and forget-me-not and mignonette,
Red double daisies accurately set,
We had them all by heart and more beside,
Purple and yellow pansies, solemn-eyed
As little owlets in their tufted bowers . . .
The weeds have come and driven forth the flowers.
Summer with all her roses onward hastes.
The garden wastes—
This poor small garden, sweet in summers known.
The garden wastes: the little child is grown.

How good those summers, gay and golden-lit,
When down the walks the white-frocks'd form would
 flit,

Laden and all-triumphant with its load;
That narrow pleasaunce, and the spoils of it!
The various spoils of it so proudly shown,
So royally bestowed
Green wrinkled cress and rosy radish node,
The unsunned strawberry's dimly coral cone,—
There be none such treasures now: the child is grown.

The fish-tailed merchild carved in crumbling stone
Wreathed with loose straggling roses, reigns alone,
Th' abandoned idol still smiles gravely on.
The other child is gone.

New play, new paths, the old sweet hours disown;
Poor graven image on your rain-warm throne
Smiling the foolish smile,
Rose petals fall around you yet awhile,
Nor may I mourn this little plot defaced,
The bare nest whence the fledgling bird has flown,
His garden-waste:
The little child is grown.

THE LANTERN

Edited by
Theodore F Bonnet and Edward F O'Day

*It is better to search for the truth of what
concerns us than to hunt for an honest man*

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THE LANTERN

Vol. 2

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The Vigilantes

By THEODORE F. BONNET

II.

While taking a spectatorial attitude in this little monograph towards the days of the Vigilantes it is necessary to make a historical survey of the period known as the middle fifties. For I am not merely weaving a web of generalization. Like that busy weaver, the spider, who has an immediate and practical purpose in his airy designs, I have a certain definite end in view. Already it has been intimated herein that the Vigilantes were not absorbed in motives of civic patriotism: that they were not exclusively devoted to the redemption of San Francisco from vicious politicians, but were in a measure actuated by mean and selfish motives. And so it is necessary in this retrospective sketch to acquaint ourselves with certain forces that operated in the development of this city like the physical agencies that moulded our enchanting landscape. But lest I be misunderstood, it may be well to observe that this is but an account of an impression made upon the mind in the pursuit of a study of the past. I have pored over the narratives of contemporaries of the protagonists of the little drama. I have delved into newspaper reports of the period, and I have given ear to the garrulities and reminiscences of many participants in the performances of pioneer days. Thus I received an impression well nigh tantamount to a conviction which I am now trying to transfer to the

mind of the reader. As with heroes and kings—Macbeth and Brutus for example—so with the men of '56: the truth is generally obscured in a fog. The popular version of the Vigilantes' movement is so inaccurate that it is little more in its nature than sheer melodrama. It comes from accounts written by men who, while catering to lovers of sensation, were fearful of telling the truth at a time when many of the subjects of their narratives were in the land of the living. Now according to my impression the Vigilance Committee had its inspiration in political, religious and sectional prejudices as well as revulsion against civic corruption. Searching for the hidden springs of men's motives, it has seemed to me that many of the men by whom the movement was directed were more eager for the downfall of David C. Broderick than for the purifying of the city's atmosphere. Of one thing we may be sure—that the Broderick personality incarnated the genius of the period. If there was a dominant factor in the life of the community before the Vigilantes organized it was Broderick. Hatred of Broderick was the absorbing passion of whole groups of men, and immediately after the Vigilantes organized they had Broderick as a witness before them to testify respecting one of his friends. James O'Meara in his narrative of the Broderick-Gwin senatorial contest says that after the hanging of Casey "the arrest of some and the notification of arrest, (unless flight had made it unnecessary) of others, mostly the supporters and friends of Broderick, were circumstances, which, too plainly to be misunderstood, signified that his followers mainly were to be proscribed and pursued." From O'Meara we learn also that Broderick and his friend Colonel Baker, who defended Cora, deemed it expedient to leave town, and that Broderick continued his campaign for the Senate in the interior of the State where according to O'Meara he was open in his avowals of hostility to the "chivs" and where he

appealed to Northern men "to take a firm stand against the encroachments and aggressions of the Southern element over the whole country and in California particularly." Now why was it that at the time Broderick found it expedient to absent himself from San Francisco he went about inveighing against the Southern element in the State? It is important this inquiry should be made. The truth is the leaders of the fierce and bitter anti-Broderick movement in California at that time were men from the South, men like David S. Terry, the man who a few years later baited Broderick into a duel and killed him.

If I ascribe the anti-Broderick movement to the prejudice and partisanship of the Southern element which was at that time conspicuous and powerful in this State, it is not because I ever had any prejudice against the South or its people. The truth is I have sympathized with the gallant sons of the South, and have generally described the civil war in the language of a friend from Alabama as "the war between the States." That war, as the records of our State show, had many supporters throughout California. Nay, long before the war the feeling of bitterness between the North and South was manifest in California politics. That feeling colored the politics of the whole State. It colored the councils of the Vigilance Committee in the case of Judge Terry (as we shall presently see) when he was arrested for interfering with the processes of the committee. There were parlous and turbulent times in California long before the Vigilantes sprang into existence and most of the turbulence was due to the contest between William Gwin, a Southerner, and David C. Broderick, a Northerner, each representing a faction of the Democratic party. They represented also two distinct types of men. Gwin was a polished, educated man, a physician by profession but a politician from early training and inclination. As a young man in Ten-

nesee he became the protege of General Andrew Jackson who appointed him to a Federal position. He was what was known in those day as a "chiv." as distinguished from what was known as a "plebe." Broderick by birth and training was of the plebeian classification. In his twenties he was a fireman in New York and a Tammany politician. Without education, he came to this city in 1849 and immediately entered the Fire Department. Also he immediately took a hand in politics, and soon proved himself qualified for popular leadership. On his arrival here he had two intimate friends—Colonel Jonathan D. Stevenson, formerly commander of the regiment of California Volunteers, and Frederick D. Kohler, with both of whom Broderick had been associated in Tammany Hall. Shortly after his arrival he went into partnership with Kohler in a private mint for the manufacture of gold pieces. At that time gold dust was the only substitute for currency in this city. Stevenson supplied the capital for the firm, and with gold dust at \$14 per ounce the profits were enormous. While doing this profitable business Broderick applied himself to study under the tuition of Colonel Stevenson, and his advancement was rapid for he was a man of brains. Indeed Broderick was a genius. With a little education, such were his natural gifts, he acquired wonderful personal power and an abundance of that imponderable quality that we call magnetism. With education he developed a great ambition, and before he was in town a year he determined to become a Senator of the United States. At once he devoted all his political energies to that end. Presently he had the politicians of the State by the ears. Within a few years he attained the leadership of the Democratic party, and frankly he went his way overturning obstructions in the road to the goal of his ambition.

This was a time, be it remembered, when the State was full of Southerners. Many of them were vet-

erans of the Mexican War with whom President Pierce was in deep sympathy. Broderick incurred the hostility of many of them by his antagonism to the Douglas Kansas-Nebraska bill. He enraged them when he complained that President Pierce was filling Federal offices with "chivs." To make matters worse he characterized the Customs House as "the Virginia Poor House." All the while he was manipulating State politics, and to offset the Federal brigade he nominated and elected John Bigler Governor, thus getting control of considerable State patronage. More than once in the years of his struggle he almost reached his goal, only to meet with bitter disappointment. But he never faltered. Once he deadlocked the Legislature, and once, when a Know-Nothing ticket carried the State, electing J. Neely Johnson to the gubernatorial chair and David S. Terry to the Supreme Court, it became expedient for both Broderick and Gwin to join forces and postpone the election of a Senator. United they defeated Henry S. Foote, formerly Governor of Mississippi, who was the candidate of the Know-Nothing party. This was on the eve of the appearance of the Vigilantes.

It was a desperate and a most exciting contest that Broderick waged, as may be conjectured from the number of fighting Southerners opposed to him. As I have said many of them were veterans of the Mexican War; conspicuous among them were many duelists who had triumphed on the "field of honor," and Broderick himself, long before he met Terry, had to fight a duel as a result of a political dispute. His adversary was Judge Caleb Smith. He might have been killed had not Smith's bullet been deflected by a watch in Broderick's pocket. The fact is Broderick was a man of indomitable courage—of both moral and physical courage. Hated and despised by many of the prominent men in the State, he defied them all. Nothing could turn him from his self-appointed role though a pandemonium of passions

surged around him. Like one of the predestined he exhibited at once the courage of demoniac genius and the patience and hidden power of worldly wisdom. Caring naught for opposition, he was the centre around which all factions whirled, the while he added fuel beneath the political cauldron the contents of which were a veritable witch broth of conflicting passions, interests and ambitions. But David Broderick was not instinctively a man of violence, as was once affirmed by Judge Terry's defenders. True he fought a duel, but like the men he associated with in the New York Fire Department he was a lover of the "manly art" as it is called. Though he fought a duel it should be remembered that in the California of the fifties to which a great colony of Southerners had migrated, a man would soon acquire the reputation of a coward were he disinclined to resent insult on the "field of honor." The heroes of the day were men versed in the code duello of whom it was customary to speak in extravagant terms of eulogy, as for instance (I quote from a characteristic panegyric): "Born in Mississippi, a man of the highest order of true bravery, of unsullied honor, a stranger to the emotion of fear, he possessed a magnanimity of soul. A lion in his resolute wrath, he was a woman in his gentle kindliness of heart:" in other words, an ideal "chiv." in the fifties. Obviously Broderick had to be prepared for all comers in those days, and he was. He met Benjamin Moore, one day. Benjamin Moore was an Alabaman and a Mexican War veteran with a forbidding record as a fighter. Meeting Broderick by accident one day, says Historian O'Meara, the "fire-eater" drew a pistol, whereupon Broderick thus: "Shoot, you ——— assassin, shoot! I am unarmed." Moore, says O'Meara, was too gallant to shoot an unarmed man, but, he adds, as an enthusiastic admirer of "chivalry," "the *eclat* of the occasion went to the account of Broderick."

As there was prodigious glory to be gained in those days by an act of physical courage, so there was much prestige to be lost by an exhibition of discretion. In this connection it is worth while mentioning as somewhat significant that Stephen J. Field lost friends in that period by ignoring the abusive conduct of a Judge Turner before whom he was arguing a case. His neglect to resent the treatment he had received provoked criticism. He was spoken of as a very timid man, a circumstance on which one might be inclined to reflect were it to be suggested that David S. Terry's contempt for Justice Field might have had its origin many years prior to their fatal meeting in the Tracy restaurant where Terry was killed. Whatever the truth as to that they were well known to each other in the fifties, for Field was a Broderick man and Terry was one of a group of fighters engaged by Gwin to protect his interests in a State convention at Sacramento. In that convention "Ned" McGowan was Broderick's "programme" man for chairman and he was elected. And after the Vigilantes hanged Casey they went in quest of McGowan who became a fugitive, hunted like a beast of prey. He escaped from the city and got as far as Santa Barbara with the assistance of friends who secreted him in the hills.

During a period of months the Vigilantes were searching through the State for McGowan and it was understood that he would be hanged if captured. He sent word to them that he would surrender if they would agree to let him have a jury trial anywhere outside of San Francisco. But in vain. One day he made his appearance on the floor of the Senate at Sacramento, friends having provided him with a horse on which he rode to that city. The Legislature passed an act providing for a change of venue, as a result of which McGowan had himself arrested and tried in Benicia for the murder of James King. The jury acquitted him without leaving the box. The Vigi-

lantes had pursued McGowan on the theory, it was said, that he was implicated with Casey. I have wondered whether it was not really because he was a "plebe" friend of Broderick's. There may have been another reason too. When McGowan was hungry and thirsty in the Santa Barbara hills whence he could look down on the old Mission the priests of that Mission were in possession of a letter they had received from Archbishop Alemany. It was a letter instructing them that if McGowan happened their way to succor and protect him. Remember that at that time Know-Nothingism was in control of the State Government. It was Governor J. Neely Johnson who made the Vigilance Committee possible by refusing to support the Law and Order Committee that was organized to protect Casey and Cora from the Vigilantes. Probably Archbishop Alemany was suspicious of the Vigilantes. Perhaps he did not take their professions seriously. I do not pretend to know the truth as to this but I do know that when the Vigilantes seized Casey and Cora they left behind them in the county jail a man by the name of Backus who had committed a cold-blooded murder at the instigation of a prostitute with whom he lived. I know also that in the case of Broderick's friend McGowan, the Vigilantes were less amenable to argument than in the case of Judge David S. Terry.

In this connection it is of the greatest significance that though the Vigilantes were organized, so they said, to banish bad men from the city, especially bad men "quick on the trigger" and expert with the knife, they did nothing, or very little, to reduce the Southern element though it was that element that upheld the honor of the South with firearms and cold steel. True they arrested Judge Terry, but they did nothing rash in his case; rather, considering their general conduct they exercised a fine spirit of restraint toward this big bravo who lived to fight and died in a fight. They let him live to pick a quarrel

with David Broderick, the pet aversion of the South. Three years after the Vigilantes disbanded, two years after Broderick triumphed over his enemies of the South and became a Senator of the United States, Terry wantonly insulted him in a public speech. Was he chosen for that purpose? We have no testimony as to that, but we know that Broderick's reply though mild compared with the brutal insult that called it forth, was quickly made a pretext for a challenge. We know also that the reply was not public, but that it was overheard by one of Terry's friends who was on hand to hear it when Broderick read the Terry speech and who immediately issued a challenge. The one beneficent thing the Vigilantes might have done they neglected to do. They let Judge Terry live to kill Broderick, to give a little character to Sarah Althea and to make an assault on Justice Field of the Supreme Court of the United States.

The Vigilantes arrested Judge Terry for interfering with the processes of their committee. One night he was on Jackson street near Dupont when Sterling Hopkins of the Vigilance police, the volunteer hangman of Casey, attempted to make an arrest. Terry interfered, and as was his custom when in a quarrel he drew a knife. He plunged the knife into Hopkins, inflicting a serious wound. Immediately he was arrested by the Vigilantes. This arrest caused a great deal of excitement, for Judge Terry was a justice of the Supreme Court, having been elected on the Know-Nothing ticket in the preceding year.

"Will the committee dare to hang him?" was the question asked on all sides.

This was a critical moment in the career of the committee. It had been organized to hand out summary justice in cases of this sort. True the prisoner was a justice of the Supreme Court, but he was known to be "quick with the knife." Yes, even as a young man, the big, burly Texan had the reputation of being a "dangerous man." It was thought

unlikely that he would be spared on account of his high position. Mindfulness of that dignity did not restrain him when Sterling Hopkins was intent on making an arrest, and moreover Terry's interference was in behalf of a notorious politician who would not have been missed had he been driven from town. But howsoever the members of the Executive Committee may have felt respecting Terry there was the great army of Vigilantes supporting the committee and numbering five thousand. The army was clamoring for vengeance. The Vigilance army demanded that Terry be hanged. But Terry was not without friends. His friends were of the anti-Broderick forces. His leading champion was the Governor of the State, J. Neely Johnson, the man who had beaten Broderick's friend, Governor Bigler, and who refused to interfere when the Law and Order Committee called on him to protect Casey and Cora. But he came to the front in the interest of Terry. He interceded in Terry's behalf. Senator Gwin, Broderick's chief antagonist through the years, also came to the front. Representatives of the Southern element in all sections of the State clamored for the release of Terry. The "Pioneer Journalist," from whom I quoted in *The Lantern* last month, in discussing the aroused sentiment in behalf of Terry says: "Harm to him would have precipitated a domestic row which would have caused immense sacrifice of life." It appears that Terry's friends in San Joaquin County and in Sacramento threatened to invade San Francisco if he were not released. They threatened to come here and attack the Vigilantes. James Dows, a member of the committee, remarked at the time that they had started out to hunt coyotes but had captured a grizzly and didn't know what to do with him. The situation was complicated by the army of drilled men behind the committee, that army five thousand strong. Many of them were foreigners who had no sympathy with the Southerners or with

either of the political factions in the State. They regarded themselves as superior to the Executive Committee, and they were for the hanging of Terry. Thus the Vigilantes were threatened with dissension in their own ranks. It was a complicated and critical situation from which the Executive Committee saw no safe method of extrication, until it was suggested that they might spirit the prisoner out of town. In the course of their deliberations they called in Governor Johnson and Senator Gwin, and these gentlemen and others among Terry's Southern friends appealed to acquaintances among naval officers stationed at this port. Powerful influences were exerted in Terry's behalf, and there is no telling what might have happened had not Sterling Hopkins recovered from his wounds. Immediately the excitement subsided, and Terry, who had been so badly frightened that he promised to resign from the Supreme Court and leave the State, was released.

The power of the Vigilantes diminished rapidly after Terry was set free. In arresting him they made a great blunder, for they alienated his friends. In a few months they were without supporters of any consequence, and it soon became obvious from the eagerness with which they seized political jobs that they were more interested in the spoils of office than in the welfare of the city. Having lost their power and alienated Terry's friends they ceased to be of any use to William Gwin in his senatorial contest. In fact so unpopular did they become that when Milton S. Latham entered the senatorial contest against both Broderick and Gwin his prestige was soon fatally impaired by the circulation of the report that as Collector of Port he had connived at some of the Vigilante's lawless deeds. Thus it appears that the prestige of the Vigilantes was of short duration. It was revived not in their own generation, not by their contemporaries; not until they became legendary.

"A CHILD'S GARDEN OF VERSES"

By EDWARD F. O'DAY

Must we to bed indeed? Well then,
Let us arise and go like men.

That simple couplet is the gesture of obedient childhood. It expresses perfectly the good, the *biddable* child, the unspoiled youngster whom all of us love. It is not easy for the little boy or girl to leave the wonderful family circle "about the firelit hearth" and essay the adventure of the dark. The inexorable decree of "Time for bed, children!" is resisted by every inclination in the childish breast. There is always a cajoling request for a few minutes' grace. A little coaxing is excusable, but stubbornness is not; and when it is understood that there is no appeal from the sentence, the child that wins all hearts is he that arises and goes like a man. That child knows the sweetest good-night kisses; that child is missed the most when the sitting room door closes behind his little head.

Stevenson must have been such a child; otherwise, I am sure, we should never have had that couplet from him, should never have had any of the fragrant flowers he raised for us in *A Child's Garden of Verses*. It is the good child who wakes and slumbers, wonders and imagines, dreams and plays through all these inimitable pages. Not the good child of the old-fashioned Sunday-school story who was so very, very good that he was horrid, but the good child of life who has his naughty hours of course, but remains a gentle, loving, modest, generous, happy little man or little woman.

Robert Louis Stevenson's was an exceptional childhood. Had we no other evidence than his *Child's Garden of Verses* we should never guess his almost insupportable childish sufferings. All his infancy was a battle for life. Born with weak lungs, raised in the

trying climate of Edinburgh, prostrated by gastric fever and pneumonia in addition to the usual childish ailments, the little boy spent interminable hours in bed and too often was not even vouchsafed the common mercy of sleep. There is the merest hint of this in his poems of childhood; he was not self-pitying, asked no sympathy from his readers, and permitted no dark flowers, no sensitive plants to grow in his *Child's Garden*. "You are very right about my voluntary aversion from the painful sides of life," he wrote to William Archer after this book of poems was published. "My childhood was in reality a very mixed experience, full of fever, nightmare, insomnia, painful days and interminable nights; and I can speak with less authority of gardens than of that other 'land of counterpane.' But to what end should we renew these sorrows? The sufferings of life may be handled by the very greatest in their hours of insight; it is of its pleasures that our common poems should be formed; these are the experiences that we should seek to recall or provoke; and I say with Thoreau, 'What right have I to complain, who have not ceased to wonder?' and, to add a rider of my own, who have no remedy to offer."

For no book of his did Stevenson ever set up the extenuating circumstances of composition in mitigation of critical sentence. In all the history of English literature there was never a more sportsmanlike writer; he played the game strictly according to the rules as he nobly interpreted them, and his triumphs were all the greater for his unmentioned handicaps. He asked no immunities. He was a weakling in body alone. As he resisted "the bludgeonings of fate" without proclaiming his suffering and his courage the way his friend Henley did, so he launched his golden galleons with no convoy of excuses. Writing with his left hand, temporarily blind, his body excruciated by sciatica, this poet of the nursery might have claimed exemption from critical comparison with poets who

versified childhood under auspicious conditions. He never dreamed of doing so. And *A Child's Garden of Verses* needed no such plea.

Stevenson was in his thirty-sixth year when he gave these poems to the public in 1885. Against what odds he labored in writing most of them we learned after his death from Mrs. Stevenson who says: "A beginning was made by the writing of a few verses while we stopped in Braemer. A few months later, in Hyères, the games of his childhood served in a new way to again interest and amuse him. After a terrible hemorrhage, he fell a victim to sciatica, and at the same time was temporarily blind from an attack of ophthalmia. Not only was all light excluded from the room where he lay, but on account of the hemorrhage his right arm was closely bound to his side. Most men would have succumbed to the force of circumstances, but he, undismayed, determined to circumvent the fate he would not accept. Across his bed a board was laid on which large sheets of paper were pinned; on these, or on a slate fastened to the board, he laboriously wrote out in the darkness, with his left hand, many more of the songs of his childhood." No comment is needed to enforce the effect of this picture of courage, but I may add here what Gilbert K. Chesterton has said about it: "To read of such a thing is like hearing a corpse speak suddenly of birds and sunshine. It is the sublimest testimony to creation that the Creator Himself could ask, the testimony of one who had lost all."

In his letters of this period Stevenson admitted that the writing of these poems was a difficult task, not because of his physical disabilities—of these, as usual, he was quite silent—but because "to produce even such a limping verse demands the whole force of my untuneful soul." In this book he was to make his debut as a poet, and he was unnecessarily alarmed at the prospect. As the poems were written they were submitted to friends for criticism. Sidney Colvin

pointed out a technical defect in one of them, but this did not bother the author. "These are rhymes, jingles," he reminded Colvin; "I don't go for eternity and the three unities." In writing to Edmund Gosse he called the book "The Complete Proof of Mr. R. L. Stevenson's Incapacity to Write Verse." Stevenson loved these poems, though he undervalued them. When he had finished reading proof on them he wrote to Gosse: "They look ghastly in the cold light of print; but there is something nice in the little ragged regiment for all; the blackguards seem to me to smile, to have a kind of childish treble note that sounds in my ears freshly; not song, if you will, but a child's voice."

"*A Child's Garden of Verses*, where the grown man is still a perfect child," wrote Lionel Johnson, putting his acute pen as usual upon the very merit of all which sets these poems apart from others of a kindred inspiration. Francis Thompson wrote exquisite poems about children; they will live forever. But Francis Thompson was never really a child. Eugene Field sang of children in tender strains that evoke both smiles and tears. But Eugene Field was not living his own childhood over again; he was studying his children. The childless Robert Louis Stevenson wrote from nursery memories that were as vivid as the happenings of the day before.

One of his Edinburgh playmates was his cousin Henrietta Traquair. When these poems were published Henrietta (Mrs. Milne) thought she recognized her brother Willie and herself in the *Pirate Story*:

Three of us afloat in the meadow by the swing,
Three of us aboard in the basket on the lea.
Winds are in the air, they are blowing in the spring,
And waves are on the meadow like the waves there
are at sea.

.

Hi! but here's a squadron a-rowing on the sea—

Cattle on the meadow a-charging with a roar!

Quick, and we'll escape them, they're as mad as they
can be,

The wicket is the harbour and the garden is the shore.

“Certainly,” Stevenson wrote to her; “who else would they be? More by token, on that particular occasion, you were sailing under the title of Princess Royal; I, after a furious contest, under that of Prince Alfred; and Willie, still a little sulky, as the Prince of Wales. We were all in a buck basket about half-way between the swing and the gate; and I can still see the Pirate Squadron heave in sight upon the weather bow.” The brain of the grown man who was still a perfect child teemed with these photographic records of far-off days; the poet fashioned no new fancies, he simply evoked the multitudinous images of his earliest years.

“Smoutie,” as the boy Stevenson was nicknamed, had an invalid mother, so he was constantly in the care of hired nurses. “The reign of the first nurse was very short,” Mrs. Stevenson has told us; “she being accidentally discovered in a public house much the worse for drink, while her tender charge, done up in a parcel, lay tucked out of sight on a shelf behind the bar.” But with the coming of Alison Cunningham known to all readers of Stevenson as “Cummy,” the little fellow received the motherlike attention which was necessary if he was to live. It would be superfluous to repeat here the beautiful oft-told story of “Cummy’s” devotion to the frail youngster. His gratitude was a life-long emotion, the source of many kind actions which still seemed inadequate, so keen was his appreciation of the debt he owed her. He dedicated these poems to her because “it will please her, and lighten a little my burthen of ingratitude;” and the dedication “to Alison Cunningham, from her boy” throbs with the pulsation of a thankful heart:

For the long nights you lay awake
And watched for my unworthy sake:
For your most comfortable hand
That led me through the uneven land:
For all the story-books you read:
For all the pains you comforted:
For all you pitied, all you bore,
In sad and happy days of yore:—
My second Mother, my first Wife,
The angel of my infant life—
From the sick child, now well and old,
Take, nurse, the little book you hold!

He tells "Cummy" when he sends this book to her that she is "the only person who will really understand it," but this must not be taken too literally. It is permitted to all of us to understand it, provided only we have sympathy for children. Most grown-ups have this sympathy, though some are too busy to cultivate it. In what does this sympathy consist? In cherishing children just because they are children and therefore very close to God and His angels. In being particularly kind to them when they are naughty and troublesome, remembering that they have yet to learn the strange, complicated behavior of this unfamiliar world. In slighting them never and never patronizing them. In humoring their notions of play and exercising the gentlest kindness when their little excursions into mischief must be curtailed. In doing for them with very serious interest what they cannot do for themselves. In keeping ever before our mind the thought that for these little ones life is an adventure of unimagined dangers, guiding their little feet whither they should go with pleasant guile, not with violence, not with irritation, not with that severity which is reserved for the correction or the punishment of malice. Sympathy for children consists in love for children. It cannot go astray if we are insistent in remembering that once we were children ourselves. With some people this thoughtfulness is a precious gift of Nature and is exercised

instinctively; with others it must be perfected by practice. The former take *A Child's Garden of Verses* to their heart of hearts as they take children to their arms; the latter, now and then, should open their too sophisticated minds and steep them in these living waters.

Childhood is a picture of many colors; the painter Stevenson presents all of them to our gaze. With seemingly careless strokes he delineates the chief childish virtues: obedience, politeness, truth-telling, neatness, punctuality, kindness, piety and heart's content. The treatment appears haphazard, in reality it has been considered with all care. Though he wrought in the dark the artist saw plainly what he wanted to do; though he worked with the left hand his craftsmanship was unerring. Holding this opinion, I can only agree with one-half of what Edmund Gosse wrote about these and other poems of Stevenson's: "In verse he had a touch far less sure than in prose. Here we find less evidence of sedulous workmanship, yet not infrequently a piercing sweetness, a depth of emotion, a sincere and spontaneous loveliness, which are irresistibly touching and inspiring." Indeed, I think that no true Scotsman will object if we conjoin his name and fame with those of Sir Walter Scott and Bobbie Burns albeit they cultivated broad acres of poetry while he spaded a little garden.

Here are all a child's imaginings, the gathered fruitage of that fresh rich fancy which makes a stormy ocean of the wind-swept meadow and a pirate squadron of charging cattle; which waves its wand, and blocks are palaces, a pile of rocks the cave of Ali Baba, the smallest playground a spacious fairy-land where "all the playthings come alive." Here too are all a child's quaint musings: of his shadow, most eccentric of companions; of the stars that chase him into bed; of the day wind that passes with a sound "like ladies' skirts across the grass" and the

night wind which is an unseen horseman galloping through mystery; of the moon with "a face like the clock in the hall," whose beams shine on thieves and cats and dogs and bats, but against whose baleful light flowers and children and "all of the things that belong to the day" close their resolute eyes. And here too is the winning complacency of innocence: "I am very happy, for I know that I've been good." It is true happiness, asking no bill of particulars, grandly vague: "The world is so full of a number of things, I'm sure we should all be as happy as kings." But this happiness is not the only requital of goodness; there are larger rewards:

Happy hearts and happy faces,
Happy play in grassy places—
That was how, in ancient ages,
Children grew to kings and sages.

Opposites are nicely balanced in childhood; mark how awful are the penalties of badness:

Cruel children, crying babies,
All grow up to geese and gabies,
Hated, as their age increases,
By their nephews and their nieces.

The vision of the child sees all the world, and it is a world of universal childhood. Children sing not here alone but also in far Japan and Spain. The young discoverer journeys in the caravan of fancy to a deserted city in the desert sands and finds there the toys of the old Egyptian boys. It is very nice to be comfortable at home and think of these foreign children, of "each little Indian sleepy-head being kissed and put to bed" and of "all the children in the West getting up and being dressed." Youthful piety is soothed by the thought of a world full of "little children saying grace in every Christian kind of place." Of course the poor little heathen children are bound to repine at their graceless lot:

You have curious things to eat,
I am fed on proper meat;
You must dwell beyond the foam,
But I am safe and live at home.
 Little Indian, Sioux or Crow,
 Little frosty Eskimo,
 Little Turk or Japanee,
O! don't you wish that you were me?

All children are wise with a sententious wisdom; they take up a thought as they take up a toy, play with it for a moment and put it down. Does it rain? Well then, it rains here on our umbrellas, but at sea it rains on the ships! There is no condition, no problem of life presented to the child mind of which that mind cannot dispose. Here is a child's complete sociology—much more satisfactory, by the way, than the arid sociologies of grownups:

The child that is not clean and neat,
With lots of toys and things to eat,
He is a naughty child, I'm sure—
Or else his dear papa is poor.

It would not be complete, this world of childhood, without its sorrows and hardships. Sorrow follows the occasional, inevitable naughtiness, as when one tramples over the planted borders, breaks the low branches of the trees and crawls out to a forbidden liberty through the breach in the garden wall. Sorrow is short-lived, but the supreme hardship of childhood is as regular as nightfall. It is going to bed. For the night is haunted, and though the youngster, candle in hand, "face with an undaunted tread the long black passage up to bed," the crooked shadows tramp alongside of him, "the breath of the Bogie is in his hair" and it is no wonder that the "little heart goes a-beating like a drum." When the bedroom door has been closed on the hateful shadows and on all the dangers that have been braved and bested, the comfort of the warm and cheerful room crowns the ordeal. The "bed is waiting, cool and fresh, with

linen smooth and fair," prayers are not forgotten, and calm once more in the knowledge that mamma will stop on her way to bed to see that her boy is safe, imagination resumes its pleasant play. Now the bed becomes a boat on which the child embarks for a voyage in the dark, provisioned with a slice of cake and a toy or two. There are sounds outside to listen to; there are sights that make the dark glorious. "Armies and emperors and kings, all carrying different kinds of things" march across the counterpane, the little boy marches with them, "and still beside them close I keep until we reach the town of Sleep." Grownups and children alike, we must all go our separate ways into that slumber region, and even for grownups the journey sometimes is fraught with perils and pains. That children with lively imaginations should be daunted by it is not surprising; children are the most companionable, the most sociable of all creatures, they have not learned to endure, much less to court solitude:

All by myself I have to go,
With none to tell me what to do—
All alone beside the streams
And up the mountain-sides of dreams.

Sometimes there are "frightening sights" beside those streams. But all in all it is a pleasant region, with its curious music that baffles memory and other fascinations that make one try, though in vain, to pay it a waking visit in daytime. And in the morning there is the satisfaction that comes of an adventure stoutly achieved:

All night across the dark we steer;
But when the day returns at last,
Safe in my room, beside the pier,
I find my vessel fast.

Blessed childhood! What joy has after-life to offer comparable with the exhilaration of looking down on

all the world from a cherry tree or a flying swing? What treasure does it unlock worthy to be named with a doll or a box of leaden soldiers? What spectacle does it present distantly approaching the phantom cities and the "red-hot valleys" seen in the glowing coals of the fire? What knowledge does it bring as satisfying as the lore of picture story books? Blessed childhood of many gifts, the chiefest of which is innocence flowering in a confiding friendliness. The child is friends with everybody and everything, friends with the birds and the flowers and the animals, with the cold wind that blows its frosty pepper up his nose no less than with the jolly fire on the hearth and with the sun that pokes its golden finger through the window blind to beckon its little playmate to a hundred wonderful outdoor games.

The road is straight all the way of childhood; we turn the corner into adolescence, and thenceforward the path of our years is as tortuous as a maze, with as many ups and downs as Titcombe Lane. We round the corner from childhood without looking back, our eyes a-sparkle for the wonders ahead. But in later years we strive to see again that straight road we left so gladly, and this striving is sometimes an intolerable sadness, always a chastening regret. Childhood in retrospect is "a fine, careless rapture" whose ecstasy is remembered poignantly or pleasantly but may only be renewed in flashes of unmanageable illumination. When Stevenson tucks his child's thoughts into verse and pats them down with rhyme he induces the mood for these sweet visitations from the past. We would fain go back. It is impossible. That dear straight road will be there forever, but we cannot retrace our steps to the turning:

The eternal dawn, beyond a doubt,
Shall break on hill and plain,
And put all stars and candles out
Ere we be young again.

THE FLOWER

By GEORGE RESTON MALLOCH

The characters are: An Old Man, A Young Girl.

The scene is a small, low-roofed room in a cottage. There are black beams in the roof and the walls; the spaces between them are whitewashed. The furniture is old and dark, and the room is dark in contrast to the brilliant light of a summer day outside.

A very old man is sitting in a big armchair beside a latticed casement window, which is closed. He is very frail and withered-looking, wears a skull cap, and is wrapped up in dressing-gowns and shawls. His hands tremble all the time, and his head sometimes moves in jerks without volition of his. The sunlight pours in through the window in a yellow ray which is very bright in the dark room. It falls on his thin, worn, shaking hands which lie on his lap, the fingers sometimes picking at the shawl which covers his knees. His feet are propped up on a stool and muffled in rugs.

A girl is sitting near him at the right side of the window. She is about eighteen, and has golden hair and a cream-and-rose complexion. She is sewing a white garment. From time to time she looks at the old man, who is nodding as if in a doze. There is a little bookshelf on the wall with a few old books.

The old man awakens with a start.

THE GIRL. It's time for your medicine, grandfather.

THE OLD MAN. Eh?

THE GIRL (*a little louder*). It's time for your medicine. (*She gets up and pours out a spoonful from a bottle on the table.*)

THE OLD MAN. Medicine? I don't want it, my dear.

THE GIRL (*at his side*). Oh, but you must take it, grandfather—and it'll do you good, you know.

THE OLD MAN. Must, eh? Very well—very well—carefully, carefully—don't spill it—don't spill it.

(She puts the spoon to his lips and he takes the dose.)

THE GIRL. There! That'll make you feel better.

THE OLD MAN. Nasty stuff—nasty stuff. I hope you'll never live long enough to need it. Wipe my mouth.

THE GIRL *(wiping his lips with a handkerchief)*. Oh, what an unkind thing to say! You don't want me to die young, do you?

THE OLD MAN. I don't know but what you'd be happier if you did—happier if you did! When you get to my age, you'll have forgotten what it is to be happy—and a lot of other things. It hurts me to try to recall things now. I've forgotten most things—most things.

THE GIRL *(resuming her seat and work)*. Oh, you mustn't talk like that! Why, we're all so proud of you, living to be the oldest man in the village.

THE OLD MAN. Oh, yes—yes—yes. I suppose I am. *(Chuckles in a senile way.)* That's true. It was thought at one time that old John Smithers would beat me. I've beaten him—I've beaten him. I was never one to give in. Proud of me, are you? Who's proud of me?

THE GIRL. Why, everyone is—father is—

THE OLD MAN. Proud of me, is he—is he? Likes something to boast about, I daresay—we're all like that in our family—I was like that myself, once. When I was a boy, I used to boast that Uncle Will had a wooden leg that he got at the wars. Proud of me, is he? Well, he used to be fond of me, once upon a time. But who could be fond of an old, broken-down fellow like me—a tottering old fellow like me! So now he's proud of me—ah, well—he has to say that—a good-hearted lad enough! And your mother—is she proud of me, too?

THE GIRL. Oh, yes, grandfather—of course she is!

THE OLD MAN. Well, well—she would be, naturally. She's got the neighbors to think of. She was never very fond of me—she was always proud of herself, in her way—in her way. Couldn't bear pity from anyone—couldn't bear pity—couldn't give it. And so she's proud of me? And you, are you proud of me, my dear?

THE GIRL. What funny questions you ask! You know I'm very fond of you, grandfather.

THE OLD MAN. Ah—you mean you think you are—settle my cushions—my back's hurting again—you mean that you think you are. (*The girl arranges his cushions and resumes her seat.*) You think you are—you're young enough for that. What sort of day is it? Fine—eh?

THE GIRL. Oh yes—a beautiful day! The sun's so bright—

THE OLD MAN. I thought I could see it. I can feel it on my hands, I think.

THE GIRL. And the birds are singing so beautifully—everything seems happy and glad to be alive. Shall I open the window a little, so that you can feel the wind—it's so warm—and hear the birds?

THE OLD MAN. No, no—I can't hear them at all, window open or not—it just sounds like nothing at all. I used to write poetry when I was a lad—some of it was printed in the county paper—about birds singing—and now I can't hear 'em at all.

THE GIRL. The garden's looking so lovely today—full of flowers that have come out in the sun of the last day or two—and bees humming about in them.

THE OLD MAN. I couldn't see 'em. And I'd be cold if you opened the window.

THE GIRL. Why, it's so hot today!

THE OLD MAN. Yes, but I'd be cold, all the same. I've not been able to go in the garden for a long

time now—a long time. Who looks after it? Did you get the seeds in—and the roses pruned?—

THE GIRL. Oh yes—I did it myself.

THE OLD MAN. Eh? Your father did it himself?

THE GIRL. No—I did it, grandfather. Father says he can't be bothered with gardening—he says it is for young people, or very old people. You see, he's so interested in golf, since the new course was opened.

THE OLD MAN. Ah yes—of course—of course. Too little for him—too much for me—too much for me. And the mill looks after itself while he plays at golf—it wasn't so in my time—in my time.

THE GIRL. Would you like me to read to you? I've finished my sewing now.

THE OLD MAN. Read to me? Yes—yes—I would if I could hear you—but I'd fall asleep before you'd gone so far as a page—I'd fall asleep. I don't want to sleep. I've been sleeping too much—I'm always sleeping. I'd fall asleep.

THE GIRL. But that wouldn't matter.

THE OLD MAN. Eh? Wouldn't matter? Not to you—oh yes, I daresay you'd rather I fell asleep—quite natural, my dear, quite natural. But it matters to me, you see. I know that I fall asleep. There—there—you read to me—read to me.

THE GIRL (*getting up and going to bookshelf*). What shall it be?

THE OLD MAN. Eh? I don't know. Poetry—that's quickest—that's the thing to put you asleep quickly—the rhythm of it soon puts you to sleep when you're old. I used to sit up all night writing poetry when I was a lad. Eh, my dear—just fetch that book of my own—the verses that were printed in the county paper—they're all pasted in a book—read me a bit of that, if you like—to put me asleep—

THE GIRL. But it isn't here, is it? I've never seen it—

THE OLD MAN. No—none of them were over fond of it—they said I was a fool to waste my time—perhaps they were right—perhaps they were right. But I used to read it myself, sometimes of an evening by myself. Run up to my old room and you'll find it—in the leather trunk—right at the bottom, under a lot of things—unless your mother has tidied it away—it's years since I saw it, and she's fond of tidying things away.

THE GIRL. All right, grandfather—I'll look—

(She goes out of the room. The old man sits nodding in his chair in the sunshine. He dozes. The girl comes back with a book.)

THE GIRL. I've got it—but it was so dusty I had to clean it. *(She goes to her former seat.)*

THE OLD MAN *(waking with a start)*. Eh? Eh? Got what?

THE GIRL. Why, the book you sent me for, grandfather. It was buried under a lot of rubbish in the old box—inches thick with dust.

THE OLD MAN. Oh, yes. Yes—yes—I daresay—I daresay. It's a long time—a long time.

THE GIRL *(opening the book)*. What shall I read?

THE OLD MAN. Are you going to read?

THE GIRL. Grandfather, you asked me to go upstairs and get this book just now. It has your old verses in it. You wanted me to read them to you. Where shall I begin? *(Turns over some pages.)* Why—

THE OLD MAN. Eh? Eh?

THE GIRL. Why—there's a flower pressed between two of the pages.

THE OLD MAN. A flower—eh? A flower?

THE GIRL. Yes. It's stuck on a little scrap of paper—it's been white paper, but it's turning yellow with age. I'm afraid to touch it, it's so old. It looks as if it would fall to pieces if I moved it.

THE OLD MAN. A flower, eh? A flower—in my book—

THE GIRL. There's some writing on the paper—in pencil. It's so faded I can't read it.

THE OLD MAN. Let me see it—no—what's the use? I can scarcely see the sunlight—I couldn't make it out—if your eyes can't.

THE GIRL. Wait a minute! I believe I can just make something out. It's written across the bit of paper the flower was pressed on—it's got stained when it was drying. Something, "dearest—dearest—of—a-l-l—dearest of all." I've got it! "This was—the dearest woman of all." And then there's something about heart—"heart imprisoned—she has it for eternity."

THE OLD MAN. Whose writing is it?

THE GIRL. Yours, grandfather—it's like yours used to be, only not so shaky.

THE OLD MAN. Say it again—read it again—what it says.

THE GIRL. "This was—the—the dearest woman of all." Then something about "heart imprisoned on earth—she has it for eternity."

THE OLD MAN. I seem to have heard it before. If I could only remember—it seems familiar. This was the dearest woman of all. It seems familiar. You're sure it's my writing?

THE GIRL. I think so, grandfather.

THE OLD MAN. Ah, well—when you're as old as I am, it hurts to try and remember things. I can't recall it—no—no. What sort of flower is it?

THE GIRL. I don't know. It's so faded. It might have been a primrose by its shape.

THE OLD MAN. A primrose—eh? Settle my cushion again—my back's aching—it's very bad to-day. A primrose—a primrose? Why—why I almost . . . seem . . . to remember . . . something . . . no . . . it's funny—I can't catch it. It's like

a shadow of something that hurts my head. Who was she—eh? Who was she?

THE GIRL. Why, grandmama, of course!

THE OLD MAN. No. No, no—it wasn't your grandmother. She was fair—she was fair wasn't she . . . eh? Yes—my wife was fair—

THE GIRL. Yes, grandfather, she had lovely golden hair—mother has often told me about it.

THE OLD MAN. I thought she had. My memory's not so strong, nowadays—but I thought she had fair hair. Not so strong. But this one—she was dark—she was dark—

THE GIRL. Then you remember her?

THE OLD MAN. I wish I could—I wish I could.

THE GIRL. Someone you knew before you met grandmama?

THE OLD MAN. Oh, no. No. No. Afterwards. Long afterwards. This was the dearest woman of all—I've forgotten—I've forgotten. There were a lot of them—I was always plagued by women. They would give me no peace—

THE GIRL. Grandfather! Now I understand what mother meant—oh, nothing!

THE OLD MAN. Yes, they plagued me—they did. You wouldn't think it to see me now, would you—eh? I was a strong man, child—a big, tall fellow, like your sweetheart Tom—only handsomer—handsomer. Handsome Will, they called me in the village, I'm told—handsome Will. And now I can't see, can't hear, can't feel, can't move, can't remember—can't remember. And I sit here shaking, shaking, shaking, till I'll shake the life out at last. Yes—I was like Tom—Tom's like me.

THE GIRL. Ah, he's not!

THE OLD MAN. Tom's got the like of me under his skin for all his strength—for all his strength. We've all got to grow old.

THE GIRL. Oh you're frightening me!

THE OLD MAN. Eh? This was the dearest woman of all—and I can't remember anything about her—I can't remember—it hurts my head.

THE GIRL. Tom will never forget me!

THE OLD MAN. Does he say so—say so?

THE GIRL. He swears it!

THE OLD MAN. Ah, I daresay, I daresay. He doesn't mean to forget, maybe, maybe. But—oh, my old head'll burst if I go on trying to remember. A primrose, you said, eh? Eh?

THE GIRL. Yes, grandfather.

THE OLD MAN. They come in spring—I remember that. Yes—yes—ah, now—I begin to spring that spring who was she? Who was she? I seem to dark hair dark hair dark eyes big eyes eh? A red mouth very soft a wood the High Spinney, where the primroses grow and she kissed me she kissed me. Why? Why did she kiss me? It's a long time ago—I think I knew her a long time ago—a long time—years. I think I loved her—but why when? Where? Who was she? It's ten years since I took to the house all shaking like this—isn't it—eh?

THE GIRL. Yes.

THE OLD MAN. Well—I seem to remember that when I sat here at first, I still thought of her—still thought of her—a lot. And I could see her in my mind then, I think I knew what she was like but it's all shaken away it's all shaken away. I can't remember.

THE GIRL. But, grandfather—grandmama?—

THE OLD MAN. Oh, I never loved your grandmother like that. No, no. She was a good wife—a good wife. But this one—who was she?—The dearest woman of all there are holes in life even when you can remember women are strange—strange. Your grandmother I

daresay she loved me in her way but well, well, she had religion—that helped her, no doubt . . . there are two kinds of women . . . the women who give themselves with a look of tragedy and the women who give themselves with a smile your grandmother was one of the tragic ones. This woman was one of the others . . .

THE GIRL. Oh! (*She sits looking at him with horror.*)

THE OLD MAN. Yes . . . that was how. I remember now. She was dark. She was sad, often, in her way. It made me glad just to look at her . . . I remember telling her that she liked it. Oh, if I could remember . . . just a little . . . she's dead now, I think . . . yes, I think so. Wasn't it just before . . . or a long time before I took to this chair? She was growing old, too, you see . . . we'd waited and waited . . . for years and years . . . and then she died . . . like that . . . the dearest woman of them all . . . (*he begins to nod.*)

THE GIRL. Grandfather—are you going to sleep?

THE OLD MAN (*starting*). Eh? Eh? And I can't remember her name . . . (*begins to nod again*).

THE GIRL. Grandfather, it's time to take your medicine again.

THE OLD MAN. Eh? I don't want it. Be careful—don't spill it. (*Swallows the dose she gives him.*) Your grandmother—wipe my mouth—(*she wipes his lips.*) Your grandmother had religion—she thought we'd see people again—

THE GIRL. God tell us in His Word that we shall.

THE OLD MAN. Then perhaps I'll see her again—the dearest woman of them all . . . I've forgotten what she's like . . . but it sounds like a word of God, that, somehow . . . The dearest woman of all (*he begins to nod*) . . . for eternity . . . I can't remember . . . her name . . . (*He falls asleep.*)

THE STOLEN GOD

By E. NESBIT

We do not clamor for vengeance,
We do not whimper for fear;
We have cried in the outer darkness
Where was no man to hear.
We cried to man and he heard not;
Yet we thought God heard us pray;
But our God, who loved and was sorry—
Our God is taken away.

Ours were the stream and the pasture,
Forest and fen were ours,
Ours were the wild wood-creatures,
The wild sweet berries and flowers:
You have taken our heirlooms from us,
And hardly you let us save
Enough of our woods for a cradle,
Enough of our earth for a grave.

You took the wood and the cornland,
Where still we tilled and felled;
You took the mine and the quarry,
And all you took you held.
The limbs of our weaning children
You crushed in your mills of power;
And you made our bearing women toil
To the very bearing hour.

You have taken our clean quick longings,
Our joy in lover and wife,
Our hope of the sunset quiet
At the evening end of life:
You have taken the land that bore us,
Its toil and stone and sod;
You have taken our faith in each other—
And now you have taken our God.

When our God came down from Heaven,
He came among men, a Man;
Eating and drinking and working
As common people can:
And the common people received Him
While the rich men turned away,
And what have we to do with a God
To whom the rich men pray?

He hangs, a dead God, on your altars,
Who lived, a Man among men;
You have taken away our Lord
And we cannot find Him again.
You have not left us a handful
Of even the earth He trod. . . .
You have made Him a rich man's idol,
Who came as a poor man's God.

He promised the poor His Heaven,
He loved and lived with the poor;
He said that the rich man's shadow
Should never darken His door:
But bishops and priests lie softly,
Drink full and are fully fed;
In the Name of the Lord, who had not
Where to lay His head.

This is the God you have stolen,
As you steal all else—in His name;
You have taken the ease and the honor,
Left us the toil and the shame.
You have chosen the seat of Dives,
We lie where Lazarus lay;
But, by God, we will not yield you our God—
You shall not take Him away.

All else we had you have taken;
All else, but not this, not this:
The God of Heaven is ours, is ours,
And the poor are His, are His.
Is He ours? Is He yours? Give answer!
For both He cannot be.
And if He be ours—oh! you rich men,
Whose, in God's name, are ye?

THE UGLY MOUNTAIN

By HERBERT TRENCH

A bald Mountain, in shape blunt, squat and ungainly, stands in Kashmir between the waters of three lovely deep-blue Lakes, and, in a theatre of Snow-peaks and Glaciers, commands the gates to the great Plain strewn with holy Cities.

Waking one morning from his accustomed drowsiness, this ugly brown Mountain distinctly felt upon his Breast the tickling strokes of Mule-feet; and perceived a string of Mules, bearing Panniers, and a Party of Travelers, who halted, and appeared to be casting about for a Resting-place. He lent ear to the Travelers' Conversation, and was surprised to discover that, paying no regard whatever to his Landscape, these people were talking only of the Food for their Repast.

"I cannot conceive," cried one, as she looked into a Luncheon-basket, "how so ugly a Mountain can have gained its Reputation!"

"Madam!" exclaimed the enraged Mountain, with a Tremor of natural indignation, "my reputation is due, not to my own humble Appearance, but to the extent, the diversity and splendor of my Views about the world!"

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